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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 1

NOVEMBER

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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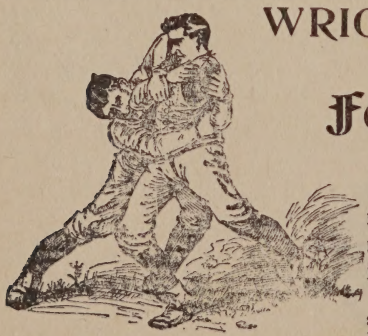

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3 NOVEMBER, 1896 NUMBER 1

GOLD *VS.* SILVER

WHAT is money? It is a thing that we buy other things with. What is a thing? A thing is a substance, not a promise of something. The things that men want most are food, fuel, clothing, and shelter. If each one tried to produce his own necessaries of life without any help from anyone else, he would have a hard time of it. Trade exists because men can get more food, fuel, clothing, and shelter by mutual service, than they can if each man tries to support himself by the direct product of his own work. What a time we shall have when we are all forced to raise our own food, cook our own meals, spin, weave, and make our own clothes, and build our own houses. That is what some social reformers are driving at, who hold that working for wages is what they call "wage-slavery." When people found out, ages ago, that it was better to swap with each other, money was invented, and in all times and all places some kind of money has been found in use. It has always been something that almost everybody wanted or could use for himself if he did not spend it. Cattle, skins, tobacco, stock-fish, bullets, shells, iron, copper, she-asses, and a great number of other things have served as money in different places.

The first kind of money that we know much about was a cow or a beeve. In "Homer" you will find a good many signs of the use of cow money, if you look sharply for them. If you have Ridgway's "History of Currency and Weight Measures" in your library, as you should, you will find how widely extended was the use of cows and other cattle for money. The English word "pecuniary" is derived from "pecus," Latin, for a flock or herd, showing in the word itself how cattle served the purpose of money.

Coinage was invented, as far as we know, about 700 B. C., in Lydia. The first coins were made of a natural alloy of gold and silver which was washed out of the sands of one of the rivers of Asia Minor. It was about eighty per cent (80%) gold, and twenty per cent (20%) silver. It was called "electron." Many of the first coins were stamped with the heads of cattle.

By and by the Greeks adopted coin instead of cattle. Pure gold coins were struck by Philip II. in Macedon. They are known as Macedonian Staters, the name "Stater" meaning standard,—the standard by which men measured goods when they bought and sold them. The fable of the Golden Fleece is supposed to mean that Jason started for the rivers in which there were golden sands, placing the fleeces in the water to catch the gold and hold it free from the sand. Thus the fleece became the "golden fleece."

The coins from the time of Philip II. to a much later period were stamped with the heads of rulers or the images of gods, and an effort was made to keep coinage as a sacred duty, to the end that every coin should be just and true to its weight. Nearly every name of all coins was a weight measure. Each coin told by its name how much pure metal there was in it. All coins were then honest, because the value of every coin then and now depended or depends on how much pure gold or pure silver there is in the coin. If the silver in a silver dollar is not worth as much when it is melted as it is a legal tender for in the coin, then it is bad money on its own merits. It can only be kept as good as gold so long as the government receives it for taxes and in other ways keeps it, like the notes of the government, as good as gold by redemption. If the mints were opened to the free coinage of silver dollars of full legal tender it would soon be out of the power of the government to keep the silver dollars as good as gold, and they would then drop to about fifty cents, more or less.

What is a legal tender? A legal tender act is a law by which any man who owes another man for goods, or wages, or salary, can force him to take a legal tender dollar whether it is good money or bad money. Good money made of gold needs no act of force. When it is offered, every one is glad to get it. Only bad money

needs an act of force or legal tender to keep it going. Try it. If you put a ten-dollar gold piece under a hammer and hammer it smooth, the gold is still worth ten dollars, but if you put ten silver dollars under a hammer and hammer them smooth, the old silver is worth only a little over five dollars. Nobody but a fool will take bad money unless he is forced to, and the hammer test is the test which tells whether it is good or bad.

If the stamp of the government is what makes money go, and not what the metal in the coin is worth after it is hammered smooth, then it would be a good plan instead of putting a stamp on hot metal with a cold die, to put a hot stamp on a part of the hide of a cold cow. The cow might not like it for a little while. Then we could have our money and eat it, too. The law would make the stamped cow a legal tender. Everybody would be forced to take a cow in payment of a debt, whether he wanted the cow or not; but then all could eat the beef, put the cow hair into clothing, make the hide into boots and shoes, or the greater part of the hide into a wigwam, as the Indians did, but keep that part of the hide that had the stamp on it, a legal tender for one cow, and that would be just as good money and would pass just as well as a cheap silver dollar, if it is true that the fiat of the government makes money go and do its work. I should not vote either for cow money or for silver money of full legal tender. I would rather have good money made of gold, because money made of gold will buy anything anywhere, but money made of silver will only buy a few things in a few places, while cow money would have a very limited circulation. With that long word I will end this short lesson in money.

EDWARD ATKINSON.

OUR BARGAIN

"GOIN'! goin'! Gentlemen, this's yer last chance! Goin'! goin'!—gone! Sold tu Joseph Sawyer fer thirty-seven dollars an' fifty cents!" I drew a long breath of satisfaction. Yer see, when we come tu the auction we'd made up our minds tu be the owners of the old Squire's covered kerridge. Fer years it hed

been the only one in town, an' hed allers b'en the admiration of every one. Our neighbor, Hiram Strong, was bound tu hev the kerridge, too, an' he an' my husband kep' a-biddin' an' a-biddin' agin each other, fer I told Joseph, cost what 't would, we must hev it. An' all tu once I heard some one laugh an' say: "Wall, Joe Sawyer's jest a-biddin' agin himself. But, my sakes! thet didn't make no difference, fer the kerridge was our'n, an' I begin tu feel real proud a-thinkin' as how we'd go a-ridin' out in it. We hitched it back of our wagon an' hauled it home, an' after dinner we went out inter the yard tu look it over.

"Seems tu me 't would look more stylish ef 't was painted. Don't yer think so?" says I.

"Wall, I reckon 't would, Almiry," says Joseph; an' next mornin' he sot off tu buy some paint.

I got the housework all done while he was gone, an' then I went out to help him. We was right in the midst of our work, when who should we see a-drivin' inter the yard but my sister Sally an' her husband! They was took completely by surprise tu think we'd bought sech a stylish kerridge. Samuel, my sister's husband, begin a-lookin' it over carefully.

"Joe," says he, "seems tu me the spokes in these 'ere wheels be kinder loose; I'd hev some new ones put in, an' while I was 'bout it, I shu'd hev some new tires put on."

"Yes, yes," says Joseph, a-paintin' away.

"Wall, ef I was you," Samuel went on, "I wouldn't put no more paint on till I'd hed them done."

"An', Almiry," spoke up my sister, "I shu'd think you'd want thet seat covered. Ef Joe 'll git the cloth, I'll come down first of next week tu help you do it—an' hain't you got a piece of your new parlor carpet tu put on the floor? 'Twould look a sight better."

Wall, all we could talk about fer ther next few days was thet kerridge. Joe went tu see 'bout hevin' the wheels fixed. He got a man ter come an' look at 'em.

"Wall, Mr. Sawyer," says he, a-lookin' it over, "the cheapest thing tu do is tu hev some new wheels put on; an' I'm afraid

them springs hain't a-goin' ter hold out much longer." My husband looked ruther dubious, an' kinder shook his head.

"What do you say, Almiry?" says he.

"Go ahead an' do it," says I. "We shall hev the finest kerridge in town, that's one satisfaction; an' I don't care ef we kin only look better'n Hiram Strong."

We planned to get the kerridge ready ter drive ter the County Fair in, an' finally 'twas completed. An' what with new springs, new wheels, new seat, new carpet, an' three coats of paint, it looked as ef 'twas bran new. The mornin' we was tu start fer the Fair dawned bright an' clear, though the night before hed been rainy. We'd invited my sister Sally tu go with us. We was all in our Sunday best. Joe wore his black suit an' stovepipe hat. He sot between Sally an' me, admirin' old Bonaparte. We passed everything on the road, an' I held my head high. Hiram Strong an' his family was a-ridin' jest behind us in their old wagon, an' my satisfaction was complete.

We was jest within sight of the Fair grounds, an' jest a-goin' over one of them "thank-ye-marms" in the road, when all on a sudden out come the king-bolt, an' we was a-landed in the road! My poor husband was thrown right over the dasher, the reins jerked clean out his hands, an' away went old Bonaparte up road with them 'ere forward wheels! My sister an' me dropped out at the sides right inter a big mud puddle! I was the first to recover myself. "Fer mercy sakes!" says I, "air any of us killed?" I heard my poor husband a-groanin'.

"Almiry!" says he, "can't you come an' git this 'ere thing off my head? It's stuck solid!"

'T would hev melted a heart of stone. There he sot, with thet 'ere stovepipe hat a-driven clean down over his eyes. My poor sister couldn't move. She'd broken her arm an' sprained her ankle, as we afterwards found out.

Jest then Hiram Strong came along.

"Anything I kin do tu help you?" says he. Some other folks gathered round, an' we was picked up an' carried home.

Wall, thet was our first an' last experience tu auctions. We ain't lookin' fer bargains any more!

E. H., '98.

SKETCHES

I.

THE LITTLE VIOLET BOY OF KENTUCKY AVENUE

"VIOLETS fresh dis mornin'! Buy 'em of the little violet boy of Kentucky avenue!" cried the little voice of the smallest dusky mite I ever saw. With his white teeth gleaning in an expansive smile, his tattered trousers and patched jacket, his grimy hands full of bunches of violets, he makes a perfect picture with the great white Capitol building for a background. He is everywhere. Now he is at the left smiling persuasively at the "ledy from the north;" now, pulling his funny, curly topknot to the fat old gentleman on the right; but everywhere he is *irresistible.* If he asked it with his charming little manner, I fully believe that I should have to spend my last cent in buying flowers of the happy "little violet boy of Kentucky avenue." '97.

II.

A CHILD OF NATURE

Free and strong as the eagle that builds its eyrie in the crags of her native mountains, and impetuous as the winter torrents was this peasant girl, this child of nature. She understood Nature in all her moods, and the raging tempests, terrifying to others, were a source of keen delight to her. To this simple girl, each familiar cliff and ravine in the mountains had its own silent voice, and she understood alike the majestic language of the bald summits, and the low, sweet murmurings of the little brook, which sparkled among the ferns. So simply, so entirely, had she given herself up to the influence of Nature; so sympathetically did she enter into all her moods, that its mysterious life seemed to be impressed on her mind and to have become a part of her very being. In her elastic tread was expressed the freedom of the mountains, in her perfect form was their wild grace and beauty, in the healthy color of her cheeks, their beautiful coloring, on her brow their purity.

'97.

III.

ON THE ROCKS

The tide is full, and the wind, which had been rising steadily for two hours, is now at two o'clock blowing a gale. Rain is falling in torrents, and we are in the midst of a wild northeaster.

Crowds of people are on the rocks enjoying the wildness of the scene. The huge boulders, at the foot of which we had so often played, are now three-quarters covered with the waves, which constantly break in their fury with a deep roar, dashing foam and seaweed high in the air to fall a second later far upon the wet rocks in glittering spray. On the left is a chasm, very narrow and deep, where the waves rush in; then retreat, meeting others. There is a roar and a crash; then the seething spray jets up widely.

Today the "Churn" is working gloriously; as the sea dashes into the rocky chasm a thundering crash comes and then what a wild, glorious sight! Clouds of spray, glittering like crystal, fall lightly on the neighboring rocks. As the great breakers near the rocks they grow larger and heavier every minute, until the green monsters turn for the last time, and with a deafening roar break and toss their white spray upwards. '98.

IV.

THEN AND NOW

The remnant of the great army of Kyrus is slowly forcing its way up the rugged sides of the mountains south of Armenia. The Barbarians, under Kyrus, never making a stand, slowly recede from height to height. Like an endless flock of birds the arrows rush into the sky and then drop downward, and with a rumbling sound the great rocks are sent crashing down the mountain side by the enemy. Now they break into a thousand pieces, which plough their path through the Greek forces as if hurled from as many slings. At last, night falls, and the weary troops withdraw into camp under cover of darkness. Many of them have had nothing to eat since the night before, and now snatching a bite they throw themselves on the ground to rest.

Again we look upon the same mountains, but it is now twenty-three hundred years later. A rough mountain wagon, drawn by three jaded horses, is ascending the pass. In front sits a man with a dark, resolute, troubled face. Now he urges on the horses, and now he anxiously scans the rugged mountain sides. Behind him sits a woman, bent and careworn, but not with age. In her arms she holds a child, and even this little one seems to realize the great danger as it crouches close to its mother. Now running ahead of the team and now coming back to lead the horses is a tall, strong boy. Not a rock, not even a twig escapes his watchful eyes.

They approach a turn in the road and cautiously the boy goes ahead. Suddenly there is a sharp report, and with a piteous cry, the boy throws up his arms and falls. The pass is filled with wild-faced Kurds. Almost instantly the air is cut by four bright flashes, and there are four more souls added to the list of the Armenian martyrs. '97.

NEAPOLITAN SERENADE

(Translation from the French of Solanges)

The sun has set below the radiant sea,
It leaves a gold half-circle on the sky;—
And, sitting in the shadow, we can hear
The song of sailors at their work hard by.

Dearest, how sweet it is to love in quiet;
Here let us stay,—we two alone can see,
Through half-closed lids, our visions ever rising,
Taking vague shapes and smiling as they flee.

We have a foretaste of the life beyond;
For, as we watch the sky, the glorious sea,
And shadows blue, our happiness is come;
We love, we love to all eternity.

M. S., '97.

AN EGYPTIAN STORY

TWO Brookline boys, rambling and prying about the ruins of ancient Karnac, accidentally stumbled against a stone door concealed in the cliff. After much hunting, they discovered the hidden spring, and pushing aside the door, found themselves in a small tomb, which contained a single sarcophagus. In a little box beneath the heavy stone coffin they found a papyrus book, which, when translated by a learned Egyptologist, read as follows: —

"I, Seraphis, the true friend of Machis, have inscribed on these sheets the cause of the death of Machis, and I do this as suspicion of his end rests on me. I write nothing but the truth, as I hope sometime to enter the blessed regions of the dead.

"Machis and I were friends. We fished together in the slimy, oozy waters of the Sacred Nile; the twanging of our two bow-strings sounded as one when the flocks of reed-birds took their flight; the same lessons kept us from the gayly painted boat which swung in the current of the river. We hunted together on the hills; and in these hunts Machis was by far the braver spirit. I loved to see him face the wild beasts, his black locks thrown back, as with one finely shaped limb planted before, he hurled the slender, deadly javelins with quick aim. I even taunted him, sometimes, for the pleasure of seeing him fight the beasts. But I taunted once too often.

"'Twas near the time when Horus was wont to glide with red splendor behind the sandstone hills, that we took a silent course homeward from a hunt. We neared a clump of reeds, when, suddenly, out sprang a lion. It must have been the Devil in my mouth who cried, 'Machis, you care not to face the beast.' For answer he stepped forward and prepared to hurl the javelin; but it was too late. The lion's mate sprang from some rushes, and before I could prevent, struck my friend to the earth, his own javelin piercing him through.

"I carried the body homeward on my back, little suspecting what would happen. For the people, seeing the javelin wound in his breast, cried, 'Seraphis is the murderer of Machis; see where his weapon pierced him through.' So now while I dip my reed in the

ink, and pause a moment, I see nothing but the bare walls of a dungeon. Yet I swear it was not I who killed Machis, as the judges said. Some night I shall be carried away to atone for something I never did, and when"—

Here the writing on the papyrus ceases. Perhaps Seraphis was overtaken by his doom,—as he had predicted. P.

MR. JONES' EXPERIENCE IN HOUSE HUNTING

MR. JONES tumbled into his house, threw his coat and hat upon the nearest table, and sank into a chair. The door slammed behind him. "Well!" exclaimed Mr. Jones as he looked darkly at his wife, "the next day that I spend looking for a house, you'll know it! Here I've been tramping about the streets since early morning, and what good has come of it? To be sure I am home at last, but decidedly drenched. Decidedly!" Mr. Jones rose, took a few strides across the room, and commenced to remove his shoes.

His wife turned from him unhappily. "Did you not bring a paper home, Tom?" she ventured to ask.

Mr. Jones produced the Evening Herald from his pocket and handed it to his wife. She sat down to devour the news. Mr. Jones took another paper and commenced to read it up-side down.

A happy exclamation of "Oh, Tom!" escaped from the lips of his little wife. "Just listen! Here's an advertisement of a house to let,—just the kind that we have been looking for; a perfect gem!" Mrs. Jones proceeded to read the article aloud, now and then glancing at her husband, whose face was perceptibly beaming.

"By Jove! the very thing!" replied her husband. "I'll see to it the first thing in the morning," and he turned his paper right-side up, and commenced to read: "McKinley Makes a Speech to His Delegates."

The next morning Mr. Jones started off early, in the best of spirits. He went directly to see the real estate man who advertised

the desired house. Mr. Jones told him that he had been hunting about for a month or more in search of a new house, but that this was the first thing that he had heard about that just suited him. "The very thing!" he exclaimed, "and I want to hire it immediately, if the location is good. Where is it situated?"

The man gazed at him in astonishment. "Jove, but you do!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's the very house you're living in! You told me you wished to sell it, so I put an article about it in the paper. Your wife must have read that very article!"

If you had been there, you might have said that Mr. Jones turned pale for a minute, but at any rate he concluded to remain where he was living for another year. E. C. F., '98.

MR. BENJAMIN HURD

OCTOBER 10, when the whole school was assembled in the hall, Mr. Sanford introduced Mr. Hurd, one of the most famous athletes which Brookline High has ever turned out. However, instead of talking about athletics, Mr. Hurd made a very humorous plea for the Debating Club. He said that he did not fully realize what the Debating Club was doing for him nor did he appreciate its advantages until he left the school. It is a great and important accomplishment to be able to get up on one's feet and speak without embarrassment before a body of people, and to illustrate his point he told a story about appearing before some Tech. students. During his talk, Mr. Hurd made it quite clear that compositions were well corrected in his time. In closing he recommended all to join the Debating Club, as he knew it would be worth their while.

Afterward Mr. Sanford said a few words. He told the scholars that although the Debating Club was not required in the school course, yet it was one of the most beneficial things connected with the school. He spoke briefly and to the point.

THE CAPTAIN

The autumn air is crisp and cold,
And summer's leaves are turned to gold,
Before appears the chieftain bold,
  The bravest of the foot-ball men.

How dark his eyes, how strong his frame,—
Fit form to please a lovely dame:
And need he ever sue in vain,
  The best among the foot-ball men?

He takes his place behind the line,
The enemy have scarce had time
To even trace that rush of thine,
  Thou swiftest of the foot-ball men.

The play is o'er, the game is won;
And who aloft, at spanking run,
Is carried when the half is done?
  The captain of the foot-ball men.

'97.

A HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLAR ABROAD

[Being a Series of Letters Written to Her Friends.]

I.

S. S. "Colorado," June 14, 1896.

My Dear Friends:—

Here's to you! I am going to write *all* of you at once to save time and labor, for I know you want to hear everything that has happened from the beginning. Well, to start with, after much hustling and bustling, many touching farewells, and some midnight shopping, we were finally ready to start on our trip. We were up bright and early Sunday morning at six o'clock, and at eight-thirty

we were safely on the "Colorado," bag and baggage. All the family saw us off, and what a sight we were when we arrived on the scene of action! — a huge bundle of rugs, a tremendous traveling bag, a small satchel, coats and steamer capes; a huge straw hamper filled with fruit, preserved ginger, cookies, crackers, and various dainties; a package of umbrellas and a big paper parcel. So you can imagine, we were glad to reach our destination.

Of course, you all know we are on a cattle ship, but I am sure you do *not* know how very nice and comfortable a cattle ship is. It was very exciting to see the men put the cattle and sheep, ducks and hens on board. Now don't groan and say, "How horrid!" because it is n't. We should never know that the animals were on board, and you really can't imagine how very nice it is on board a cattle ship.

At half-past ten Sunday morning we were off—off for Europe,— but I did not realize it, and it seemed merely as if we were taking a sail down the bay on a very large steamer.

The steamer is not so large as the big liners; it accommodates only twenty-five passengers (we have twenty-two on board this trip); it is clean and comfortable; the meals are extremely good and very generous; the officers are attentive and polite; the deck-room is ample; and everything is quite perfection. Of course, there is none of the style and elegance here that one finds on the larger steamers, but everything is homelike and cosy, and we twenty-two seem and act like a big, jolly family; so I think it is much pleasanter than it would be on board a big steamship. Captain Whitton is fine; we are all fond of him, and, girls, the second mate is a perfect "peach!" He is the fun of the crowd and keeps us roaring continually. Handsome, brave, funny,— nice he is in every way. The doctor is very young and awfully pleasant — really, I cannot make up my mind which of the last two I like the better. We have a party of four English girls who fascinate me by saying, "Just fancy now!" (fancy pronounced fawncy) to everything one says. There is a very young Yale professor here who is a walking encyclopædia, yet very funny and agreeable. I like him very much. He has shown me how to "box the compass;" has explained the

lights and signals, flags and bells; taught me the Arabic alphabet; read to me in Sanscrit and Hebrew; taken me on the "spanker-boom" deck; taught me how to distinguish a ship, a steamer, a schooner, a brig, a brigantine, a barque, a barkentine, and every other craft that sails the ocean. I really never before learned so much in so short a time.

We have had perfect weather ever since we started; and such a lazy, indolent crowd as we are, you never saw, nor ever want to see. Every day we all sink into our steamer chairs, read, sleep and eat; every now and then, however, we have a game of quoits or tag, and so quicken up our pulses. Now don't look envious when I tell you we have seven meals a day; such is the case though, and yet, when the eating bells ring you should see how we jump. But we are all flourishing and, indeed, enjoy the lazy life immensely.

I can hear some one ask if I have been sick, and I answer no, not a bit; there was one night, after I had eaten a lot of chocolate, when I felt somewhat queer and sort of longed for home, but it was nothing serious, and I have enjoyed every minute of the voyage. The people are so jolly, every one so kind, and the weather so perfect! We are having an ideal trip and I only wish you were all here with me. Why didn't you make an effort and come? You can't imagine what you are missing, girls. I am propped up on the starboard deck, under a fetching little tent arrangement, gazing at the sea, a dark blue with many snowy white-caps. Above, clouds like downy puffs are reflecting our peaceful condition. A fresh breeze is blowing and I am sipping some delicious chicken soup which has just been brought. Can you do anything but envy me? I am supremely happy and the thought that I am just missing a fearful review of my French lessons adds much to my happiness.

Now I must stop and take a walk, just to prove that I can walk the deck, but I will write again soon.

With love for everybody, yours truly, M. H., '97.

This is fine weather for bicycle rides; the air is cool and invigorating.

NEWS NOTES

Drop on the ball.

Jokes wanted for the humor page.

Members of the school who are not doing police duty at the football games will please keep behind the ropes.

Mr. Sanford has added to his burdens, and now hears the II. Greek class recite.

Two experienced football players have become members of the school. Stillman, end rush of St. Paul's school, halfback on B. H. S., and McLachlan, end rush on Boston Latin, who plays the same position here.

Someone was heard to remark that he could hand over his month's salary to the attendant at the lunch counter and then eat enough to make him a poor man in five minutes. Does this mean that the prices are high at the counter?

Samuel Lewis, '96, is trying for the position of end rush on the Harvard 'Varsity. Here's success to him. He made several brilliant tackles and played finely in the Harvard-Trinity game, until a wrenched leg compelled him to watch the play from the side lines.

About the middle of September a mass meeting of the boys was called in room 1. The object of this was to collect money enough to enable the football team to run out of town and play other elevens in practice games. The call for contributions was met in a way to show that the enthusiasm, which was evident concerning athletics last year, had not declined, but rather increased, and the tidy little sum of $50 goes to the team's credit. That is the spirit, fellows; support your team. That is the spirit which will win the Senior League championship for the Brookline High.

Many young ladies were in evidence at the Roxbury Latin game, and not a few of them remarked that the cheering was a minus quantity. However, there was reason for that. The boys must not spoil their singing voices by yelling in the cold air until the more important games. We would suggest that the young ladies take it upon themselves to cheer, for the basket-ball games have begun and their voices are in good training. Moreover, if the sound which issues from the girls' basement at frequent intervals is any criterion of their ability in the cheering line, we will warrant that they can be heard at the other side of the playground at least. It is not unmaidenly to cheer out-of-doors; witness Wellesley and Smith.

Is the lower goal-post to remain in its present state of preservation during the whole season, or are we to have a new one?

Cambridge Manual Training School beat Burdett to the tune of 42 to 0, but Walter Camp will tell you that scores in general are not to be relied upon to determine a team's position.

We notice that several of the classes have been reseated to avoid confusion in leaving the room, and now the girls are all on one side and the boys on the other. But is n't this a departure from co-education?

At a meeting of the Republican Club, September 25, Fred Stearns led an orchestra of about twelve, many of them being members of the Brookline High School orchestra. Several of Sousa's popular marches were rendered.

Class '97 has made a reputation in the right direction. The class was recently complimented on the cleanliness of its room by one in authority. Why not hold that reputation all through the year. It takes no great trouble to keep papers off the floor, and it stands as a good example to the lower classes.

As usual, Mr. Sanford and Mr. Packard enjoyed their vacation abroad. Crossing the Atlantic together, they separated at Nuremberg, Mr. Packard wheeling in the region of the Black Forest, Germany, while Mr. Sanford explored England and picturesque Normandy. Both had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Cole is to be congratulated on the result of his work in the school. Several members of '97 are so enamored of music that they cannot restrain themselves, but sing part songs in the corridors to the great edification of all who hear them. Why not get up a boys' quartette? There are enough fellows who sing well to form one.

Much to the delight of the scholars, the lunch counter was opened on the first day of school, and has been doing a great business ever since. There will be more variety among the edibles this year than ever before, and already side dishes, such as macaroni with cheese, creamed salt fish, macaroni with tomato sauce, and scalloped tomato, can be obtained for a moderate sum. It is an open secret that the young ladies of the cooking school are engaged in catering to the wants of the hungry ones below, and some tempting specimens of their work are to be found on the counter. But don't be afraid. If you should happen to eat any of the girls' cooking you will know it in fifteen minutes.

There is only one man who comes in from the football run fresh and cool, and he is in the center of the bunch.

Marion Holden, a former member of '97, after a two years' residence in Brooklyn, has returned to her class. We give her welcome.

If someone would place a slanting board from the sidewalk to the street, opposite the boy's entrance, that person would be a public benefactor.

How about "the school cat?" Will she belong to '97 this year, or is she supposed to have departed with the class of '96 and only come back for a post-graduate course?

It is now known that 'tis not for lack of brains that members of B. H. S. are conditioned in studies, for nearly all the conditioned pupils passed the exams. This also shows that they put in some good study during the summer.

The class of '97 has a chance to establish a precedent for all the graduating classes to come. At the colleges, departing classes plant their class ivy, and why not the High School? The ivy would improve the somewhat plain wall of the school building greatly. Think it over, '97.

Where is the big clock which we all expected to see adorning the tower on our return from vacation? There is great need of one, as the gong cannot be heard on the playground. The town "fathers" have provided the schoolhouse with a flagpole through the efforts of THE SAGAMORE, but a clock is as badly needed.

On September 23 the Debating Club met and elected the following officers for the year: President, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.; Vice-President, J. Gilbert Peirce; Secretary, Henderson Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, Arthur M. Osborn; Treasurer, Austin H. Parker; Directors, Harold R. Wead, Woodworth James, Charles Bishop. The officers were installed October 7 at the seventh annual public meeting of the Debating Club, held in Shailer Hall.

Class meetings have been held and officers for the coming year elected. Here is the list: '97, President, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.; Vice-President, May Lewis; Secretary and Treasurer, Olive M. Belches; Acting Secretary, Molly J. Seely. '98, President, J. Nelson Manning; Vice-President, Helen Adams; Secretary and Treasurer, Edith Plummer. '99, President, Carroll Perkins; Vice-President, Alice Seaver; Secretary and Treasurer, Helen Johnson. 1900, President, Sidney Strickland; Vice-President, Grace Rogers.

There is now a new instructor in the list of fourth class teachers, Mr. Sawtell, who has charge of history and bookkeeping.

A member of Mr. Dutton's training class is going to help at the rehearsals. It would be well if there were more rehearsals; the selections would be rendered much better than they are, if each scholar had at least two.

The school interior will shortly be more pleasing to the eye than ever, for several new casts are on the way from Europe with Brookline as their destination. These casts were selected by Mr. Lincoln and were bought with part of the Armstrong gift.

Basket-ball has had a fine start in the girls "gym," and the yelling is louder than ever, if such a thing is possible. At present '97 holds the championship of the classes and bids fair to keep its position at the head, but the other teams are playing better every day.

There is no need to make any comment on the article which appears in the first number of the Cambridge High and Latin Review, and we refer you to the editorial for more matter of the same sort. This is what the Cambridge boys say: "Give the team your hearty support; support gave Brookline High the base-ball championship; it will do much in giving Cambridge victories." Moral: Go to the games and cheer.

The orchestra has been practising under the direction of Mr. Cole and will make its first appearance before the school at an early date. Last year, owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. Cole, the orchestra reached a high degree of excellence and played well every time it appeared. One of the new selections taken up for the present year is Sousa's "El Capitan" march, which will be a very popular number in the repertory of the orchestra.

For the first time in the history of the school, one person is engaged in doing secretary work alone: this is more important than it appears at first sight. It shows that the pupils have a greater range in selecting courses which fit them for what they expect to do after they leave school; that the work of the school has broadened and improved in every way during the past few years, and that the number of scholars is increasing yearly. With its fine building and efficient corps of instructors the Brookline High can compare with any public school in the United States. Another evidence of the excellence of the school lies in the fact that so many non-resident pupils — fifteen, we believe, — pay tuition that they may attend the Brookline High.

In the general course only one year of mathematics is required in order that one may graduate.

This fall the football is brought out and kicked about at recess. This is a good thing. Such exercise warms the blood and gives a welcome relief after sitting a long time in school, and is far better than wandering listlessly about the playground. But it is much easier to get an "H" than to tuck that football safely under one arm.

There are not enough bicycle stands in the basement entry to accommodate one half the bicycles which overflow into the hallway and about the sides of the building. A shed built over part of the asphalted court in the rear of the school would meet the wants of the riders, and the grass and shrubbery would have a chance to grow. The structure would be out of sight and interfere with nothing.

Fifteen members of the Political Science class attended the Republican Convention held in Music Hall, and some enthusiastic ones remained there all the forenoon. The meeting was interesting, but much less so than the Democratic Convention. Mr. Roger Wolcott was nominated for governor and Mr. Murray Crane for lieutenant-governor.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has presented to the Domestic Science class a new Alladin stove. This is the one that Mr. Atkinson says will support a laborer on the insignificant sum of a dollar a week, and give him as much in variety, quality and quantity as the workingman has now when he pays many times a dollar. The stove works finely, cooking some things better than the common stove, and members of the cooking class use it a great deal of the time. It would be well to go up to the Domestic Science room and examine it.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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WITH this number THE SAGAMORE begins its third year. The two previous years have shown that the Brookline High School could and would support a school paper, and that the scholars and the alumni were interested to such an extent that enough good contributions were forthcoming to maintain the paper at a high standard of excellence. The present editorial board proposes to uphold that standard, but to accomplish this, it is necessary to have as many subscriptions and contributions as possible. Let the articles come from the school as a whole and not from the faithful few alone, for THE SAGAMORE represents the Brookline High School to the parents and the outside world, and we do not want it to represent a small minority of the scholars. And the school must be loyal to the paper in another way, that is, by putting it on a strong financial foundation. We expect at

least one hundred and fifty subscribers from the school alone; surely we should obtain that number from over three hundred students.

THE SAGAMORE offers prizes for the two best short stories written by members of the school. The first prize is five dollars, the second three, and the conditions of the contest are as follows: The stories must not exceed twelve hundred words, and papers containing more will not be considered. All manuscript must be in before December 5th. The writers will sign fictitious names to their papers and drop them, together with a sealed envelope containing both the assumed and the real name, into THE SAGAMORE box. The stories will be judged by judges announced in the next issue, and when the two best are selected, the envelopes will be opened, and the prizes given to the writers whose assumed names on the papers correspond to the assumed names in the envelopes. THE SAGAMORE reserves the right to keep all manuscript received. Every one should try for the above prizes, and in competing for an offer of this nature, the ones contesting have nothing to lose and everything to gain. There are many benefits to be derived from writing the story. You learn how to put your thoughts on paper in an interesting manner; you gain a ready flow of language, which only comes with practice; and lastly, if you win a prize it is not only an honor to you, the winner, but also to your class, whether it be the Senior or Freshman. There will be many who say that they cannot write a short story, but they can never tell what they can do in literary work until they have tried. Moreover, there are two prizes, and although you may not win the first, there is honor in winning the second.

WE may or we may not win the Senior league championship, and while the result depends largely on the team, the school has no small share in the success or failure of the eleven. In the first place everyone should go to the games and contribute their moral support to the team. In the second place the boys must get together and cheer long and frequently. Don't let the enemy out-

cheer or discourage you; let them know you are inside the gates. If the team is winning, cheer; if the team is losing, yell. You don't know how inspiriting a good loud cheer from their own side of the field sounds to a losing or discouraged team. Games have been won by cheering at the right time.

A FRENCH "D"

The bell for recitation rang,
  My French I did not know;
I dared not meet the teacher's eye,
  I feared a lecture so.

A pious thought occured to me—
  I'd skip my French and see
If Mlle. my presence missed,—
  The plan quite gave me glee.

That day my scheme worked well,—but oh!
  The next day brought me pain;
For when I entered French once more,
  And took my seat again,

And had my lesson finely learned,—
  Expected "C" at least,—
I saw the teacher look at me;
  The hum of talking ceased.

"Monsieur, où etiéz-vous hier?"
  I said: "I stayed away!"
And to my sorrow she replied:
  "Oui, oui, ça faut un D."

M. S., '97.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE Brookline High School Debating Club held its 84th regular meeting in Shailer Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 7, 1896.

Ex-Pres. Stephen Wolcott opened the meeting at 8 o'clock, and after a few words, introduced Pres. Charles W. Kellogg, Jr. Mr. Kellogg, when he had signed the constitution and had been sworn into office, briefly sketched the objects and purposes of the club this year. Pres. Kellogg then called up the other officers, who signed the constitution and were sworn in.

The prizes which are given by an unknown donor to the best debater each year were given out at this time. J. Gilbert Peirce, '97, captured the first prize, while the second fell to Henderson Kellogg, '97. After this, subjects for the next meeting were asked for, and this question was finally chosen: *Resolved, That labor organizations are a menace to our country.* The debaters chosen were: on the affirmative, Woodworth James and Richard Bishop; on the negative, H. K. Wead and G. F. Lynch.

Pres. Kellogg then called a recess of three minutes, during which time the debaters for the evening took their seats on the stage.

The question for the evening read, *Resolved, That incomes should be taxed.* The debaters for the evening were: on the affirmative, H. Kellogg, J. Floyd and J. G. Peirce; on the negative, C. L. Perkins, A. H. Parker and C. W. Kellogg, Jr. As Pres. Kellogg was to debate, ex-Pres. Wolcott again took the chair, till after the debate was over.

The debate closed the evening exercises, and the meeting adjourned at 9.15. HENDERSON KELLOGG, Sec'y.

A boy of '97 has learned that bicycles were used in the army long before our time. His authority is Cicero: "Catilina, cum summa rei publicæ salute ad bellum proficiscere." O, Catiline, take the highest safty you can find and ride to war.—'97.

ATHLETICS

ABOUT thirty candidates for positions on the football team reported for practice the middle of September. This was the largest number ever seen at the preliminary practice, and although some dropped out, there was enough to form a second eleven every day. Captain Boyce devoted the first weeks to dropping on the ball, tackling, catching, punts, etc., and then the elevens would line up and put in some hard football. The men finished the day by taking a long run through the streets.

The eleven is lighter this year than last, and there are several inexperienced men in the line, so it must make up for loss of weight by quick, snappy playing. However, Mr. Wilson, Harvard, '94, who has already turned out two fine elevens, has again kindly consented to coach, and great improvement may be expected. Ned Atherton, B. A. A., A. Gould, Harvard, '95, and W. Garrison, quarterback on his Harvard class team, also coached the eleven one day.

The first game was with the Groton School team. Different men were given a try at positions in the line. Brookline had the heavier line but Groton put in the team work and won out. The score, 16—0.

October 7 witnessed the first game on the Playground, our opponents being Burdett Business College. Burdett kicked off, and our backs carried the ball to the center of the field, where it was lost. Then Burdett pushed the ball steadily down the field and scored a touchdown. The goal was missed. At the end of the half, the ball was on Brookline's 25-yard line.

In the second half, Brookline's half-back rushed with the ball, and when tackled called down; but a Burdett man got the ball out of the pile, and when it was given to Brookline by the referee, the Burdett captain took his team from the field, and the game was given to Brookline. The game was very loose and rough, and a fizzle generally. We would respectfully suggest to Burdett that football does not consist of "scrapping" alone, and that rushing the ball is of more importance than "kicking."

Burdett.	Brookline High.
Haddock, l. e.	r. e. McLachlan.
Robinson, l. t.	r. t. Gillespie.
Staples, l. g.	r. g. Talbot.
Gibbons, c.	c. Hutchins.
Connell, r. g.	l. g. Parker.
Dean, r. t.	l. t. Kernan.
Savory, r. e.	l. e. Morse.
Bartlett. q. b.	q. b. Wilbor.
Jones, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Stillman.
Sullivan, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Brush.
Tozer, f. b.	f. b. Boyce.

Brookline downed the men from the Roxbury Latin School in an interesting game played October 9. After the kick-off, Roxbury fumbled the ball on her own 25-yard line, but a moment afterwards regained it on downs. At the first rush, Putnam ran through right tackle and had a clear field, except for Stillman, who tackled him so hard that he lost the ball. Then Brookline banged away at Roxbury's center, where Hutchins and Talbot had little difficulty in opening up large holes, and scored her first touchdown. Stillman kicked goal. Brookline again got the ball and reached Roxbury's 3-yard line, when time was called.

In the second period, Boyce entered the game and the team played better football. Boyce, Stillman and Brush made repeated gains through the center, and Brush advanced the leather twenty yards by a dash around George's end. Shortly afterwards, Boyce made the second touchdown. Stillman missed goal.

All of the backs and the linemen, Hutchins, Talbot, and Morse, played well. The interference was at times very ragged, especially on around-the-end plays. Brookline must do better if she is to accomplish anything in the league.

Brookline High.	Roxbury Latin.
Morse, l. e.	r. e. Hoxie.
Smith, l. t.	r. t. Gray.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. Marshall.
Hutchins, c.	c. Earnst.
Talbot, r, g.	l. g. Colby.
Kernan (Hall) r, t.	l. t. Ticknor.
McLachlan, r. e.	l. e. George.
Wilbor, q. b.	q. b. Hays.
Richardson (Stillman), h. b.	h. b. Putnam.
Brush, h. b.	h. b. Jackson.
Stillman (Boyce), f. b.	f. b. Skinner.

Score: Brookline 10, Roxbury 0. Touchdowns—Stillman, Boyce. Goals from touchdown, Stillman. 15 and 10 minute halves.

Brookline is nothing if not fair, and when, through a misunderstanding, Somerville and Malden high schools both came on the playgrounds, October 14, expecting a game, Captain Boyce decided to play both teams. Somerville had the first chance at us and rushed the ball clear up to the one-yard line, making the Brookline supporters feel creepy. But here our line held like the proverbial stone fence and the ball was ours on downs. Stillman laid the pigskin down after running eight yards and then occured the star play of the day. The play was signaled between right guard and tackle. Brush took the ball, and dashing through a great hole made by Gillespie, dodged the Somerville backs and sprinted 100 yards for a touchdown; no goal. At Somerville's kickoff, Boyce and Stillman made big gains through the center and the latter went across the

line for a touchdown and kicked the goal. In the second half, Brookline made another touchdown and the goal was kicked. Here is the line up: —

Brookline.	Somerville.
Morse, l. e.	r. e. Cuddy.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Turner.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. Perkins.
Hutchins, c.	c. Hayes.
Talbot, r. g.	l. g. Sheridan.
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t. Raymond.
McLachlan, r. t.	l. e. Cotter.
Wilbor, q. b.	q. b. Almedia.
Brush, h. b.	h. b. Palmer.
Stillman, h. b.	h. b. Stone.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Halnan.

Score: Brookline 16, Somerville 0. Touchdowns — Brush 2, Stillman, Goals from touchdowns — Stillman 2. 15 and 10 minute halves.

Somerville retired in favor of Malden and that team played strongly for about two minutes. Then the line bucking tactics were resumed and Brookline scored a touchdown through a hole opened by Smith. Stillman kicked goal. The line up: —

Brookline.	Malden.
Hall, l. e.	r. e. White.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Hill.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. Marr.
Hutchins, c.	c. Lennon.
Talbot, r. g.	l. g. Green.
Smith, r. t.	l. t. Rich.
McLachlan, r. e.	l. e. Herrick.
Wilbor, q. b.	q. b. Perkins.
Richardson, h. b.	h. b. Atwood.
Stillman, h. b.	h. b. Carr.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Weeks.

Score: Brookline 6, Malden 0. Touchdown and goal — Stillman. Time, 10 minutes. Attendance at both games 500.

Boyce, Brush, Stillman and Wilbor played well for Brookline; Stone for Somerville, and Perkins and Atwood for Malden.

Brookline's interference did not improve any in the last two games and very few gains were made around the ends, but there was one good feature — the men seemed to put more life and spirit into their work. One thing must be guarded against, and that is over confidence. Some of the team went home and immediately telephoned for hat stretchers. But remember that Somerville and Malden are not in our class, being members of the Junior League; therefore the scores should have been much larger. One thing more — a good play which Brookline possesses was used too frequently. We don't want to teach the other elevens how to beat us.

The official list of the games which the eleven plays, as far is made out, is as follows: —

PRACTICE GAMES.

October	14—Malden High School, at Brookline, 3.30.
	17—Technology, '99, at Brookline, 3.15.
	19—Harvard, '99, at Soldiers' Field, 4.00.
	21—Harvard, 1900, at Soldiers' Field, 4.00.
	26—Harvard, '97, Soldiers' Field, 4.00.
	28—Newton High School, N. A. A. Field, 3.30.
November	4—Thayer Academy, at Brookline, 3.30.
	26—Graduates' game, at Brookline, 10.30.

LEAGUE GAMES.

October	30—Brookline *vs.* Boston Latin, at South End.
November	6—Brookline *vs.* Cambridge M. T., at Soldiers' Field.
	12—Brookline *vs.* English High, at South End.
	18—Brookline *vs.* Cambridge High and Latin, at Soldiers' Field.
	24—Brookline *vs.* Hopkinson, at Soldiers' Field.

OUR "NEW" NAVY

MOST landsmen can find nothing handsome in a modern battleship or large cruiser with its heavy-looking hull and ungainly military masts. If they go aboard, their disgust is quite manifest; the general verdict is that the ship is "nothing but a floating machine shop."

If the vessels are machine shops, they can fight — especially those in Uncle Sam's navy. Our battleships, like the Massachusetts, are without equals; the armored cruiser Brooklyn is the best all-round fighter in the world; there is no faster war vassel than the U. S. S. Minneapolis, except some torpedo boats; our little gunboats have done wonders; in torpedo boats alone are we lacking?

While everyone agrees that our ships, individually, are the best in the world, we do not make a very good showing where the total strength of the navy is compared with that of other countries. If we begin at the bottom of the list and work up, we get on finely for a while; we could swamp any Asiatic or South American country and some of the older states of Europe, including Spain and Turkey. We could probably whip Germany, but Italy and Russia are twice as strong, France nearly four times, and England nearly six times as strong as we are. To be sure, that places us number five, but those countries which are superior to us are overwhelmingly so.

In spite of this bad outlook, we should have great hope for the future. We have now building or have authorized to be built six first-class battleships, one big monitor, nine gunboats and nineteen torpedo boats. If all the states keep up their present rate of increase, we shall be a good fourth by 1900. The last Congress provided for three first-class battleships and thirteen torpedo boats. This "program of construction" is not large when compared to England's; but, in comparison with anything we have before attempted, it is very large; the next largest was in 1890, when three battleships, one cruiser and one torpedo boat were authorized.

The total number of ships "in commission," or in other words in active service, is hardly a fair estimate of our real strength. Some of the vessels, rated as building, are practically completed and many others are undergoing repairs; on the other hand some of the ships "in commission" are old bulks that are of use only as barracks. The real effective force of the navy is three first- and two second-class battleships, twenty coast defense vessels, two armored cruisers, thirty protected and unprotected cruisers, nine gunboats and seven torpedo boats.

This classification may be unintelligible to some, so I will explain it. A first-class battleship is a vessel weighing 10,000 or more tons, with very thick armor, 15 inches or more, on her sides and turrets are the largest guns used; a second-class battleship is a smaller vessel with thinner armor and not so many big guns. An armored cruiser is a heavy cruiser, 8,000 or 9,000 tons, with moderately thick armor and heavy guns and great speed. Protected and unprotected cruisers are lighter vessels, weighing from 2,000 to 7,500 tons, fast and with large batteries of small guns; they have very thin armor. A gunboat, "a policeman of the sea," is a little craft with no armor and small battery. Of course everyone knows what a torpedo boat is — small, quick as a flash and terribly destructive. We have among our vessels several "freaks." There are thirteen small monitors like that famous one which whipped the Merrimac; there are also six huge new double turret monitors and a ram that is supposed to be able to punch a hole in any ship's side. These are our coast-defense vessels. Our other "freak" is the Vesuvius, a dynamite gun vessel; whether she is worth anything or not is uncertain.

All these valuable hulls would be useless if it were not for the officers and men of their crews. These are always intelligent, patriotic Americans; we have a larger percentage of American seamen in our navy than any other country has of its own nationality in its navy. But two faults can be found with the men of our navy,

and these are results of bad administration; we have not enough engineers or enough seamen.

With these exceptions, Uncle Sam's navy is the best of its size in the world. But it is not so large as our pride, our greatness, or our interests demand. Let us hope that we may soon reach this goal. J. G. P., '97.

HUMOR

MY CONDITION.

CANTO I.

With hanging head, and shuffling tread,
I came on towards the office door.

CANTO II.

For there I'd find, was I behind,
Or could I go on any more.

CANTO III.

"Yes," was the word. My yell was heard
From the hall to the bak'ry store.

CANTO IV.

Condition passed, I 'm free at last,
And I shot from the office door. —'97.

First freshman — "When is it time to look for chestnuts?"

Second freshman — "When the first number of THE SAGAMORE comes out."

A graduate thus describes his course through college: "I took my first on a clear hit with a crib; reached second on the influence of my father; stole third on a lucky bunching of my electives; and came home because the faculty got rattled at my fine playing."

Prof.— "You may go on T——."

T—— (Translating) — "And then they heard the groans of the dead ——"

Prof. — "That will do. Next."

Professor — "Archimedes discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath-tub. Now, why do you suppose he never discovered the principle before?"

Bright student — "Perhaps this was his first bath."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Subscription to THE SAGAMORE for one year, by mail, payable in advance, is one dollar. If you wish to subscribe send your name to Mr. Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., 51 St. Paul Street, Brookline.

A binding will be furnished for files of THE SAGAMORE in good condition; the binding will be in stamped buckram and will cost fifty cents. Files may be left with Mr. Kellogg.

THE SAGAMORE appears during the last week of the month, just previous to the month for which it is a number. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive any number.

THE SAGAMORE is sent to all of last year's subscribers. Those who wish to discontinue the paper must notify the Business Manager.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It would be a great help to THE SAGAMORE if the pupils would patronize the firms which advertise in the school paper. Such patronage would be the best proof of our paper's value, and show the advertisers that they have not taken space in our columns in vain. Only houses which are first-class and reliable in every respect are represented.

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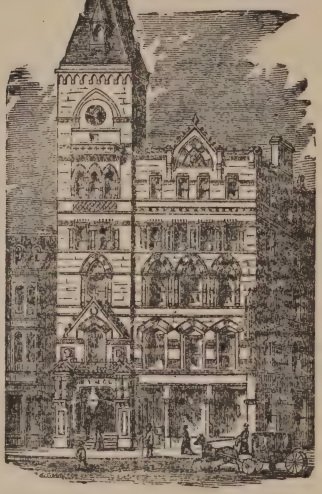

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 2

DECEMBER

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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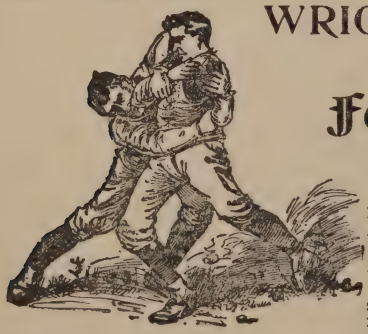

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 DECEMBER, 1896 NUMBER 2

'91–'92

WHEN the editor of THE SAGAMORE asked me to write an article for the December issue and generously gave me permission to choose my own subject, it seemed as though an easy task were allotted me. Upon reflection, however, the choice of a subject seemed a harder task than it looked to be upon the surface. "The Election" was suggested, but politics is or should be a prohibited subject for a year at least. During four months we have heard and read little else save "McKinley," "Bryan," "Sound Money," "Free Silver" and "Coercion," and we need a rest from such topics.

Finally, it seemed that the best subject for an article would be a brief record of the school year 1891–1892, not because it was the writer's senior year, but because it was filled with important events in the school's history, and marked the beginning of the transition period during which the High School changed from a small to a large school.

No one who was present will ever forget the second Monday of September, 1891, the day in which the new master took charge of the school. All the students were curious as to what his policy would be, and who would be the first to suffer at the hands of the new authority. We had heard that he was Mr. Sanford of Stamford, or Mr. Stamford of Sanford, and few of us knew which was correct. Imagine, if you can, the surprise of the school when, on being introduced, the new master remarked that he had no policy to announce, but that he proposed to watch the school before making any changes. After the surprise occasioned by this statement had subsided, the school started off on the work and play of the year.

First came the choice of officers for the school battalion. Previous to 1891 the officers had invariably been chosen by the members of the senior class, and we of '92, believing that the good custom was to be continued, originated a series of plans to further the ambition of various members of the class, which would have done credit to the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall. To illustrate: One ambitious youth having secured the pledges of a majority of the boys of the class to vote for him for 1st Lieutenant, wrote a note to another member of the class who supposed he had a clear title to the office, in which he said that, in order to be *perfectly fair*, he wished his opponent to know that he was a candidate for the position. The school authorities, becoming convinced that the methods employed were not conducive either to good morals or good discipline, decided to appoint the officers themselves; and so our electioneering went for nothing.

The elections in the Debating Club and in the Athletic Association went off quietly, the result in both cases being foregone conclusions. Later in the year the Debating Club gave a mock town-meeting and held a joint debate with Cambridge, both of which events have been described in these pages.

The career of the Athletic Association during the year was stormy, due in large part to the intense rivalry between the classes of '93 and '92. For some unaccountable reason '93 early in the year became convinced that the motto of '92 in athletic sports was, "Win honestly if you can, but at any rate, win." Nothing could, of course, be further from the true policy of '92, but the idea having taken possession of the boys of '93, it was hard work to combat it. Consequently the Executive Committee, composed of four members from '92 and three from the other classes, was regarded as a packed committee pledged to carry out any plan which would further the athletic interests of '92. The winter indoor meeting showed that '92 had carried the day by gaining three more points than '93. Then it became noised abroad that it was the purpose of '92 to strike out from the program for the spring meeting certain events in which an athletic chieftain of '93 excelled, and to substitute for them events which '92 would be certain to win. This report had

hardly been in circulation a day when '93 determined upon the bold stroke of having the events for the spring meeting chosen by the club. The writer will not soon forget the meeting at which this plan was consummated. The session was over an hour long, and the House of Representatives at Washington debating a silver coinage bill is tame compared to it. The classes of '94 and '95 were appealed to in order that the tyranny of '92 might be crushed; while the seniors protested against a violation of the inalienable right of the Executive Committee to name the events at the meetings. The present captain of the Harvard foot-ball team uttered a philippic against '92, which, in the writer's memory is to be compared only to the oration against Cataline. Finally the vote was taken and '93 won the day; it named the events of the spring meeting, and, of course, took first place among the classes on that occasion.

The next event worth recording was the Officers' party, the second and the last given by the school. When it is remembered that there were but seven boys in '92, it will readily be seen that in order to carry out our plans it was necessary for each to do a great deal of work. The financial management of this event caused the Treasurer to lie awake nights, and when at last all the bills were paid and there was a balance of thirty-two cents in the treasury, it is said that he fainted away.

The Second Massachusetts School Regiment having ceased to exist, it is hard, perhaps, to realize the tremendous excitement occasioned by the annual field day in Brookline, on May 14th, 1892. Brookline being a town and not having the right to appropriate money for such a purpose, it was necessary to raise funds by subscription. The citizens were very liberal and had it not been for the danger of establishing a bad precedent we could easily have given the whole regiment of 1600 boys a free dinner.

The rivalry between the two companies of the High School battalion was very keen, and it required three drills to determine which should have the honor of representing the school in the contest with the other towns. Company A won the rubber and

acquitted itself well, though it did not win the prize, which meant the colonelcy of the Regiment for Brookline.

The day set for the drill was perfect, and from start to finish the affair was a success. In the morning the competitive drills for companies and for individuals were held; at noon His Excellency William E. Russell arrived and was received as Commander-in-Chief on the playground. Afterwards, he was driven to the Town Hall, where, during the long afternoon, he reviewed the procession as it marched up Washington street on its parade around the town. In the evening a band concert on the playground concluded the festivities of the day.

The last event of the year was the prize drill, which, owing to its following so close upon the field day, was hardly as interesting as previous ones had been. It was, however, noted as the closest contest ever held between the two companies of the B. H. S. The score was as follows: Company A, 163⅔ points; Company B, 162 points.

And then came the graduation of '92, at which the Class of '93 gracefully inaugurated the custom of decorating the hall for the senior class. And so ended the forty-ninth year in the school's history.

The High School has changed rapidly since then; the Class of '92 numbered 16, that of '96 numbered 38. That the school may continue to grow, not only in numbers, but also in usefulness and influence, is the sincere wish of at least one member of '92.

WILLIAM G. NASH, '92.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

A FRIEND recently told me the following story; and, as it is rather unusual, and has the additional merit of being true, I will give it in her own words.

"Several years ago I went to a noted southern watering-place, to spend the winter while recovering from an illness. I knew a family who lived on their plantation at no great distance, and I informed

them of my arrival and asked if I might visit them. They responded with characteristic southern hospitality, by inviting me to a 'house-party,' to take place during the Christmas holidays.

"The evening of the appointed day found me alighting before the rambling old plantation house. The hostess received me very kindly. After partaking of a few refreshments I expressed a desire to go to my room, as I was very sleepy. My hostess, apologising for not being able to give me a room on the second floor, as they were all occupied, asked if I would object to spending the night in a room on the ground floor which had been prepared for me. As I consented to this proposal, I was led to the further end of the large square hall and ushered into a good-sized room. The floor was of stone, as is often the case in old southern houses, and a rug was spread before the bed. On the side facing the door were two large windows. I did not light the lamp, for the flood of moonlight pouring in at both windows illuminated nearly the whole room, with the exception of the two corners facing the door, which were left in darkness.

"Bidding my friend good night, I closed the door and walked to one of the windows. The moon was full, and outside it was nearly as light as day. The brightness was increased by a thin covering of snow on the ground—a rare occurrence in that latitude. I remember noticing some tracks in the snow near my window, but I thought nothing of them at the time.

"I should probably have remained gazing for some time at the snow-covered landscape, had I not been suddenly startled by a sharp rattling sound, which came from some part of my room. I faced about, wondering who dared enter my room without my knowledge. The sound had ceased, and I stood listening intently until it should be repeated. I had not long to wait, for in a moment I again heard the slight grating, rattling noise, which seemed to proceed from the corner on my right. With some misgivings, for I did not know what to expect, I began as slowly and as silently as possible to approach this corner. Suddenly my heart gave one great bound and then sank within me. I stopped, rooted to the spot with horror, gazing with fascinated eyes into the shadows. For I saw dimly

outlined against the wall, the form of a human being. But what a form! The creature — for it could hardly be called human — seemed to be entirely covered with long hair, so that no part of it was visible except its glowing eyes, which held me fascinated. All at once the rattling was repeated, and I discovered its cause. To one leg of the creature was fastened a small piece of heavy chain, and as this rested on the stone floor, every movement caused it to click.

"My only thought was to gain the staircase in the hall before the creature should pursue me. I saw that to do this I must reach the door of my room first; but as I was standing near the left-hand window, the door was about equally distant from both of us. Without, however, losing sight of the dim form crouched in the corner, I began slowly and with a beating heart to edge nearer and nearer the door. I expected at each step to feel the hairy arms of the creature grasping me, but there was no movement in the dark corner. I stopped a moment to take breath and collect my thoughts. Then I slowly extended my arm, and grasping the door-knob, turned it. There was a slight click, and I fancied I heard a movement behind me. I hesitated no longer, but opening the door, I darted out. At the same moment I heard the chain rattling loudly. I caught a momentary glance of a great hairy *thing* rushing across the room, and with a smothered shriek I rushed wildly toward the stairs on the other side of the hall. But behind me I heard the rattling of that chain, and a horrible sense of weakness came over me. I reached the foot of the stairs, but my legs trembled and refused to support me. In another moment I felt a hot panting breath close to my face.

"Here my senses left me. It was not for many weeks that I learned what happened afterward; not until my recovery from a long and dangerous illness, brought about by the terrible excitement I had undergone.

"I learned that some of the gentlemen upstairs, hearing my cry, had rushed down, to find me lying, seemingly lifeless, at the foot of the stairs, with a man bending over me. They seized him; he resisted furiously, and so great was his strength that they had some

difficulty in overpowering him. When they finally got him under control, it was discovered that he had a broken piece of chain attached to one leg. Thinking he might be an escaped criminal, the sheriff was sent for. He immediately recognized him as a madman who had escaped that very day from an asylum near by. On the floor near the stairs was found a large fur rug, which the madman had undoubtedly wrapped around himself, either as a protection from the cold or as a disguise.

"Had it not been for one fact I should have been tempted to regard the whole occurrence as a horrible nightmare. But when I recovered from my illness my once black hair had become pure white."

SKETCHES

I

IN MEMORIAM

IN the midst of the pathless desert stands a huge stone pyramid. For miles around it can be distinctly seen, and its pointed peak, sharply outlined against the bright blue eastern sky, or looming dark against the vivid red of the sunset, is a familiar landmark to the travelers who pass that way. From a great distance it appears a mere black speck on the horizon, but as one approaches nearer one sees it towering far above him in all its solitary grandeur. Immovable, incomprehensible it stands; unchanged by the passing of countless centuries, and silent as the sacred dust which lies forever buried beneath the massive stones, it yet proclaims its solemn message. Often the base of the pyramid is obscured by whirlwinds of sand which sweep over the dreary waste, but after they have subsided the great pile appears again, as calm, as soild as before. Wild beasts howl about the lonely spot, seeking for food; caravans winding over the desert pass it, and men are awed to silence as they gaze on the tomb of a Pharaoh, who lived and died long ages ago. Reaching back through the centuries it tells of the history of men who lived in ancient Egypt; it is the tomb, not

of a Pharaoh, but of a nation. Silently pointing to the future it seems to challenge time and civilization to produce anything which it has not known; and jealously and securely guarding the secrets of the past, it is an ever-present witness of a great people that once ruled the valley of the Nile.

II

A STRANGE ROOM

It was only a tiny, dark hole — this book-binder's shop,— not large enough to hold a pair of American sleeves. It was in Jerusalem, not far from the Golden Gate, that you've read about in the Bible; a little dingy, dirty, dusty hole, where an old, hump-backed Mohammedan bound the queer Bibles that are so precious to his people. Cobwebs had settled in every niche and corner; dust lay thick upon the walls, and it was so dark one could scarcely see the mucilage-pot and the rusty shears and the parchment that were scattered about. A great, black spider was resting upon the crumbling wall, but no living soul was near. The little, old shop was deserted.

III

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

A ship was coming into the bay of Carthage. On the stone breakwater the crowd surged and pressed forward; here were Carthaginian statesmen, fat, sleek merchants, dark Numidians and swarthy Africans. And in front of all, shading his eyes with his brown hand, stood a boy in a white tunic. Everyone was looking out over the harbor, where the five banks of oars of the mighty quinquereme dipped, flashed in the sunlight, and dipped again, with a rhythmic swing. In silence the crowd waited for the news, which soon came over the water, "Hannibal is victorious! He hath destroyed the army of the Romans." Then they shouted, "Hannibal, Hannibal and Carthage!" and the proud marble city echoed and reëchoed with the joyous shouts. But the most joyful, triumphant shout of all was that which was sent up by the boy clad in the white tunic, as the crowd raised him on their shoulders

and turned toward the city. And would you not have felt just as proud had you heard such news of your father, far away in foreign lands?

A HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLAR ABROAD

[Being a Series of Letters Written to Her Friends]

II

My Dear Friends:—

Well, since my last chat with you, I've had the most awful experience. Don't be scared; I'm all right, and shall turn up safe and sound, like the proverbial penny; but just wait till you hear about it all.

Last evening we had planned to have a concert in the saloon at eight o'clock, and congratulated ourselves on having a full and varied programme. Everyone was expected to do something, and they wanted me to — sing! Now, please don't laugh! Mother jokingly told one of the officers that I sang beautifully, and naturally they tried to press me into the service. As they would not hear of my refusing, I quietly subsided, and prepared a very pretty little speech of excuse. But I was spared the ordeal in a way I little suspected.

After dinner we all promenaded as usual, and I was deep in an energetic conversation with the captain and two English girls, when there came the sharp, shrill cry of "Man overboard!" We spoke not a word. Even before the captain gave a command, every man went to his post, so perfect was the discipline. Quick as a flash a life buoy was thrown overboard, which, as it touched the water, became a floating light. The decks were cleared, the steamer backed, the life-boat lowered. I rushed to the "spanker-boom" deck, where I could see everything. It was growing darker every minute and we caught momentary glimpses of the light tossing on the waves. Oh, girls! you can't imagine how exciting and awful it was! No one dared to speak; a ghostly stillness fell on us all, from which we were aroused by the faint cry of "Help!"

After brave efforts, the man was rescued, and steadily the crew rowed back to the ship. He was one of the lowest hands on the steamer, a cattle-man, who had been ill since leaving shore, and in a moment of insanity jumped overboard. It was such a relief when the crew shouted "Saved!" The life-boat was hauled up, and the poor unconscious man taken from the bottom of the boat. He was laid flat on the deck, and four men and the doctor tried every power to resuscitate him, but in vain. We thought we heard him moan. No, it was only the water against the ship. Did he move? Again, no. Not a sound, save the doctor's "Are you awake?" Hope began to die, and an awful fear to take its place. The waves beat against the ship, it grew darker and colder every minute, and now came the words, "All's over." You cannot imagine our sensations. We parted in little groups, whispering and shivering, though the night was warm. I crept away by myself, with the most terrible feeling of desolation, loneliness and insignificance.

The next morning the burial took place, and a most sad thing it was too. I have always wanted to see a burial at sea, but I never realized what it really meant. At eight o'clock we all gathered on the port deck, to be present at the simple ceremonies. The mornning was chill and gray. The water seemed restless and troubled, and our hearts were sad. The body, in its canvas shroud, was covered with the dear old stars and stripes, the officers and men of the ship stood with bared heads, while our kind-hearted captain tremulously read the solemn words of the burial service for seamen. At the words "we commit this body to the deep," six men lifted the plank on which he lay, and all that was mortal of our poor cattle-man sank forever beneath the water. A splash, a splurge, and all was over! Everything now moves on as before, but a little shadow will linger.

Have you heard enough of sad things? All right; so have I.

I have just seen some Portuguese "men of war" under full sail; in other words, a sort of jelly-fish, merrily bobbing up and down on the dancing waves. Of all queer looking creatures, they are the queerest.

And now we have caught our first glimpse of land. Yesterday we passed the Scilly Isles, and you never saw a more excited crowd of people than we were. These islands, perhaps you do not know, once overrun with pirates and smugglers, supply the London market with early flowers, especially primroses and daffodils. We next saw Land's End, and Lizard Head — real English soil,— and I was too excited for words. England is going to be beautiful, I know, and yet I am sorry we are so nearly there, for I have had a perfectly ideal trip and the jolliest time imaginable. This morning I was up at three o'clock, to see Portland Bill,— a harbor, that's a fact, though I know it is hardly conceivable. Since then we have passed the lovely Isle of Wight, and Beachy Head, noted for its white chalk cliffs, and tonight shall reach Dover, and hope to be able to see the French lights at Calais. I'm learning more geography and United States history than I ever knew before. It's all too elegant for words, and I only wish I had you, one and all, with me.

Tomorrow we expect to reach Hull, from there go to York, and stopping at all the interesting places on the way, get to London about the middle of July. Now girls, be Christian and write often; never mind about my answering, for I know I shan't have time to reel off the lengthy epistles you all expect. I won't tell you what I'm going to do now, for you'll be dreadfully envious, so farewell, with love.

M. H., '97.

MONDAMIN, BRAVE OF BRAVEST*

"But I love her, O Wabasso!
All my life is in her centered,
All my joy, and all my gladness,
Cluster 'round her whom I cherish."
Thus spoke Mondamin, the chief's son,
As his dark eyes shot forth anger,
As his great heart throbbed with passion.
Then Wabasso cowed before him,

* Called "brave of the bravest" because one winter when famine seized the little Indian village the young Mondamin, weakened and sickened by the long period of starvation, crept forth into the forest and succeeded in killing the huge black bear of the mountain.—AUTHOR.

For he feared the young Mondamin
Known to all as brave of bravest,
And crept slyly thro' the forest
Muttering, with hands clinched tightly,
"O Mondamin! I *too* love her."
That night, as within his wigwam
Mondamin, the brave, lay sleeping;
Stole up to his bed of rushes
A white spirit, pale and ghostly,
And upon its head there nodded
Pine cones, symbols of the Stone Face;
"O Mondamin, brave of bravest!"
Hear the words the spirit chanted,—
"Long for thee the Father waiteth,
Long the Great Stone Face is sighing
For a comrade on the mountain:
Lone his life is, lone and dreary,
And each night as o'er the pine tops
Rises the pale moon in silence,
And the waves of yonder lakelet
Play where thy canoe lies hidden
'Mid the moaning, marshy rushes,
Long he watches for thy features.
O Mondamin, brave of bravest,
Does he ever watch in vain?"
Closing thus the spirit faded
And Mondamin, brave of bravest,
Feared the spectre, but he spoke not.
Thus it was that for three evenings
Came the spirit from the Stone Face,
And Mondamin, brave of bravest,
Feared it yet, but as yet he spoke not.
But the fourth night, when it lingered,
Mondamin was filled with anguish:
Forth then, with a heart most bleeding,
Rushed he from his haunted wigwam,
And with tread too light for echo
Stole thro' the primeval forest.
In her hole the mother squirrel
Saw, but feared naught, for she loved him,
And the night owl, bird of darkness,
Only stared in grave, wise silence.
Heeded Mondamin the creatures?

No, his thoughts were far, far distant
With the ghost which had aroused him,
Which had called him in the night hour
Forth among the dropping pine cones.
Night's soft breezes, gently rising,
Kissed his swarthy cheeks, and lingered
Playfully among his tresses,
Long black tresses, soft as cornsilk.
He at last had reached the lakeside;
Lake mysterious, and romantic.
Then the words of yonder spirit
Rushed into Mondamin's memory,—
"O Mondamin, brave of bravest,
Does he ever watch in vain?"
Then Mondamin, face unflinching,
In his bark canoe stepped bravely;
From his quiver shone his arrows,
Slung his bow was from the shoulder
And his scalp locks dangled loosely.
Silently he seized the paddle,
Dipped it in the night-chilled waters
Just as o'er the swaying pine tops
Rose the pale fair moon majestic.
He had reached the fearful mountain,
Straight above him loomed the Stone Face
Awful in the gloom of evening,—
Face more grand and more suggestive
Than aught done by human handcraft.
Then Mondamin, brave of bravest,
Turned his eyes upon the forest,—
Each tree seemed a maiden's image
Which forever moaned and beckoned,—
List unto the words he murmured,—
"Farewell, one whom most I cherish,
Never more my eyes shall see thee;
Farewell, for the Father calleth."
In the morning as the sun rose
In its pride above the mountain,
Driving off all moonlight fancies,
On the lake the rippling wavelets
Rocked a light canoe, lone, empty;
Splashed around a floating paddle.

M. B. D., '98.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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IN some of the class rooms the ventilation is again troubling us thus early in the year; and evidently the thermostats on the walls are not of much use in regulating the temperature. Windows have to be opened in the different rooms, to keep the temperature at a proper point. That such a state of affairs should exist in a schoolhouse built within the year is disgraceful. If the thermostats are out of order, regulate them; if it is the fault of the ventilating apparatus, let it be fixed. It is not right that we should be obliged to open windows in order to cool the room.

THE cheering at the league games has improved very much over that of previous years; and more scholars — girls as well as boys — attend the games and show their appreciation of the stiff fight that Brookline High is putting up for the silver championship cup.

And those who have been loyal to Brookline High and have gone to the games have been well repaid; for they have witnessed close, hard-fought, exciting contests — contests in which there have been moments of breathless anxiety, and whose issue hung in the balance until the last moment of play. Those on the side lines have seen some of the finest defensive work ever put up by an interscholastic team. In every game of the three thus far played, there has been a time, usually the last four or five minutes, when our opponents have rushed the ball within our five-yard line and Brookline has had to make a great defense or be beaten. And everytime B. H. S. has risen to the emergency and carried or kicked the ball away from the danger line. It would seem that the more Brookline was thrown back toward her own goal line, the stronger she became; just as the giant Antæus rose, stronger every time that he was thrown back to Mother Earth. Three games have been played, two won and one tied, and there remain two more to play. The first of these we expect to win, but about the last there is plenty of room for conjecture. However, if the eleven continues to put up a good article of ball, and if the scholars support the team as well as they have done thus far, there is no reason why we should not only win the last game, but also the championship of the league.

Several questions have been asked concerning the statement in the editorial of the last number, "The Sagamore reserves the right to keep all manuscript received." This simply means that The Sagamore has the privilege to print any of the stories it sees fit. Miss Frye, Miss Hartwell and Mr. Bolton will be judges. It is again urged that all try to write a story for the prize. Remember, Christmas is near at hand, and many things are needed at Christmas, including the wherewithal to buy presents. There will be a vacation during Thanksgiving week, and then is the time to improve your opportunities by thinking out a plot and writing out your story. Don't forget the conditions of the contest set forth in the first Sagamore. December 5 is the date for handing in the articles.

NEWS NOTES

Wanted for the humor column — jokes.

The Turkey question will be settled on Nov. 26th.

Why is there no picture of the Mandolin Club in the lower corridor?

Where are the contributions from '99 and 1900? Surely these classes can lay claim to some literary talent.

Many Brookline graduates were seen marching in the ranks of the big College Sound Money Parade of Oct. 31.

When you are watching the play, do not string out along the side lines, but keep in a body and follow your cheer leader. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Friday, November 13th, Brookline 1900 downed Newton 1900 in a close game on the playground by the score of 6—0. We expect that there will be some fine players in 1900 to uphold Brookline's honor on the football field, some three years hence.

We beg to remind the graduates of Brookline High, that the annual Graduates Football Game will be played on the playground, Thanksgiving morning at 10.30. Last year a goodly number of graduates turned out, and these, mingling with the regular players, had a fine time and lots of fun. Moreover, they worked up a terrific desire for their Thanksgiving dinner. Let all the graduates come.

A domestic science girl of '97 was telling a boy friend of the same class, about the cooking lessons carried on in the domestic science room on the upper floor. During her talk, she mentioned that the girls ate what they cooked. The boy gazed at her with a look of commiseration on his face, and said, "And do you really have to eat your own cooking?" You can all imagine the indignant and sarcastic reply.

Although we do not believe that the columns of a school paper are the proper place for the discussions of election issues, yet we can't help making this remark about the recent campaign. President Cleveland issued his Thanksgiving Proclamation the very next day after it was known that McKinley was elected. Now did not the President, knowing that in his official capacity it would be incorrect to wish joy to the President-elect, take this means to congraulate McKinley and the American people on the victory of sound sense and sound money?

Many boys and girls of B. H. S. saw Samuel W. Lewis, '96, play in the Indian game.

It is rumored thst someone connected with B. H. S. has been conditioned in hearts. The condition examination will be passed off at the next heart party.

The boys need not think that they are the only upholders of the athletic honors of Brookline High. The girls have been practising basket ball steadily of late, and now have a championship team.

Cambridge Manual Training is not out of the running, by any means, as her victory over "Hoppy" of fifteen points to nothing proves. Beware, English High; you may meet your Waterloo on Soldiers Field November 26th.

The school had an unexpected but not unwelcome holiday on October 30, on account of a meeting of the Norfolk County Teachers' Association. The teachers of the lower schools attended the meeting, but the teachers of the High School visited other schools.

We have graduated from an old, inconvenient school houseinto a new one and we call it the New High School. We have left behind an entirely inadequate playground, and now have the freedom of a broad, level field. Why not have a new name for that also and call it the campus?

The orchestra made its first public bow to the school on October 5th, when the pupils were assembled in Shailer Hall for singing. Its work was fully as good as that of last year, and everything went off smoothly, save some uncertain chords at the finish of the "Song of the Vikings." After the singing lesson, the orchestra played "The Belle Gavote," which was rendered very well and won hearty applause from the scholars.

The domestic science class of '97 is in a flourishing condition. Every burner — there are sixteen — is taken, and on one afternoon in the week the class assembles and stores up knowledge and usefulness for future reference. During the lesson many dainty and delicate dishes are cooked, and they are all eaten, in the end. Recently two of the instructors staying late at the building for the purpose of working, were surprised to see the door of the room open, and two be-aproned and white-capped embryo cooks appear, bearing trays. On the trays were samples of the food prepared by that afternoon's class, and the cooks stood by, watching with complacent smiles the rapidly disappearing viands, and trying not to look conscious when the compliments were passed round.

"It is a great privilege to have free baths."

The statues bought by the Armstrong fund have arrived from Europe and may now be viewed in the art room.

Send in your last year's SAGAMORES to Mr. Charles Kellogg, St. Paul street, to be bound. There are nearly twenty-five volumes in now, but he desires as many as possible. The binding is stamped buckram, very tasteful, and only costs 50 cents.

Here is a new honor for B. H. S. and Brookline. On November 18th the Harvard freshmen held their first election of officers, after a most exciting meeting. Mr. Samuel W. Lewis, Brookline '96, who is now playing left-end on the 'Varsity, was elected vice-president of his class.

A few ambitious members of "II. Math. A" are hard at work on an "original" in goemetry, which at present is decorating the blackboard of room 7. The chief incentive for work — besides the fifteen extra credits — is that Mr. Wilson was the only member of his class, when he was in the Boston Latin School, who succeeded in proving this frightful "original."

Evidently many in the school do not know that one of the laws of the Interscholastic Association reads somewhat as follows: "If the team which won the cup the year previous should tie with any team for first place in the league, the championship goes to the team which won it the year previous." So if English High ties with any team for first place, she still retains the cup this year. But Brookline High has kept that cup steadily in view since the season begun, and has already two and one-half fingers on the handle. Perhaps we may be able to get enough victories to bring the cup to Brookline.

THE SAGAMORE reporter watching the football team run through the signals in the little, narrow, cramped gymnasium, and realizing what narrow quarters the room will make when the new physical training is in operation, longed for some well-to-do alumnus of Brookline High to present the school with a fine, large gymnasium. There is a lot for such a building just to the right of the new bath-house. Such a building would insure more victories for Brookline in all departments of athletics, would be a fine place for our annual winter meet, and the girls could play basket ball there,— perhaps give a public exhibition game. Now for a kind Providence to direct the eyes of a generous alumnus to this paragraph, causing him to think over the idea.

Prof.— "Are you positive at this moment that they are negative?"

It seems that, according to a member of the first Greek class, they had "bricks" even in Homer's time.

Several members of naughty-naught were quite indignant recently, on failing to obtain free SAGAMORES. They heard a notice read to the effect that SAGAMORES would be given out at THE SAGAMORE room and supposed that they were free. No? However much we should like to, we can not afford to do business on that basis.

There is a loan exhibition of original drawings in the reference room of the Brookline Public Library. The drawings are the originals of those which appeared in the Youth's Companion, and are fine examples of modern illustrating. You cannot well afford to miss seeing them; you will be well repaid for your trouble.

Some one has invented a story about a Brookline man who took his Harvard exams., which is too good not to be true. On the exam. paper was this question: "Give the meanings of *abiit, excessit, erupit, evasit.*" This is what he put as his answer: "*Abiit* —'He went out to dine.' *Excessit*—'He took more than was good for him.' *Erupit*—'It violently disagreed with him.' *Evasit* —'He put it down to the salmon.'"

The Lecture Committee of the Brookline Education Society announces the following course of four lectures to be given in Shailer Hall, at the New High School, during the winter of 1896–97. Monday, November 23:—Mr. Louis C. Elson, New England Conservatory of Music; subject, "The Story of German Music," illustrated by songs. Wednesday, December 9:—Dr. Merrill E. Gates, President of Amherst College; subject, "Sidney Lanier, Artist and Teacher." Wednesday, January 27:—Prof. George H. Palmer, Harvard University; subject, "The Profession of the Teacher." Wednesday, March 3:—Prof. N. S. Shaler, Harvard University; subject, "The Geology of Massachusetts in Relation to Teaching."

Course tickets may be obtained for the low price of $1.00, at Butler's drug store, at the office of Superintendent of Schools, and from the principal of the High School. Tickets of admission, 50 cents. The above is a copy of a circular placed on each pupil's desk. As you will see by glancing at the list of the lecturers' names, very able men are going to speak, and they will say something well worth the hearing. Spread the notice among the parents and other residents of Brookline, so that Shailer Hall may welcome the lecturers with a fitting audience.

Those tiles in the great entrance of the school, which are not entirely harmonious, will be removed and new ones put in. That is a good idea and will render the building more artistic still.

The room in the lower corridor which has been called the locker room by courtesy, now merits that title. Lockers have been placed in the room and when the new physical training begins each boy will have a locker for his gymnasium clothes. The workmanship is very good and the room presents a fine appearance. This fills one of those "long felt wants." And now the girls want a similar room.

Through the efforts and energy of Dr. Chase, the promoter of the enterprise, the new bathhouse is coming on finely, and soon we ought to be able to have some good swims. Every recess the scholars visit the building to see how affairs are getting along, and examine the arrangements with much curiosity and satisfaction. The little bathrooms about the sides are almost finished, and water has been let into both tanks, taking on a peculiar greenish hue, like the ocean in a squall. The floors of the building are cemented, while the bottoms of the tanks are paved with mosaic, and everything seems very practical and solid. It is understood that swimming shall be some part of the physical training, and Miss Howell will teach those girls who desire to swim, in the smaller tank. We are now waiting for the date of the first swim.

Thanksgiving Day is now once more upon us, and the very mention of that name brings up to our mind's eye, visions of brown turkey, rich, red cranberry sauce, fragrant mince and pumpkin pies, such as "mother used to make," succulent goose, and crisp celery. We think of family reunions, good fellowship, and fine, old-fashioned dinners in country farmhouses. If the historical associations which Thanksgiving Day mark are not appreciated so much as formerly, we can truly say that its gastronomic features still retain a warm place in the hearts of New England's sturdy sons, and that the huge, juicy turkey still lords it over the feast which, more than anything else, makes the character of our modern Thanksgiving. Nowadays, when one sits down to a table laden with the fruits of the golden autumnal harvest, the "Let us eat, drink and be merry" side of the affair is evidently uppermost in our minds, and one does not think of the origin or significance of the word, but simply if the dinner be good or bad. So have we degenerated a season of praise, prayer and real thanksgiving into a time of feasting; but we will enjoy it just the same, and when the 26th appears, jollity will reign over countless boards.

Let all the fellows spell B-r-o-o-k-l-i-n-e with three time three at the end. Our patience is rewarded, and we are going to have a clock on the front of the tower. The estimates for both the flagpole and the clock were taken sometime ago, but the work on the clock was delayed. It will surely appear sometime this winter. Then, when we can see the letters on the face clear across the playground, there will be no excuse for being late at recess on account of not hearing the gong.

Is it possible that there are no poets among the three hundred and odd scholars of the Brookline High, outside the editorial board? We hope that more verse than we have hitherto seen, will gladden our eyes when we examine the contents of the contribution box for the next issue. A companion poem to Childe Harold or Marmion is not expected, but there must be many scholars who can write suitable verse for THE SAGAMORE, humorous or otherwise.

One morning, while the school was together in Shailer Hall, those in the back of the room began to clap, and then we all knew that Mr. Lincoln had come to visit the school. He gave us a short sketch of his travels in England last summer, and told many interesting facts about his trip. For one thing, he said that he had tried to get off the beaten track of travel and visit some of those places which, though they are very interesting, are not much frequented by tourists. We hope that Mr. Lincoln can find time to visit us again soon, although we can't be said to be "off the beaten track of travel."

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB

THE 85th regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held in the High School building on the evening of Wednesday, November 10, 1896. After the Secretary's report had been read and approved, a short business meeting was held. It was finally decided that the constitution should be amended, so that the officers for the new year should be elected in June, instead of in the subsequent autumn. The following new names were added to the constitution as members of the club: W. J. Cusick, W. Mahoney, J. Maguire, C. Vogel and S. Crosby. The votes on both the amending of the constitution, and as to whether the new names should be accepted, were unanimous. The question for debate at this meeting was, *Resolved, That labor organizations are a menace to the United States government.* Two of the principal debaters were absent, but Mr. John Marvin spoke on the affirmative and Mr. James on the negative. After the principal debaters had spoken, almost every member of the club spoke on the question, either for or against it. After the debate, Mr. Niels Christensen, who is an old member of the club, was requested to speak. He praised the club and the progress it has made. Mr. Sanford dropped in and made a fine address. He spoke of the great issues which the election had settled, and urged the club to make the most of its opportunities; asserting that the Debating Club is worth as much as any branch of school work.

The meeting was adjourned at 9.30.

HENDERSON KELLOGG, *Secretary.*

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL CAMERA CLUB

A new club has been started in the High School, which promises to be a very attractive and beneficial organization. Following are the constitution and by-laws, as suggested by Mr. Packard:—

CONSTITUTION

I. The name of the club is to be "The Brookline High School Camera Club."

II. The objects are to encourage artistic photography in the school by mutual suggestion and assistance.

III. All members of the Brookline High School who are interested in first-class amateur photographic work, and who have the use of a *suitable* camera, are eligible to membership.
Election of new members shall be by ballot, a majority of those voting being sufficent to elect.

IV. An annual fee of one dollar may be assessed upon each member, to pay the running expenses of the club.

V. The officers shall consist of a President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, whose duties shall be such as usually pertain to such officers.
These officers shall be chosen by ballot in September of each year, and shall hold office for one year from date of election.

BY-LAWS

Such regulations for the use of the dark room, as may be established by the school authorities, shall be strictly observed by the members of the club, and any failure to observe these regulations may lead to the forfeiture of all privilege of membership in the club.
All matters pertaining to the use of the dark room shall be referred to a committee of three to be appointed by the President. The teacher of chemistry in the school shall be ex-officio chairman of this committee.

At the first meeting of the club the following officers were elected: Lowell Clapp, '98, President; Maude Dutton, '98, Secretary, and Arthur Hitchcock, Jr., '97, Treasurer. Mr. Packard, being chairman of the meeting, spoke briefly concerning an exhibition of the photographic work done by members of the club, to be held in June. He also mentioned the fact that Mr. Charles K. Bolton had offered a prize of a five-dollar gold piece to be given to the member of the club presenting the best photograph of some landscape or building in Brookline. More definite notice will be given later, concerning the prize.

The club will be very glad to welcome any pupil in the school who is eligible to membership. The fact that membership entitles one not only to discount prices, but also to the use of a dark room, ought to make this club appeal very strongly to all interested in photography.

MAUDE B. DUTTON, *Secretary.*

ATHLETICS

ON October 16th Brookline lined up for the second time against Roxbury Latin and beat them 12—0. It was a practice game, and many substitutes were played in the second half. Brookline's line played strongly, and the individual work of the men seemed good, many of the men breaking through and nailing the runner behind the line. Our interference worked better than it has heretofore, and good gains were made around Roxbury's ends. Brush made several long runs, and Parker seemed to find little difficulty in getting through the opponent's line. Roxbury was presented with much ground because of offside play by Brookline.

Brookline High played Harvard '99, at Soldiers Field, on October 19th. Ten- and fifteen-minute halves were played. Harvard won, 4 to 0. Soon after '99 had kicked off, a kick by Brookline was blocked, and the ball was forced slowly down the field till Harvard scored on the side line. Harvard's punt-out failed. No more great gains were made in this half.

In the second half Brookline kicked off, but Brookline received the ball soon after for interference. The ball was then carried to Harvard's 3-yard line, where Brookline lost it on a fumble. Stillman made a fair catch of Harvard's punt, on the 30-yard line, but no goal was attempted. The game ended a few minutes later. Harvard gained mostly by heavy interference. Brookline's tricks and fake kicks gained no ground. Brookline was good on defense until the last few minutes of the game.

Brookline High played Harvard 1900 on October 21st, at Soldiers Field. The Freshmen won, 6 to 0. Two twenty-minute halves were played. Brookline kicked off and Harvard brought the ball back to center, where it stayed for some time. Then Harvard secured the ball and pushed it down the field to Brookline's 5-yard line,when time was called. Harvard kicked off, in the second half, and then secured the ball on four downs ; the Freshmen then succeeded in making a touchdown and kicking a goal. Brookline woke up after this and carried the ball down to Harvard's 15-yard line, when time was announced. Brookline's men seemed to have some difference of opinion in regard to signals, as several sets

of numbers were often called. Harvard played a new team in the second half, which may account for their touchdown.

It seems to be the fate, or luck, of the Brookline High eleven, to play two games in one day. On October 26th the team met two Harvard class teams, '97 and 1900, on Soldiers Field. The first game was played with '97 and lasted ten minutes. The Seniors won, 6—0. Brookline secured the ball on her 25-yard line, after the kick-off. The Seniors got the ball on a fumble, but lost again. Soon a fumble, by Brookline, placed the ball in the hands of a Harvard man and the touchdown was made. The goal was then kicked; the game ending a few minutes later.

In the second game ten- and twenty-minute halves were played. Neither side scored. The Freshmen kicked off and Boyce returned the kick. The Harvard men forced the ball down to Brookline's 30-yard line, and then the team held well and got the ball. Brookline made a few plays and the half ended. A new team was played by 1900 in the second half, but Brookline kept the ball well down in their opponents' territory. Stillman made several good plays this half and Hall got after the ball well. Many fumbles were made in the first game, but a change of quarter-back seemed to remedy this. Brush was played in Wilbur's place, and Morse was tried at half-back.

On October 30th, Brookline High played its first league game, with Boston Latin, on the South End grounds. Brookline won, 10 to 6. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the game was the absence of punts. The lines of both teams were weak in defense. Brookline kicked off and the Boston Latin man was stopped on their 30-yard line. Boyce missed a punt and a Latin School man dropped on it. The ball was rushed down to Brookline's 20-yard line before Boston Latin lost it. It was now Brookline's opportunity and the team took advantage of it. Morse went round the right end for 30 yards, and soon the ball was within 3 yards of Boston Latin's goal. Boston Latin held well twice, but the third time Stillman went through for a touchdown. Stillman failed to kick a goal. Boston Latin kicked off to Boyce, who was downed on the 30-yard line. Brookline, by constantly gaining through the line, and aided

by long runs by Stillman, soon got close to Boston Latin's goal. Stillman was again pushed over the line. He kicked his goal. Soon after this the first half ended.

The second half began by Boston Latin's kick-off to McLachlan on the 20-yard line. Brookline's backs carried the ball to the center of the field. Then one of the Latin School men got the ball on a fumble. After several useless attempts to get through Brookline's line, Daly, by means of a trick, ran around left-end for 20 yards and a touchdown. Daly also kicked a goal. Brookline kicked off and the ball was rushed back to center. The ball changed hands several times, for off-side play, but finally Boston Latin secured it on Brookline's 15-yard line. This looked bad for Brookline for a few minutes. However, the line held finely and Brookline soon secured the ball on downs. Morse made a rush off 30 yards and Talbot followed it up by a plunge through the line for 15 yards, just as time was called.

There was much unnecessary scrapping on both sides. Boston Latin played a snappy game at first, but soon seemed to give out; however, in the last part of the second half Boston Latin played fine ball. Brookline was fooled too much by tricks and McLachlan made several bad misses. Wilbur's choice of plays was poor, but his passing was good. Boston Latin had good team work, but Brookline's interference was miserable. The line-up:—

Brookline High.	Boston Latin.
Hall, l. e.	r. e. Kelley.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Fotch.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. Ratchesky.
Hutchins, c.	c. Carey.
Talbot, r. g.	l. g. Lowe.
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t. Talbot.
McLachlan, r. e.	l. e. Robinson.
Wilbur, q. b.	q. b. C. Daly.
Morse, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Murphy.
Stillman, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Bellamy.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Teevens.

Score: Brookline 10, Boston Latin 6. Touchdowns — Stillman 2, C. Daly. Goals — Stillman, C. Daly. Umpire — Atherton, B. A. A. Referee — Clark, N. A. A. Time — 20- and 25-minute halves.

Brookline High defeated Thayer Academy, in a loosely played practice game, on November 4th. The game was played on the

Cypress-street grounds, and the score was 20 to 10 in Brookline's favor. Two twenty-minute halves were played. Brookline kicked off, and, after a few plays, got the ball. Long gains were made by Boyce and Morse, and the latter soon made a touchdown. Hutchins failed to kick a goal. After Thayer's kick-off Brookline carried the ball down to their opponents' five-yard line, where the Academy got it. In their turn the Thayer men worked the ball down the field and scored a touchdown, but missed the goal.

In the second half Parker made a touchdown by a run through right tackle, and Boyce was pushed over Thayer's goal line for two touchdowns. Morse kicked two goals. In this half the Academy added six points to their score. Brookline won because of her superior weight in the line, but her defensive work, especially on the left of the line, was very poor.

On November 7th Brookline defeated Cambridge Manual Training School in its second league game, on the Newton Athletic grounds. The score was 6 to 2. Both sides played well, and the result of the game was in doubt until the last five minutes. The Training School kicked to Brookline's 25-yard line. After a few plays, in which fumbles were very conspicuous, Cambridge got the ball. By attacks, which centered on Brookline's right-end, the Training School backs got the ball on our 5-yard line. Then someone fumbled the ball, and Wilbur dropped on it behind the line, thus giving Cambridge a safety. Brookline was given the ball on her 25-yard line, but soon lost it on a fumble. As Cambridge could do nothing with the Brookline line, Brookline received the ball again and Stillman, by a good run, carried it to center. Then time was called. The Brookline supporters were feeling rather blue, for Cambridge was putting up a stiff game. After Brookline's kick-off, Cambridge got the ball on her 30-yard line; good runs were made on both sides, and the ball stayed about the center for some time. Then Boyce was given the ball, and he ran around Cambridge's right end for 30 yards. Stillman ran through Cambridge for a touchdown and kicked the goal. Cambridge kicked well down the field towards Brookline's goal, and secured the ball on the next play for off-side. Kernan dropped on the ball, which was soon fumbled.

Boyce and Stillman carried the ball, by gains through the line, to center. The game was then called.

Brookline played a strong game. Boyce and Stillman proved to be good gainers through the line, and Morse around the end. The line held well on the defensive with the exception of the ends, which were weak. Wilbur's passing was bad at times; Smith played much better than he did in the Thayer game. The teams lined up as follows :—

BROOKLINE.	C. M. T. S.
McLachlan, r.e.	l. e. Francis.
Gillespie, r.t.	l. t. Leahy.
Parker, r. g.	l. g. Wood.
Hutchins, c.	c. Fiske.
Talbot, l. g.	r. g. Hazen.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Wardwell.
Smith, l. e.	r. e. Johnson.
Wilbur, q. b.	q. b. Sawin.
Morse, l. h. b.	r. h. b. White.
Stillman, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Thompson.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Webb.

Score: B. H. S. 6, C. M. T. S. 2. Touchdown — Stillman. Goal from Touchdown — Stillman. Safety — Wilbur. Time — 25-minute halves.

One of the most exciting league games of the season was played on the South End grounds on November 12th, between the Brookline and English High Schools. The game resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. Although there was much slugging, English High School played a much better game than last year. This year it was the part of the Brookline men to rush from the grand-stand onto the field first. English High kicked off, and Boyce got the ball on Brookline's 40-yard line. The ball changed hands several times, on fumbles, but finally the Brookline men got it. Boyce and Stillman made several ten- and fifteen-yard runs, through the line, and soon had the ball on English High's 10-yard line. Then someone fumbled it and English High got it. They advanced steadily and with the aid of a 40-yard run got the ball on Brookline's 5-yard line. The ball was pushed over for a touchdown and the goal was kicked. Brookline kicked off and then held their opponents for downs and got the ball. Stillman and Boyce carried the ball down the field, and Boyce made a touchdown. Stillman, though dizzy from an

injury, kicked the goal. English High kicked off and Wilbur spoiled Boyce's catch. At this point Stillman had to leave the field. Brush was put on in his place. Brookline was given ten yards for off-side, and time was called, with the ball in English High's possession on Brookline's 25-yard line.

Brookline opened the second half by kicking to English High's 40-yard line. Smith dropped on the ball and Brookline punted. English High again fumbled and McLachlan got the ball and Brookline punted once more. Then from her 10-yard line English High rushed the ball to Brookline's 2-yard line. Now came the climax of the game. With about one minute to play English High tried three times to cross the line and three times Brookline held them. Brookline got the ball and Boyce punted. McLachlan again got the ball and time was called.

Brookline played a fine game. Morse does not seem to get over his habit of fumbling. McLachlan is improving, and the whole team plays better than it did. If Stillman could have played through the game Brookline would have stood a good chance of winning. However, the game is over, and Brookline may "thank her stars" that the score was not against them. The teams lined up as follows:—

B. H. S.	E. H. S.
McLachlan, r. e.	l. e. Murphy.
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t. Eaton.
Talbot, r. g.	l. g. Carroll
Hutchins, c.	c. Seavey.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. O'Brien.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Manahan.
Smith, l. e.	r. e. Mann,
Wilbur, q. b.	q. b. Sherloch.
Stillman, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Woodbury.
Brush, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Kennington.
Morse, l. h. b.	f. b. Ashley.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Walsh.

Score: B. H. S. 6, E. H. S. 6. Touchdowns — Ashley, Boyce. Goals from Touchdowns — Ashley, Stillman. Umpire — H. Russell, B. A. A. Referee — Richards. Time — 25- and 20-minute halves.

Brookline High met Harvard 1900, for the third time this year, on Soldiers Field, on November 16th. The Freshmen won, 16 to 0. Brookline played a very loose game, while Harvard played well

and found little difficulty in making her five yards. A great deal of punting was done by both sides; almost every other play was a punt. The first four points of the game are not exactly creditable to Harvard. The back ran for a little distance on the side-lines and someone called the ball outside, just as Boyce was about to tackle his man. Almost immediately the man was told to go on, and thus he made his touchdown. This game was as bad as that with Thayer Academy. A few individuals played well. The three men at center and the quarter did good work. Brookline seems to play loosely in practice, but strongly in league games.

PHILIP MOORE, *Sporting Editor.*

HUMOR

Prof.— "Miss B——, please compare bonus."
Miss B.— (Confused) — "But what shall I compare it with?"

Mlle.— "Pourquoi votre leçon, n'est-élle pas préparé?"
Pupil — "Je l'ai oublié pendant la nuit."

A gentleman returned from the hunt, bringing home, as he supposed, a saddle of venison, but on looking more closely he found that it was a "*roast.*"

English teacher — "Is it ever correct to say 'the two youngest?'"
Class — "No."
Small boy from back seat — "Could n't you say it if they were twins?"

A member of the French class has discovered that La Fontaine "lived until he died." C'est vrai.

Conundrum: What kind of fruit was kept in the Ark?
Answer: Preserved pairs.

"Why is Math. a good drill?"
"Because it 's a great bore."

"What is it that you like about that girl?"
"My arm," was the brief reply.

"In the pasture stood two cows and a yolk of oxen."

English teacher — "Tom, compare the adjective cold."
Tom — "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin."

Confused freshman — "I — I have an idea, but I can't express it."
Prof. — "Very well, if you can't express it, just send it by freight; there is no hurry for it."

Prof. of Oratory — "Self-reserve is the ticket that will win any woman's heart."
Senior (wildly) — "Give me two tickets."

Un homo dans le freshman class,
Ses leçons ne preparait;
Et quand son father saw his card,
Il gave him le Old Harry.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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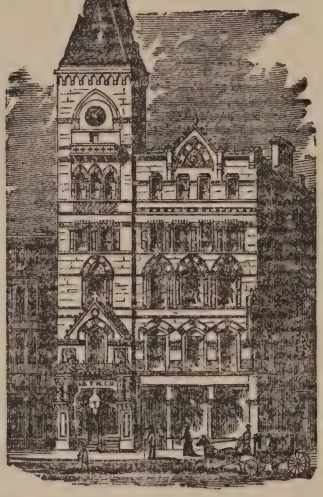

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 JANUARY, 1897 NUMBER 3

LEARNING TO READ

THIS expression admits of being understood in two senses. It may mean acquiring the ability of using books so that they shall always be friends who yield profit and pleasure, or it may mean learning how vocally to interpret books to others. Here we have two distinct subjects. They are both important. To advanced pupils of a high school it will seem strange that suggestions should be made to them on "Learning to Read" in this second sense. Yet I propose to do it. Because there can be no question that many young people never learn how to read. They can tell you the meaning of every word on the printed page, and give you its grammatical relation to every other word. They can answer questions on the structure of sentences, intelligently and accurately. In grammatical knowledge they are not deficient. All this is admitted. And yet, if in an evening company of neighbors or friends, some one should take down a volume of Shakespeare or Dickens or Thackeray, and make the request—"Will you oblige me by reading this scene, or this passage?"—the young man, or woman, would in all probability hesitate, become uncomfortable, and finally—very politely and deferentially, of course—refuse. Why? "I am not accustomed to read in public." "But this is not in public; we are only a few friends met together in a social way." "I wish that I could oblige you, but I cannot." What, cannot read, and you have been to the High School?

Everything has to be learned,—reading among the rest. It means something more than naming the words on a page in their order; something more than pronouncing them correctly. *Reading is interpretation.* It demands study of the thing to be read. There must first of all be a sufficient acquaintance with the passage in the

author to be interpreted. That means that the reader must sit down at his desk and ponder over it until he is reasonably sure that he has the author's meaning. Having the general meaning of the whole passage, he must then give attention to every *clause* of it, and finally to every *word*, so as to get his emphasis where it belongs. Then when he is sufficiently persuaded that he understands his author, he can begin to vocalize him — quietly at first, as if testing how each clause sounds. The author's meaning will now be more evident.

Reading aloud to one's self often gives a suggestion as to an author's intention, which did not come into evidence while silently brooding over the passage. We have now an *intellectual* knowledge of the author's meaning. We know the words and can give the sense. But what about the author's *feeling?* If you are to read Shakespeare or Dickens or Thackeray, you must *feel with your author.* Now you will have to bring imagination into play. Put yourself in the place of the author. See what he saw. Feel what he felt. Surround yourself with his surroundings. As you make the effort, you will gradually find yourself coming into an emotional relation to the scene in Shakespeare or the people in Dickens. When you begin to feel, you can begin to read — not till then. When intelligence is fired by emotion, and emotion is controlled by intelligence, then you can begin to read. There will be no danger *now* of your putting the emphasis on a word which wakes up some ludicrous propensity in one of your auditors, who is found laughing when there seems to be no reason for it. But why is he laughing (in church, too)? He has listened to the clergyman reading "Be at peace with all *men*," with great emphasis on the *men*. He asks, What about the *women?* May I quarrel with them? In Lancashire, England, a clergyman read, "Saddle *me*, the ass," and they saddled *him*. A friend of mine, convulsed with the idea, had all his worshipfulness driven out of him that day, and with his handkerchief to his mouth, suggestive of toothache, or some other ache, sought the open air. What was the trouble with that clergyman? He could not read. Nor can anyone who has not made himself thoroughly familiar with the thought and feeling of his author,

before he attempts to give vocal utterance to the words which have been called into service to convey the author's meaning. Surely every High School scholar ought to learn how to read.

REUEN THOMAS.

FOR THE HONOR OF THRACE

(FIRST PRIZE STORY)

THE evening before the great chariot-race had arrived, and in the clear blue sky the first stars twinkled like flickering candles on an altar. In his tent, apart from the others, Castor the Thracian sat thinking gloomily. He had come all the way from his northern home to enter the course with his four black horses, and now, almost upon the very day of the race, useless at his side hung his once powerful right arm.

Suddenly the flap of the tent was thrown back, and there, with his brown face all aglow, stood Dorus, Castor's son, a boy of fourteen. He stepped within the tent, and, stopping before his troubled father, said,—

"Oh my father, shall we have come all the way from Thrace for nothing, and shall we lead back our black steeds still longing for the race? Let me drive them on the course. Ever since they were colts have I cared for them night and morning, and often have I spent my whole day with them in the hilly Thracian pastures, till now they obey me almost as well as they obey you. See how strong my arms are, I know I could drive the four. Let me but try, oh father, for the honor of Thrace."

As the lad was speaking Castor's gloomy expression vanished, and finally, half doubting, half believing, he gave his consent.

The day of the race came, clear and beautiful. Thousands were present to see the final contest. There were men from every state in Greece. Here stood the fearless Arcadian mountaineer, there the haughty Athenian statesman, and at his side the Spartan

warrior. As the trumpet sounded, and the chariots drew into line, some in the vast throng looked in pity at the boy, who could hardly hold back the restless horses, saying,—

"He can never ride the course, he will be thrown out of his chariot at the first turn."

Others laughed scornfully, comparing him with the powerful Spartan at his right.

At last the signal was given, and the four chariots darted down the course like four arrows shot from a single bow. Slowly two of them forged ahead, and the black horses of the boy were running neck to neck with the white ones of the Spartan.

Thus they went twice around the course. Now they are on the home stretch. Still the swift-footed horses speed along, neck to neck, and the white foam flecks their shining sides. The deafening shouts of the people, now favoring the lad, now the Spartan, urge the chariots down the track. "The Spartan wins," is echoed by "The Thracian is ahead, on, on, boy!" The sound of the shouts is almost drowned by the rumble of the wheels and the steady thud of the horses' hoofs.

To Dorus the people on either hand seem a blurred mass. At his side he sees the Spartan, urging on his horses with voice and whip. He sees his own black beauties bounding forward with long steady leaps, which make the chariot fairly tremble under him. But most of all he sees the goal only a little way in front of him. He must cross the line first and save the honor of his country. Loosening the reins over the horses' backs, Dorus stands erect, and raises his right arm holding the whip. He makes a sudden motion with his wrist and like a rattle-snake, leaping forth hissing from its coil, the long lash whirls over the horses. They spring forward with a mighty bound, pass the goal a second before the white horses of the Spartan, and the honor of Thrace is saved.

"HERO."

SKETCHES

I

TWILIGHT

THE blazing ball of fire had sunk behind Marblehead's quaint old houses, leaving the sky rich in gilded purple clouds. The evening air was cold; a light breeze stirred in the harbor, but on shore there was not the slightest breath of wind.

The toil of the day was over, and at the hour of sunset a hushed stillness had fallen over the old town. The rippling, rosy waves, as they feathered their way daintily across the harbor, reflected a soft glow from the sunset sky above, and lent to the dingy houses along the shore, a soft, hazy outline.

Not a boat rocked in the gentle water, save at the wharf, over at Marblehead, where the well-known "Phil Tucker" had left his dories. The summer season was over; all the fancy little pleasure boats were drawn up on shore, and carefully covered over for the winter.

The harbor looked cold and deserted as the sunset's radiance slowly faded, until the whole sky was clothed with dark, heavy night-clouds.

Darkness fell, and lights began to twinkle in the houses along the shore. The lamp burned brightly in the light-house on the Point, and its keeper stood watching the moving spark of a schooner, as she steered her course toward Salem harbor.

Not a sound but the unceasing splash of the waves, as they break, break, break upon the rocks below. The little ones are sleeping sweetly in their warm cots; mother sits knitting by her lamp. All is well; no storm is threatening; no wild nor'easter is feared; the night is quiet.

As the light-house keeper thoughtfully watches the last glimmer of the schooner, as she drops out of sight, the Curfew bell from St. Michael's Tower tolls out its solemn, nightly blessing. It is as if Marblehead were calling a good-night across the water to the lonely house upon the Point.

"Good-night, good-night," the Curfew called, and the burning lamp shines back its own reply. ——, '98.

II

A TERROR OF THE SEA

"A water-spout! A water-spout!"

The cry rang throughout the peaceful little Cape Cod village of Hyannisport, one quiet summer's afternoon. The news spread like wild-fire. Every house was quickly deserted; men, women and children rushed to the top of a small hill to the west of the town.

I was among the first to reach the summit; and the spectacle which met my eyes was most wonderful. The admiration and awe which held me as I gazed at that extraordinary phenomenon is beyond expression. Not a word was uttered by the spell-bound audience as, with riveted attention, they witnessed the evolutions of a mighty water-spout.

The wind was slowly carrying the water-spout—a column of water, one hundred feet in diameter and half a mile high, connecting clouds and sea—out on the broad Atlantic; and during its majestic progress the spout swayed, twirled, and twisted, like a reed before the wind; its tremendous power piled up the blue waves and churned them into foam. The roar could be heard for miles.

After a few moments, the black column of water grew lighter and fainter, until it melted away, like mist before the morning sun. The disturbed waters of the ocean became placid once more, and not a trace of the wonderful phenomenon was left. ——, '97.

III

WHAT OCTOBER GIVES TO THOSE IN THE COUNTRY

A fine October morning in the country is, perhaps, as pleasant a one as can be found at any time during the year. The keen, frosty air, foretelling winter, exhilarates the happy person who breathes it. Indeed, it even puts new life into him. A few of the fairest tokens of nature still remain, unblighted by the frost; blue gentians lift their fair heads above the sparse grasses; the autumnal leaves whisper as they rock to and fro on their stems. As the pedestrian strolls along the road, he sees the fat chestnut burrs on the trees. In a short time they will fall, cut by the frost. Then

the happy youngsters will come, each one eager to gather more than his neighbor. As the sun sets, no grander scene could be found than that of the surrounding hills. On their purple-colored summits beautiful oaks and maples stand, absorbed with the mellow glow that prevails. The rays of the sinking sun throw many beautiful colors and shadows on the hills and meadows. It is a picture long to be remembered. ——, 1900.

JAMAIS DE LA VIE

I won my wager from a girl,
And she has ne'er paid me.
But will I bet with her again?
Non! Jamais de la vie.

One day I trusted to my luck;
In French I drew a "D"—
And will I trust to luck again?
Non! Jamais de la vie.

Though I may burn the midnight gas
And work as you all see,—
Then could I get an "H" in French?
Non! Jamais de la vie.

And now that I have done my rhyme,
Don't try to follow me,
And write such poetry as this;
Ou vous perdrez la vie.

———, '98.

Capt. May Lewis has been coaching the members of the fourth class basket-ball team, and of course, with such advantages, the team can hardly fail to be a good one.

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA"

LET us compare the actions of our two characters, beginning with Æneas' stay.

Æneas, having been cordially welcomed by Dido, finds it very pleasant at Carthage, and prolongs his call far beyond the limit set for departure. Dido is rather taken with her handsome guest, who has real blue blood in his veins, and is a lineal descendant of Jupiter. Having replaced his torn clothes by new ones of the latest Carthagian style, he is really very good looking, and Dido's heart beats a little faster when his patent iron shoes clang on the marble carpet. She loses her appetite, lies awake nights, gazes pensively out to sea, or else spends her time in reading Marcus Piso's latest book on love. Æneas, on the other hand, has a remarkable appetite; for he is making up for the time he went hungry. He is prompt at meals, and even snores at night. He thinks Dido is a "peach," but the memory of matrimonial quarrels with Creusa is fresh in his mind, and he has no desire to be caught again. One day a hunt comes off, and Æneas and Dido ride together; when it begins to rain, naturally enough they take shelter in a cave. Thunder and lightning rumble and flash, and Æneas, getting nervous, goes to the entrance to look out. A blinding flash nearly renders him sightless for a moment. Dido grasps his hand and mutters some unintelligible words. "Hump!" thinks Æneas, "frightened, I guess," and gives no more thought to this circumstance. Upon their arrival home, Dido informs him that they are married. This is news indeed to Æneas, for he never saw a semblance of a priest, but, being very good natured, he concludes it is the way they do in Carthage, and resigns himself to the inevitable.

One day, after an unusually severe quarrel with Dido, he walks upon the shore and wonders if such a thing as a divorce is known in Carthage. A messenger boy approaches with a telegram for him; he tears it open and reads as follows:—

"Olympus, Nov. 29, 8956 B. C.

"To the pius Æneas: Upon receipt of this you will get up steam in your ships without delay and proceed to Italy. Signed,

JUPITER OMNIPOTENS."

Æneas was in a difficult place, as he felt sure that Dido would object to his departure, very strongly; but Jupiter said "Go!" Æneas was remarkable for his devotion to the gods, and even disobeyed his wife to mind them. The happy thought struck him, that he would go without the knowledge of Dido; so summoning his companions, he hastens to pack his dress-suit case and start. But Dido has seen the telegraph boy, and immediately rushes out to see what the matter is. Finally they agree to wait until morning, and all retire to sleep. But a second telegram with a special delivery stamp on it arouses him, and he is bidden to go ere Dido restrains him by force. "How unreasonable of her!" thinks Æneas, "I have a perfect right to go, and I won't stay and be sued by her for non-support!"

So away from Carthage steam his ships, and Dido awakes to find herself minus a husband. Thereupon her wrath overcomes her love, and she rages at her absent lord in choice Tyrian terms. But now what will folks say? She could never stand being laughed at. How much better it will be to seek the pale shades, than to live and to be pointed out as an object of ridicule. She is a member of the Carthage Cremation Society, and thus her death is easily assured. So ends Dido, and the pius Æneas, as he sails across the sea, thinks of her, and mutters softly to himself, "Varium et mutabile semper femina!"

J. F., '98.

ORATIO PRIMA

"O DI IMMORTALES! ubinam gentium sumus! in qua urbe vivimus?" Not Boston, surely! Oh, I beseech you, say it is not Boston, the home of the scholar, the critic, the blue-stocking! Say it is Chicago, even New York, and I will believe you, and will meditate with pity on their barbarism.

That I should live to see this day!

Where is America's boasted patriotism? Where Boston's vaunted loyalty? Are there no thinking men, no scholars who see the disgrace, and will wipe out the stain?

Oliver Wendell Holmes should turn in his grave to hear of this. He saved the old "Constitution" by one short poem. Will no Muse save Boston's old Library from such desecration? Where are the noble Art Commissioners who so valiantly thrust the vile Bacchante from Learning's sacred precincts? Here's work for them.

Daniel hath again fallen in among the lions. To the rescue, ye men of Boston! You hesitate? For shame! Is there no manhood left among you? Arise and hurl forth from your midst this infamy. O, di immortales! that Boston should harbor a "Zoo" in her Public Library!

"Quo usque tandem abutere, patrons of P. T. Barnum, patientia nostra?" M. L. CICERONIA, '97.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

O happy Christmas Day!
Now ring your tidings gay
  In every heart;—
Come, let us dance and sing,
And all our carols bring,
  Each one his part.

Let songs of praise be given,
Our voices reach to Heaven,
  O God to Thee,—
For Him you gave to earth,
This day marks as His birth,
  Thrice blessed is He.

Nor let our worship cease
In storm nor yet in peace,
  For Christmas Day;—
May Christ's Birthday be near
To us throughout the year,
  To guide our way.

H. J., '98.

A HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLAR ABROAD

[Being a Series of Letters Written to Her Friends]

III

BOSTON, ENG., June 30, 1896.

Dear Girls,—

So you think I've forgotten you? To disabuse you of that idea, I'm going to give up one whole morning to writing letters, and yours shall be the first of all.

I wrote you all about my "scrumptuous" time on the "Colorado," and of how we made geese of ourselves in our desire to be the first to spy a white light-house on the horizon about fifty miles away. One might have heard screams of "Oh, I see it! Don't you?" "No. Where?" "Oh, I say, I don't believe there's any light-house there!" "Can't you see it, stupid? That stick, right straight ahead!"—which proved to be only a sail, and so on. For hours we girls sat, perched on the bow of the steamer, and when England came as a reward it was a reward worth working for. But, dear me, I must "land" pretty soon, or you'll think we're still stranded in the Channel. I must not stop to tell you of how we took the pilot on board, rose at three o'clock to see the sunrise (which was beautiful), of our farewell dinner, and of the exciting time at Hull, where the officers inspected our trunks,—that will all have to wait till I see you.

Sunday evening, June 14th, we landed at Hull, a large but uninteresting shipping town in the northeastern part of England. All our passengers (save perhaps six) went to the same hotel; so you can imagine that we had things pretty much our own way. There was really little to see in the town, except Trinity Church, which was closed. So we stayed there no longer than was necessary, and Monday were off to our respective destinations. Hull being the first English town I ever saw, interested me much. The first thing I noticed was that every one walked in the streets. The city simply thronged with people, turning in and out the narrow, winding streets, and the great fur capes and streaming boas worn on that hot June day were astounding. Oh, are 'nt the English women, as a whole, homely! and the way they wear their

hair is a caution! They bunch it all up in a ball behind, and put a net round it. *Don't* try to imagine it. Every woman wore a dress of bright red, blue, yellow or green, and to cap the climax, these gowns were very often of plush. It was fetching! Every man and boy wore a boutonnière of brilliant flowers, no matter how poor he was or how ragged his clothes. If not harmonious, the scene was surely picturesque.

From Hull we went direct to York. That city is a symphony in gray and green, and a spot in which we could have lingered weeks had our time not been so precious. The gray, embattled walls, built by the Romans ages ago, surround the original city, with its picturesque, winding streets, ruins of old monasteries, the unrivaled Cathedral, *et cetera*. York Minster we simply haunted, and each time it grew more lovely. It is said to be the second finest in England, and all I have to say is that I would like to see the finest. The Cathedral, in the form of a Latin cross, was completed in 1472, after two centuries and a half of continued labor. The great organ has four thousand pipes, and the choir is of exquisite beauty. We took a delightful walk entirely round the city on the old Roman walls, which are in splendid preservation. Micklegate Bar, one of the four city gates, is of great interest, for upon its embattled turrets the heads of many traitors have been exhibited. Can you,—no, I am sure you cannot,—imagine the beauty and quaintness of it all? We visited the old Guildhall, and I sat in the chair in which Queen Victoria sat when a girl. Did I feel like a queen? Not a bit of it. We went through the "Shambles," the oldest street in York, where one can shake hands out of the window with one's neighbor across the way. In fact, we saw everything, and enjoyed every minute of our five days' stay.

From there we went to Boston, via quaint old Lincoln. For about a week we have been staying in the country here, about four miles from Boston proper, and are enjoying our bit of "rural England" very much. The sea is on one side, kept within bounds by an old Roman embankment, which stretches away for miles; inland is a rich farming country, radiant with fields of flowering mustard, scarlet poppies and shimmering grasses. Small cottages, hidden

in flowering alder and a wealth of roses, are dotted everywhere, and we are already at home with many who gather posies for us, show us chickens, kittens, and even drag us through filthy pig-sties with pride, and try to make the "Americans" welcome. In our turn we give glowing descriptions of America, while they, with eyes and mouth wide open, ask questions unanswerable, by me at least. They all have some relative or friend in the New World, and seem wonderfully surprised at learning we don't know them. Not know Tom in Chicago? Such rich scenes as we have witnessed! But when a school-girl asked me if the United States were in America, that was the last straw. This morning we were astounded when about three miles from home, by having a farmer, hoeing potatoes, call out to us: "Do'y have any of these in yere country?" holding up a potato. Mother launched off in a long description of what we had and what we didn't have, but I simply got out of the way, for that farmer had an inquisitive eye, and I was tired of questions.

We have been into Boston four or five times, getting a great deal of information about the old town, which is the mother of our Boston. Again, I could write reams and tell many interesting things (if you'll believe it), but I must stop. This letter is quite long enough now. We shall stay here perhaps another day, then are off again.

This is a terribly stupid letter, girls, I grant; but you must read between the lines, and then you'll know just what a splendid time I'm having, and just how much I think of you all. With love for every one. Ever yours, M. H., '97.

MR. ARCHIBALD HOWE

RECENTLY we were addressd in the hall by Mr. Archibald Howe of Cambridge, an old Brookline High boy. He expressed his pleasure at coming back to the school, and then gave some very interesting war reminiscences of Brookline.

"When the war broke out, we boys took a great interest in anything pertaining to fighting, and soon we formed a company. Moses Williams presented us with efficient wooden guns, and we drilled

in his back yard. The captain of the company was Dwight Wilder, and I was raised to the high position of sergeant-major. But not long afterwards I was degraded to the ranks for insubordination.

"One day when I happened to be outside the school building, I learned that Grant had captured Richmond, and unable to contain myself, rushed into school and cried: 'Richmond is taken!' There was no more school that day, and we got a hay-rick, filled it with straw, and then paraded about the town to the music of bells, horns and anything that would make a noise. Not long afterwards Mr. Hoar read us that Lee had surrendered. That afternoon I went into Boston—there the people were singing 'John Brown's Body,' and every other song that they could think of, in their joy,—and saw Mr. King make a patriotic speech under difficulties. On that joyful day men forgot themselves and did many curious and unusual things.

"And then came the death of Lincoln,—a blow that deprived us of one of God's best men, and which was felt throughout the length of the land. And now, boys, be as unselfish and patriotic as he was, as jealous of the best interests of our country, as truthful, as honest; be as much of a man as he was, and I shall be satisfied."

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE 87th regular meeting was held in the High School Building, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1896. In the absence of the Secretary the minutes of the last meeting were read by the Vice-President.

The officers chosen for the evening were: Critic, P. W. Moore; Reporter, W. James; Ballot-Box Director, Cusick. Then the question was chosen as follows: "Resolved, That the pension policy of the Republican party has been correct." The debaters were announced as E. Moore and H. Kellogg for the affirmative, and L. T. Clapp and H. K. Wead for the negative.

After this business was accomplished three new members were admitted, Ray Atherton, Arthur Latham, and Claude Holwill.

Then came the question of the evening: "Resolved, That it would be for the best interests of Brookline to become a city." The principal debaters were, on the affirmative, A. M. Osborn; on the negative, G. T. Lynch. A general debate followed, after which the critic made his report.

Mr. Sawtelle was present, and made a very nice address, after which the club adjourned for the evening.

HENDERSON KELLOGG, *Secretary.*

THE GRADUATE GAME

Those who braved the weather and wended their way to the playground Thanksgiving morning to see the graduates' game were not disappointed, and witnessed some of the finest playing ever seen in Brookline. Despite the slippery ground, long runs and brilliant plays were made. The interference got off in a bunch and moved like a shot, while nothing better could be imagined in the way of individual playing. The "Cookies" were captained by Ex-Captain Cook, and Chauncy Seaver looked after the "Rabs." (The latter's real name is too horrible to put in print.) The elevens lined up as follows:

"COOKIES."

Fred Cook, { full back, / left half-back.

"Jim" Marshall, { right half-back, / right tackle.

Herbert S. Hirshberg, { right guard, / center, / left guard.

Dwight Farnum, { left tackle, / left end.

"RABS."

Chauncy Seaver, { left half-back, / right half-back.

Olin Talbot, { full back, / quarter-back.

Reuben Dearborn, { sub-quarter-back, / right guard, / right tackle, / right end, / sub-water carrier.

Fox, { left guard, / left end.

Play began at 10.30. We cannot begin to enumerate all the great (?) plays which were made. Behind the interference of Talbot, Seaver would make phenomenal runs of 70 or 80 yards, and often rushed across the line for a touchdown. When he got under way in the crowd, dodging in his old-time manner, no one could touch him. Talbot, with superhuman efforts, would gain two feet on both sides of center, and then Herbert Hirshberg would tackle him around the neck and sit on him for the first down. Herbert's playing was great; although hampered by playing in civilian's clothes, he put up a game of ball that the present center of B. H. S. would do well to imitate. All of the players did good work, especially Dearborn, who showed up a brilliant man in all his difficult positions. The approximate score: "Rabs," 25; "Cookies," 17.

"SPECTATOR."

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co's store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., St. Paul St., Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Business Manager.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE first quarter is over, the cards have been handed out, and now how many of us are satisfied with our marks? During the fall, when the football season, bicycling and golf were in full swing, it was hard to sit in-doors and study, while we saw some other fellows going off to have a good time. But now the football is laid aside, and the devotees of the game have had their locks shorn; there is no bicycling, except for those who enjoy it on the snow, and golf is effectually blanked by winter. Now is the time for study; now is the time to raise your marks from the regions of doubt, and set them where no little reverses in your lessons can bring them down again. All acknowledge that this is the best time for study during the whole year, and from this period, those who are preparing for colleges will get their best training. "Let us improve our opportunities."

The response to the prize offer of The Sagamore was very gratifying. Twenty-six stories were handed in for judgment, and that so many were written was due in a great measure to the kind efforts of someone connected with the school. Most of the stories were written by girls, as was natural at this age, but the boys were fairly represented. It is a matter of gratification that the first prize should be presented to one in the senior class, because it proves that the system of English pursued in the school is good and tends in the right direction, namely, that the highest skill in literary work should be attained in the last year of the High School, the scholar putting the apex of his knowledge on the literary pyramid during that year. The stories, as a rule, were very good, and a few beside the two winning prizes will be printed in the succeeding issues of The Sagamore. The judges had no easy task to select the one which, everything considered, was worthy of the first prize. Curiously enough, both the judges had fixed on the same story, without knowing each other's decision on the matter, and the first prize is unanimously awarded to Mary Waterman Boody, of the class of '97; the second prize is awarded to Maude B. Dutton, of the class of '98.

To the Editor of The Sagamore:

We have been very much impressed by the twenty-six stories offered for The Sagamore prizes. This large number of manuscripts shows a most creditable interest on the part of the students in the school paper and in the reputation of the High School itself. The skill shown by the writers makes it very difficult to mark any for special commendation. But your judges are in perfect accord in selecting for the first prize, the story written by "Hero," entitled, "For the Honor of Thrace;" and for the second prize, "Miss Ann's Revenge," by "Brunhilde."

Mary P. Frye,
Charles K. Bolton.

NEWS NOTES

Merry Christmas!

Wanted — jokes, for the humor page.

The letters of the inscriptions on the tablets near the great entrance, have been gilded.

The fine rubber plant which graces the reception room was presented to the school by Mrs. Cunningham.

A member of '97 has been seen playing a child's game with a blue balloon in school-hours. Isn't it rather undignified for a Senior?

We recently received an exchange from Guadalajara, Mexico, printed in Spanish. It is called El Testigo, has several illustrations and looks as if it might be interesting. Is there anyone in B. H. S. who can read Spanish?

Mr. Cook begins to look worn and anxious. He is keeping several frogs in the cook-room in the lower corridor, which are going to be used in the Botany Class, and every little while they escape from their confinement.

We wonder if the town is going to continue the fight against the snow on the playground, and try to construct a skating place. If the town has the courage to attempt the matter this year, we wish it better luck than it had last winter.

Why would it not be a good plan for the man who breaks so many door glasses in the lower corridor, to deny himself the pleasure for a week, and donate the money saved to the Hampton Fund? It would soon amount to a fine little sum.

The basket-ball grounds back of the school building, have been marked out with white lines, through the kindness of Mr. Cook, but the girls have not played there much, owing to the rains. The field will make a fine place for the games next year.

We would recommend all those who take pictures, to join the Camera Club. There is more interest in taking pictures together than there is alone, and remember that there will be an exhibition of pictures held in June, and at that time Mr. Charles K. Bolton will award a five-dollar gold piece for "the best picture of some landscape or building in Brookline." The use of the fine dark-room on the upper floor, and discount prices for photographic materials, are privileges for those who join.

Miss Everett, now Mrs. H. L. Chase, has returned to Brookline.

Men are at work on the clock, and before the month is out we may see a fine large timepiece adorning the tower.

If the cheering in the lower corridors for the different colleges is any indication that those who cheer expect to go to the institution for which they yell, then indeed is Brookline High preparing men for many institutions of learning.

Lately the clocks have taken a notion of stopping for two or three hours and then resuming work at a terrific rate of speed. Let them run at a uniform rate, if only to stop those bad puns and jokes which have been flying around so thick and fast.

Here is more honor for Brookline and B. H. S. Edgar Wrightington, ex-captain of the Harvard Football Team, has been chosen second marshal, for Class Day, and Norman Cabot of Brookline, has been elected captain of the 'Varsity Football Team.

Amherst has always been an excellent college, but her already good reputation was strengthened the other day when a prominent member of our faculty was mistaken for one of her "handsome young students." Unfortunately for Amherst, she was never the Alma Mater of this student.

The All-Interscholastic Football Eleven has been made out, and Brookline High heads the list with more players than any other high school. The successful men are: Hutchins, center; Talbot, right guard; Gillespie, right tackle, and Captain Boyce, half-back. One of the results of their new honor is the request for the pictures of the champions, coming from magazines and papers. The men have been photographed in their football togs by several members of the High School.

Advertisement which came too late to be inserted in the regular advertisement columns:—

Professor Boyce's Sporting, Boxing and Bruising Emporium! Located in the Spacious and Well-Lighted Basement of the New High School. Lessons Given Daily, either in the Gym or by Mail. Prices Moderate. Swelled Noses a Specialty. Boxing Exhibitions from 11.30 to 12, to which No Admission Fee is asked. No Betting Allowed Around the Ring, and any one who Yells will be Ejected.

PROFESSOR BOYCE,

Renowned and famous boxing expert of 19 years' experience, and graduate of Jim Corbett. Address, last seat, second row, room 10.

Mrs. Lindsay is now the principal of the Plymouth High School.

We regret to learn that Miss Mary Smoot, of the third class, is very ill.

Stillman, who has been laid up with water on the knee, has come back to school and resumed his studies.

Mr. Wilson went to Chicago with the B. A. A. and played right guard against the Chicago A. A.

The Camera Club expect to have some lectures given by well-known men, on interesting subjects, this winter.

Miss Hartwell declined being one of the judges of the prize story, because she was too familiar with the pupils' work.

The boys are politely requested not to bring the whole upper layer of the playground into the class-rooms when they come in from recess.

We have had an orator in our midst and knew it not. Miss Goodwin recently made a fine speech to the first class, and was wildly applauded when she finished.

C. M. T. S. won the Senior Interscholastic football championship on her merits, and Hopkinson on the number of games won, but "Hoppy," with a magnanimous spirit, refused the championship cup, since she won it on a protest, and so the cup goes to no one this year.

Seaver and Vose, '96, came back from Williams for the Thanksgiving vacation, and were present at the public exercises in the hall. Afterwards they, with many other Brookline graduates, went to Soldiers Field and saw the football game between B. H. S. and "Hoppy." Seaver led the cheering, which was loud and snappy.

A week or two ago we had an unexpected treat when we came to the hall, as Mr. Hay sang us three songs, interspersed with selections from the school and orchestra. Mr. Hay sang finely and won repeated encores from the scholars. When some one volunteers to entertain us in this manner, his kindness is certainly appreciated by the pupils.

The captain of the football team brought some boxing gloves to school, and now every recess several boxing exhibitions take place between the boys, to the great delight of the spectators. No one is hurt, no bad feeling is excited, and the exercise is very beneficial to one who has been sitting in school a long time. "Be not weary," oh, ye boxers!

The Christmas vacation begins Thursday, Dec. 24th, and ends Jan. 3d.

On Dec. 2d the Public Library celebrated its 39th anniversary by a Public Day, when everyone was allowed to inspect the library and look at the books on the shelves. Many residents of Brookline showed their appreciation of these privileges by visiting the library during the day. Many interesting pictures of the islands about the Carribean Sea were scattered about the shelves.

"The Ladies' Athletic Association connected with the Posse Gymnasium have founded a scholarship known as The Posse Memorial Scholarship. Miss Mary Eva Gill, of Brookline, Mass., is the successful candidate. She will be entitled to the two years' course."

Miss Gill is B. H. S., '92. Her friends will be glad to learn of her success in obtaining the scholarship at the Posse Gymnasium, and are sure to predict great things for "Captain Gill" of Co. C., B. H. S., Girls' Battalion.

On Dec. 15th we had the pleasure of another talk from Mr. Lincoln. After saying how pleased he always was to see and speak to us, he gave an interesting talk on our export trade, and showed how the carrying tonnage of vessels had grown from twenty-fine tons to the enormous carrying capacity of a modern ocean steamship. He gave the cargo of one of his own vessels, and his statements were very surprising to most of the listeners, who had no idea that so much freight could be packed in a ship's hold. In closing, he said that America once had a fine fleet of merchant vessels, which carried our products to foreign lands, but now most of our export trade is taken across by English ships. America with her many seaports and three thousand miles of seacoast, should have her own fleet of merchant ships.

During the week of Nov. 23d, the scholars were surprised and amused to see many girls of the class of '98, going about the halls ornamented (?) in various fanciful and curious ways. They were being initiated into the girls' Society of the Tau Beta Beta, and truly they earned their membership. We wonder if they saw themselves as others saw them. One had her hair in thirteen braids, each tied by a a different colored ribbon, another had a crown of artificial flowers set jauntily on her hair, and others were gotten up in a similar manner. No one, except the members, knows what the letters T. B. B. stand for, and many guesses have been made as to their probable meaning. One senior suggested "The Brookline Beauties" to a girl friend, but she reluctantly shook her head.

ATHLETICS

BROOKLINE defeated Cambridge High and Latin by a score of 12 to 0, on Soldiers Field, November 19th. A part of the game was played on an outside field, as the 'Varsity was having secret practice.

Cambridge High and Latin kicked off to Brookline's twenty-five yard line. Stillman and Boyce, by continual line plays, carried the ball down the field, and Stillman made a touchdown and kicked a goal.

The rest of the game was played in the enclosed field. The Latin School line held better and forced Brookline to punt several times. With the aid of continual fumbling on Brookline's part, and helped by several good gains around the end, by her backs, Cambridge got the ball down to Brookline's 15-yard line. There they lost it, and when the half ended Brookline had the ball at center.

Brookline began the second half by kicking to Cambridge's 5-yard line. Then the only exciting play of the game occurred. Hill, the Latin School's full-back, ran, by skillful dodging, to Brookline's 50-yard line. Brookline then secured the ball and all three of the backs carried it down the field, and Boyce made a touchdown. Stillman kicked the goal. Cambridge then kicked off. The ball was fumbled and the Latin School got the ball on Brookline's 15-yard line. No gain could be made and Cambridge was forced to punt. The game ended with the ball well down towards Brookline's goal.

The Brookline team did not play its usual good game. There was much fumbling, and many misplays were made. The backs easily gained ground through the Cambridge line, but it was due to weight, not to good team work. Hutchins, Parker and Hall, played a good game. The summary:—

B. H. S	C. H. AND L.
Smith, l. e.	r. e. Donovan.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Houston.
Talbot, l. g.	r. g. Miller.
Hutchins, c.	c. Esterbrook.
Parker, r. g.	l. g. Jaquith.
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t. Fletcher.
Hall, r. e.	l. e. Simmonds.
Wilbur, q. b.	q. b. Warnock.
Morse, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Lewis.
Stillman, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Crowley.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Hill.

Score: B. H. S. 12, C. H. and L. 0. Touchdowns — Stillman, Boyce. Goals from Touchdowns — Stillman 2. Umpire — Carrick. Referee — Clark. Time — 20 and 15 minute halves.

All of Brookline High's hopes of winning the championship were dashed to pieces by the strong Hopkinson team, at Soldiers Field, on November 24th. The only team to beat Cambridge Manual Training School was vanquished by a score of 16 to 0. The game was one of regular team work against individual playing, and team work won, as it always should win.

Hopkinson had the kickoff. Brookline, by good gains through the line, carried the ball to center, where it was lost on downs. "Hoppy" failed to make any ground and was forced to punt. As the ball was kicked over behind the goal, Brookline got a kick from her 25-yard line. Gillespie got the ball, as Stillman muffed it. Brookline could make no gain and so Boyce punted. Stillman punted on the next play and Brookline lost ten yards on the exchange. A fumble, on a bad pass, gave "Hoppy" the ball. Then by steady gains it was carried for forty yards and a touchdown. Hallowell kicked the goal, and the first half ended soon after.

Brookline opened the second half and Stillman returned the kickoff. A fumble, on Brookline's 30-yard line, again gave "Hoppy" the ball. Again, by good team work, a touchdown was made; although the runner was tackled on the side-lines, he managed to free himself and get behind the posts. Hallowell missed the goal. After the kickoff the ball stayed near center for some time. Towards the end of the game, after a good deal of punting, by which Brookline always lost, Nickerson ran fifteen yards for a touchdown and Hallowell kicked a goal. Time was then called.

Brookline played a good game in the first half, but the team seemed to lose heart after the first touchdown. Wilbur's passing was not as good as usual. Hutchins, Gillespie and Boyce did good individual work. Boyce's punts were poor, however.

B. H. S.	HOPKINSON.
McLachlan, r. e.	l. e. Jenkins.
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t. Jaynes.
Talbot, r. g.	l. g. Nickerson.
Hutchins, c.	c. Sargent.
Parker, l. g.	r. g. Shea.
Kernan, l. t.	r. t. Hawes.
Smith, l. e.	r. e. Mann.
Wilbur, q. b.	q. b. Hallowell.
Parker, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Huntress.
Morse. l. h. b.	r. h. b. Miles.
Boyce, f. b.	f. b. Stillman.

Score: Hopkinson 16, B. H. S. 0. Touchdowns — Shea, Huntress, Nickerson. Goals from touchdowns — Hallowell 2. Referee — N. Shaw. Umpire — Dean. Time — 20 minute halves.

The football season is now over, and the team which has represented Brookline High has been a credit to the school, and surprised everyone by its fine showing in the Senior League. At first it was regarded as inferior to last year's team, but Brookline has been the only one to beat Cambridge M. T. School, and now holds second place in the Senior League since "Hoppy" won her protest from C. M. T. S. The summary of the season's games may be of interest :—

PRACTICE GAMES.

September	26	Brookline High School		0,	Groton	16
October	7	"	"	0,	*Burdett	4
	9	"	"	10,	Roxbury Latin	0
	14	"	"	6,	Malden	0
	14	"	"	16,	Somerville	0
	16	"	"	14,	Roxbury Latin	0
	19	"	"	0,	Harvard '99	4
	21	"	"	0,	Harvard 1900	6
	26	"	"	0,	Harvard '97	6
	26	"	"	0,	Harvard 1900	0
November	4	"	"	20,	Thayer Academy	10
	16	"	"	0,	Harvard 1900	16
	Total			66	Total	62

LEAGUE GAMES.

October	30	Brookline High School		10,	Boston Latin	6
November	7	"	"	6,	Cambridge M. T. S.	2
	12	"	"	6,	English H. S.	6
	11	"	"	12,	Cambridge H. and L.	0
	24	"	"	0,	Hopkinson	16
	Total			34	Total	30

*Forfeited to B. H. S.

The three upper classes were well represented in the annual meeting of the B. H. S. A. A., which was held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, on December first.

As neither the president nor vice-president were present, Mr. Kellogg presided. The first duty was the election of a president. As Mr. Boyce was the only nominee he was declared elected. The vice-president was then voted for. Mr. Hutchins was elected by a majority of five over Mr. Talbot. Mr. Manning was declared elected as secretary and treasurer, as he was the only person nominated.

Mr. Boyce outlined the work for the year in a short speech. On a motion by Mr. Kellogg it was voted to hold the indoor meet in the "Tech" gymnasium, and also to arrange for a team-race with Newton in their winter meeting, and that all such matters be left in the hands of the Executive Committee. The meeting then adjourned.

P. W. Moore.

HUMOR

Brother Henry (seeing little Willie drowning some kittens): "Are you not sorry for the poor little things?"
Little Willie: "Why, no; they are dead in it."

Tom: "Why did you climb that cherry tree? Was it easy?"
Harry: "Fruit."

Teacher: "Did you look over the President's message?"
Pupil: "No; I over-looked it."

Royce: "Why did n't that sparring match between the welter-weights take place?"
Smith: "Why, they thought it was just as wel-ter-weight."

Gentleman: "Can you tell me who is being buried, Pat?" (as they both stood on the sidewalk and waited for a funeral procession to pass.)
Pat: "I don't know, sir, but I think it's the gentleman in the coffin, sir."

Latin Prof.: "What is a puncture?"
Bright Girl of '97: "A puncture is a point with a hole in it."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscription to THE SAGAMORE for one year, by mail, payable in advance, is one dollar. If you wish to subscribe send your name to Mr. Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., 51 St. Paul Street, Brookline.

Our next number will contain a picture of the Brookline High foot-ball team of 1896, which had four men in the All-Interscholastic team this fall. Single pictures will be for sale at five cents apiece.

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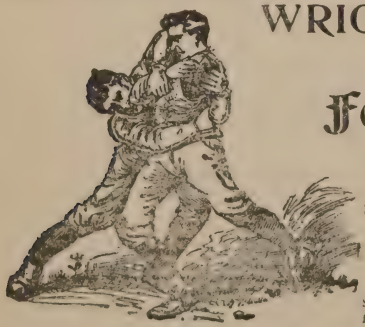

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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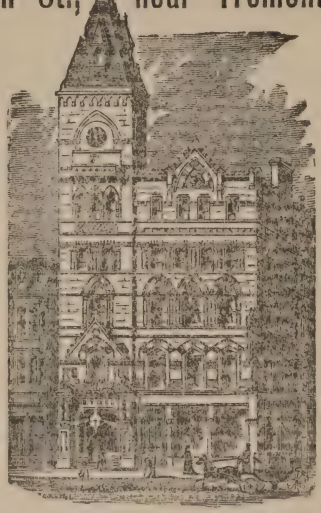

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 FEBRUARY, 1897 NUMBER 4

OUR NEW PUBLIC BATH

IT is an unexpected honor to be invited to write for THE SAGAMORE'S readers, the boys and girls of the school which the writer was attending twenty years ago.

The Editor has requested an article on our Public Bath, the High School's new and we trust most congenial neighbor. It is true an interesting description of it might be written, but as THE SAGAMORE'S readers now have abundant opportunity to acquaint themselves by personal inspection and frequent use of the Natatorium and its various annexes, it seems more fitting, with the Editor's permission, not to fill the allotted space with an unnecessary description, but rather with some considerations more or less kindred to the topic suggested, namely, the purposes for which the citizens of Brookline voted to build a new Public Bath.

Of course the encouragement of the bathing habit is of the very highest importance, morally, mentally and physically, in every community; and improved facilities for keeping clean ought to be

provided by all cities and large towns, to enable everyone to exemplify the well known proverb of the great Wesley as to cleanliness. In other words, recognition of the value of personal cleanliness represents one of the greatest advances in the civilization of this century. But it is another field of usefulness offered by our new bath-house, as Brookline has no water-front, that will most interest the High School pupils; namely, its facilities for teaching what Benjamin Franklin aptly termed "the healthful and life-saving art of swimming," which he always maintained should be a part of our national education; since, as he said, "Ability to swim may enable one to save his own life or the life of another," and is, furthermore, one of the most universal and most enjoyable of all healthful physical exercises.

Glancing backward, ancient history relates that during the government of Solon all the boys of Athens were required by law to be taught first of all the accomplishments of swimming and reading; and later their possession became so common that when an Athenian wished to describe a state of utter destitution of physical and mental training, he used to exclaim, "He can neither swim nor read!" Plato praised the art of swimming, and Aristotle wrote on bathing and swimming and the advantages of salt and fresh water respectively. No less attention was given to bathing and swimming by the ancient Romans, before and during their ascendency. Even the women were many of them strong swimmers, especially in the early days of the republic. The Roman boys received instruction in swimming just as regularly as in riding and fencing, and usually their fathers were their teachers. The great Emperor Augustus delighted in teaching his nephew swimming, and Julius Cæsar was so proficient in the art that in the Alexandrian war he saved his life and his famous "Commentaries," by swimming from a sinking ship to a place of safety, plunging his head under water from time to time to avoid the shower of arrows that followed him.

In view of the great number of deaths by drowning it is lamentable, in the present very practical age, that the useful art of swimming has such a small part in the training of our youth. This defect in our bath-education was shown only too often in our late

war, during which, of the Union Army alone at least 5,000 officers and men, or about five regiments, were lost by drowning, the majority of them while fording streams, crossing narrow rivers, or by the upsetting of small boats, when a few strokes would have sufficed to save life. Swimming should be taught as a matter of routine to every child. It is easily learned at almost any age, and once mastered is never forgotten. It is acquired nearly as quickly by girls as by boys, and the first lessons may be given between the ages of eight and ten. Though in the early struggles of the learner an immense amount of force is expended in simply keeping afloat, as proficiency is attained swimming becomes as easy as walking, and the swimmer's powers are exhausted rather by the coldness of the water than by his muscular efforts. The muscles of both the upper and lower extremities are developed by swimming, and to a lesser degree those of the back, chest and abdomen. The scapular muscles, the deltoids, the pectorals and latissimus dorsi are especially strengthened by this exercise. The heart and the muscles concerned in respiration are also brought into very active use, and consequently the swimmer's powers of endurance become greatly increased.

Swimming should be scientifically taught, and diligently practiced. Comparatively few self-taught swimmers acquire an easy, effective stroke; and because of meager opportunities for practice, of all swimmers only about a quarter can swim more than a very few minutes continuously.

Beside the physical, another advantage of a high order accrues in the way of happy moral influence. Boxing, sword play, foot ball, and other manly exercises do much to develop courage, prudence and dexterity; but the cold-blooded quiet and presence of mind that enables us to avoid danger, or to face and conquer it, or to lend ourselves to an act of heroic devotion are best cultivated by practicing swimming, diving, water polo, and other sports in the water. But the best swimmers are sometimes drowned, say the cynics. True, that may happen; but the occurrence is so rare that for that very reason it is much noised abroad and not soon forgotten, while people easily forget the far greater number of lives saved by the ability to

swim well. At many of the larger schools in England boys are obliged "to pass" in swimming before they are allowed to go out in boats. This rule, established at Eton in 1840, has been effectual there in the prevention of drowning accidents, only one having occurred since that time, although the swamping of boats has been frequent. A yearly average of 150 boys learn to swim and pass the test.

The public schools of London, Birmingham, and other European cities furnish the pupils systematic instruction in swimming; but previous to January, 1897, in the United States, so far as can be ascertained, no public school has furnished any instruction in this important branch of physical education.

Neither has any city or town in the United States previous to this date provided a municipal, all-the-year-round, bathing establishment containing swimming facilities. In view of these facts the action of the town of Brookline in establishing such an institution, and in providing, as it already has, systematic instruction in swimming for its school children, is but an added proof of the genuine and intelligent interest of her citizens in all that makes for the highest welfare of our beloved town.

H. Lincoln Chase, B. H. S., '78.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLOTHES

THIS morning I heard a gentleman say that clothes didn't make a man. I did not agree with the speaker, but I kept still, as I thought it might be disagreeable to say so, the gentleman being much larger and stronger than I. Now that I have told you all this I hope that you won't say a word about it, and, if you promise, I'll tell you a story to illustrate my point.

The principal hero of this tale is a tramp; a tramp whose name is Sam Howard. You must pardon my giving the characters false names, because this is a true story and the people don't want to have me use their names; so they say.

Sam was a tramp, a fine type of the lazy, dirty, good-for-nothing American loafer. He was standing on the street corner one day when Dr. Goodbody drove up and went into the house across the street. In the doctor's team was a fine, new silk hat, fresh from the store. The owner was engaged in the house; half a block off, a policeman was slowly pacing away from the scene. Sam was across the street, and the paper covering of the hat peeped temptingly out. Sam crossed the street. Nobody saw him. The police officer walked on, the horse stamped and brushed the flies off with his tail, while a tramp walked around the corner with a paper hat-box under his arm, and disappeared.

That night when Mr. Samuel put on his new property and looked at himself in the cracked mirror, he was astonished to note the change; he was really very good-looking. But when he glanced at his lower garments, oh how different! The new hat did not go well at all with the dusty coat, torn trousers and muddy boots.

The next morning he did not go to the grog shop as usual, but invested his money in a neck-tie and a "shine," two unwonted luxuries. But even yet he did not come up to the new hat; he needed more money before he could dress well, so after a great mental struggle he decided to go to work and get a job at the stock yards. Here he met with success.

He was a bright fellow and his employer liked him. At the end of a year Sam was enjoying a regular salary and a new suit of clothes, but his head was always crowned with his beautiful silk hat. Sam, or Mr. Howard, as he now liked to be called, felt so well off that he even went so far as to think of getting married.

Now if I were writing a Sunday-school book I should stop the story here and tack on a moral, but alas, I am telling the truth. One day as Mr. Howard was on the ferry boat going to business, a gust of wind caught his beautiful and beloved hat and carried it far out of reach.

Poor Sam never again was the same man. The next day he forgot his gloves and left his shoes unpolished. He went from bad to worse, till at last he lost his position through his untidiness. The doctor's hat had been the ruling power in his life. Sam was a tramp again. My story is finished. Now don't you think that clothes make the man? I do.

E. M. B., '98.

MISS ANN'S REVENGE

SECOND PRIZE STORY

"WAL, I declare, if the parson ain't down stairs," chuckled Miss Ann, as she pushed open her door and crept out into the hall. She leaned over the banisters and listened eagerly. The words "church fair" caught her ear, then the voices grew more confused. But Miss Ann had heard enough to know the purpose of the parson's call, so she crept back to her one little room and set about putting it to rights, muttering as she did so :—

"Them poor, poor Armenians."

When Miss Ann had been down on her trembling knees, and with wing and dust pan had swept up beneath the stove, and when she had pulled her rag rug over the grease spot in the carpet, she tip-toed over to the little cracked mirror in the corner. Perhaps her dim eyes did not see, as she put on her Sunday cap, how gray her hair, how wrinkled her brow, and how crabbed the expression round her mouth, had grown. Poor Miss Ann, she had not even a cat to love.

"There, he's openin' the door now. I wonder what Mrs. Bigelow is saying to him, to keep him all this time. What! 'Taint the front door I'm hearin'? He ain't goin' home without seein' me?" Miss Ann dropped back into the rocker, as just then she heard the front door close with a bang. A moment more and there were quick steps on the stairs, then a gentle tap on Miss Ann's door. Miss Ann wiped the tears from her eyes and called out feebly, "Come in." The door was thrust open and Mrs. Bigelow put her head inside.

"Good morning, Miss Ann," she said, her face all aglow. "I jest come to tell you that the parson dropped in this morning, and he wished to be remembered to you."

Miss Ann tried to smile her thanks, but it was with a bitter voice that she said:

"He ain't never been to see me."

"Now come, Miss Ann, you ain't goin' to take it ter heart in that way. He's comin' to see you real soon, but you see this morning he's out, out solicitatin' fer the Fair, and I 'spose he thought perhaps you couldn't make anythin' on account of your weak eyes.

But I must be goin', to tend my bread. Now don't feel bad, Miss Ann." And with a smile Mrs. Bigelow was gone. She was a kind woman, but her tongue was blunt.

The instant the door closed Miss Ann jumped to her feet with pale face and flashing eyes. Mrs. Bigelow had spoken of weak eyes, but Miss Ann, as she glanced around the tiny room, saw the bare walls, the flowerless windows, the scarred bureau, the worn spread across her bed, and knew now why the parson had not come. She sank back again into the arm chair, but there were no longer tears in her eyes. Miss Ann's pride had been hurt, and pride and tears are no friends.

"I ain't got no rags," she murmured, "or I'd make one of them rag-rugs. And I ain't got no colored worsted, or I'd fix up one of them pretty little lamp-mats. I used to make real nice mittens too, red and blue ones, but I ain't got one bit of yarn. If 'twan't fer havin' that flour this month I believe I could buy enough fer one pair, but I can't, I've got ter have the flour." Miss Ann looked around the room again.

"There's the Bible my father gave me when I was twenty, I don't feel jest like givin' that away. Besides, every one has their Bible. And there's my table cover, but I burnt a hole in it the other night, so I can't give that. And there's them bed slippers, too,—I never used 'em since Mary gave 'em to me, ten years ago,—but they've got moth-holes in 'em." Miss Ann's dim eyes had wandered over all; the stove, the bureau, the bed, and the table. Had she nothing wherewith to help the Armenians?

All at once a look of joy came to her eye. She started from the rocker and crept over to the bureau, where she eagerly drew out the top drawer. Way from the back she pulled a box tied with a red, white and blue ribbon. She put on her spectacles and began with trembling fingers to untie the knot. This done, she slowly drew off the cover. Within was the portrait of a man, wearing the uniform of a Major General in the United States Army. Miss Ann drew forth the picture and pressed it to her lips. Next she took out an envevope addressed to

"My Sister, Miss Ann Wilcox."

She could not resist peeping into it a moment and pulling out a baby's golden curl. There was one thing more in the box, a piece of parchment. It was with an expression of mingled grief and joy that Miss Ann unfolded this, a general's commission given to Henry M. Wilcox for distinguished service on the field of battle. She read it through, perhaps for the hundredth time, then refolded it and laid it on the table, while she put the photograph and envelope back into the box, murmuring,—

"Them poor, poor Armenians."

It was the day before the Church Fair and Miss Ann, looking out of the half-open shutters, saw many women hurrying down the street to the church, their arms full of bundles. Soon she put on her own bonnet, pinned her worn shawl over her bowed shoulders, and taking with her only the parchment, joined the rest. Some one passing said: "Miss Ann looks uncommon spry this mornin'." Perhaps she did. It was with an eager hand that she pushed open the vestry door and entered the church parlors.

What confusion there was everywhere; every one was talking at once, every one was unwrapping glasses of jelly, "scratch-my-backs," pin-cushions; and every one was trying to decorate in her own particular fashion. Miss Ann heeded no one, she was hunting for the parson. At last she discovered him way over in one corner, his arms full of "Mother Tabby" and her family. Miss Ann made for him at once, and hardly waiting for him to say "good morning," began:

"You thought I did n't have nothin' to give to help along them poor Armenians, so you thought you would n't waste your time callin' on me, but I have my 'widow's mite.' Here," and she held out the parchment, "is something that a man in this town offered me ten dollars for, but I would n't sell it. But I'll give it to them poor Armenians, and it's,—wal, it's the autograph of Abraham Lincoln."

MAUDE B. DUTTON, '98.

THE REV. WILLIAM I. HAVEN

NOT long ago when the school was assembled in Shailer Hall, Mr. Sanford introduced Mr. Haven, who spoke to us very entertainingly for half an hour, illustrating his talk by many pleasant anecdotes. "Friendship" was his subject.

"It is a fine habit to form friendships and to form them while young, as it is not so easy in after years. Make the acquaintance of worthy people—I will not say the best people, since that has become a cant phrase, meaning social position and money standing—but of worthy people, those who will contribute something to your advancement. And when you have made a friend, keep him a friend. Prof. Drummond of Chicago, has said that we should keep our friendships in repair,—that is, doing little acts of kindness all the time, and straightening out any little tangles that may have knotted in the golden thread of friendship.

"Friendships are very useful in the world. An English Duke, in preparing his son for a political life, told him to go to the continent and there make the acquaintance of diplomats, and of ladies and gentlemen of high social standing, instead of poring over law books. And now in closing, let me give you a few words of advice. Sometimes you may think that fame and fortune are the most desirable things in life, but let me assure you that friendships are much more to be sought after."

SKETCHES

I

THE BLIND PIPER

He is old, and bent, with dark lines of suffering under his sightless eyes. A battered cap covers his thin gray hair, and two trembling hands wander up and down a small shrill fife, pouring out with unspeakable passion a life of storms and woes. A shiver runs down the feeble frame crouched in the shadow of a cold stone step. People pass up and down, and glance at their warm furs and then at the stricken pauper before them. Hearts are melted, and pennies jingle into the little tin cup, while the fife shrieks the louder, in tune and time with the howling wind.

Night comes. The fife has stopped, and the blind piper cautiously opens his eyes. No one is looking. It's time to go home. With a stifled groan, mingled with sighs and oaths, he stretches his half-broken legs. A cruel, hard smile flickers across his face. The strong fingers clutch the pennies, and the piper gives a whistle of delight at the hoard. The cap comes off. The powdered hair flies in the wind, and the wicked man steals away under shelter of the night. Have pity on his soul! ——, '98.

II

A SKETCH

Not far from my country home is a tiny tumbled-down house. How long it has been there I do not know; I came and found it, years ago, vacant, forsaken; I left it the same. I am sure it never lost its rustic simplicity by a coat of paint. Why! its little black walls would have been amazed at the very thought. With difficulty I strove to enter in at the battered front door-way, now overgrown with blackberry vines and wild rose bushes, and at last succeeded in climbing into the sitting-room. The floor, broken in places, was strewn with mud, plastering, and pieces of glass from the now vanished window. One chair was left, a dear, old "straight backer," its seat caved in, its rounds smashed. It stood

there like a martyr, going to distruction with all its surroundings. Peeping out into the kitchen I spied the skeleton of an old stove, and that was all. I left the little house as I found it, cuddled down under the hill,—left it to its only companion, a tiny grave-yard.

——, '98.

III

SAILING

What so pleasant as a sail in a trim little cat-boat? Salt breezes cool your cheeks, smiling blue skies meet your gaze, and rollicking waves toss you sportively about. How pleasant to feel that by a touch of your hand you control the swift yacht dashing through the wave crests like a dolphin. How proud you are of her performance against wind and sea. Now, borne on the back of a wave, she raises her sharp nose and beautiful run clear out of the water, and then plunges to meet the next wave mid a shower of cold, crystal spray. Under a sudden blast she heels till she shows her glistening green belly, and the tide laps the rail; then righting slowly, the staunch craft bounds into the teeth of the wind with a tossing, struggling motion. But how different the movement when the wind is behind! That is surely the "poetry of motion." A long smooth glide, a short pause, and then another long drive. Ah, how glorious! The blood courses jubilantly through your veins and your heart is light. Then in truth do you stretch out into a comfortable position, with a friendly hand on the tiller, an eye to the clouds, and an ear tuned to catch the strange music of the rollers, wishing that you might glide on thus forever. ——, '97.

SUNSET

The rosy light is trembling in the west,
As through its glory sinks the sun to rest;—
One more day done; another starry night
Draws near to us, as fades that sunset light.
The glowing western sky bids labor cease,
And Earth is soothed by Night to gentlest peace.
O stay, you rosy clouds, I love your light
Far better than the drap'ries of the Night. —
But now yon clouds are purpling cold and gray,
And twinkling stars peep out to haste the day;
Night's curtain has enwrapped Earth in a shroud
With but a change in coloring of a cloud.
Then let us to our rest until the morn
Shall herald her approach by break of dawn;—
Then will Earth wake, all smiling and refreshed,
To praise her God for soft, sweet hours of rest.

H. J., '98.

NEPTUNE'S RIVAL

ON the 20th day of June, 1923, the big battleship "Samoset" backed out into Hampton Roads and turned her sharp prow eastward. This great ocean greyhound was the final triumph of American industry and brains. Run entirely by electricity and modelled by the most skillful architects in the world, she was the swiftest and most powerful vessel on the face of the globe.

As the great vessel glided gracefully through the Narrows and headed for the open sea, it might truly be said that the eyes of two hemispheres were riveted upon her snow-white hull. Inventors and electricians all over the universe awaited the results of her trial with breathless anxiety. If the "Samoset" proved a success, it meant a revolution in naval circles all over the civilized world, but if, on the other hand, her ponderous machinery was a failure, the nations of the world would continue in their well-worn paths of naval designing and ship building.

Every man upon the "Samoset" was there for a purpose. There were Government experts, electrical inventors, naval engineers, and shipbuilders, in addition to the officers and crew of the regular navy. I had been sent aboard by the Government to make a report in detail of the ship's actions while at sea. My duties were of such a general character that I was not confined to any special part of the vessel, and I had an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the rest of the crew. There was one man in whom I became especially interested soon after leaving port. He was a tall, gray-haired, old fellow, with square, massive shoulders and piercing eyes. I learned from the captain that "Old Jack," as he was called, had formerly been an inventor, but that, disappointed on account of some reverses in his work, he had gone mildly insane, and that Cramp & Sons, his former employers, had given him his present position through charity. He was so slow and weak that he was of very little aid to the crew, and was more of a hindrance than a help in the management of the big cruiser. He was not compelled to do any work, but was treated more like a privileged passenger than a common deck hand. He spent the greater part of his time in secluded spots upon the ship's deck, where he would sit for hours in the deepest reveries, silent and motionless, save for the occasional sobs which shook his massive frame. At times he would suddenly awake from his comatose state, and walking to the stern of the vessel would wave his hat at some imaginary object far out on the boundless deep. These strange actions of the poor old deck hand were at first a source of much grief and interest to us all, but we soon forgot "Old Jack" in the excitement of the trial.

The big ship acted splendidly. For three days there was not a hitch nor a break in the running of the ponderous machinery. The "Samoset" glided through the water as smoothly, as easily and as gracefully as a huge swan. On the morning of the fourth day the great vessel was still ploughing through the water at a terrific speed. The weather was beautiful, and the sea as calm as a mill-pond. About noon, when all the crew were at dinner, a terrific crash was heard, and the ponderous "Samoset" quivered from stem to stern. We all rushed on deck, but there was nothing

unusual to be seen here. Down in the engine-room every bit of machinery was running as smoothly as possible. The captain was dumbfounded. His great vessel, apparently running as well as ever, was making no headway, and was slowly sinking deeper into the water every moment. In desperation he ordered the boats to be manned. We all crowded into them, and after pulling a short distance away from the vessel, sadly watched the great "Samoset" slowly settle into the ocean. When she had gone down as far as her port-holes, she stopped, and then slowly rose again to her natural position. Three times she repeated this wonderful action, each time descending until the water was rippling about her gun deck, and then as slowly rising again to her natural position. When this strange phenomenon had been seen for the fourth time, the great vessel stopped moving and lay as silent and buoyant as ever.

We were all astonished, bewildered, and could scarcely believe our eyes. There were brave men amongst us who had spent their lives on the ocean, who laughed at superstition, and scoffed at the idea of ghosts; but there was not a fellow in that entire crew who would dare set foot upon the "Samoset." The captain, after rowing around the vessel several times, pronounced her safe, and ordered us on board. The crew absolutely refused to obey, and the officers were obliged to drive them on board at the points of revolvers. With much fear and apprehension we explored the ship, and found her as safe and sound as the day we left port. The captain called the roll to discover if anyone had been lost in the excitement of embarking. "Old Jack," the insane deck hand, was the only man missing; but as he, although pitied, had never been a favorite with the rest of the crew, he was scarcely missed. The captain ordered the ship to be searched for him, but he was never found. In his bunk, however, written in a wild, scrawled hand, hardly legible, was the solution of our strange mystery.

Standing in the center of his frightened and excited crew, the captain, in clear, trumpet-like tones, read the strange document, parts of which are here appended:—

"For fifteen years you have believed me crazy and have treated me like a dog. Yes, I am crazy,—made so by the heartless treason

of one whom I called friend. How could you know that the ship upon which you stand was the result of the genius of Jack Childs, not of the brain of Frank Cramp, the friend and traitor, who has made millions by his faithlessness. When Frank Cramp disclosed his stolen inventions to the world, and I protested, you called me crazy. Everyone laughed at me, and even the little children pointed their tiny hands at me, and scoffed me. I then and there swore that I would struggle until I had made an invention that would restore to me my lost honor and glory. Instead of slaying my enemy, I spared him, to show him that I had a sweeter revenge than any to be obtained by stamping out his wretched life. For ten years I have struggled to perfect a submarine vessel which would prove to the world that Jack Childs is the leader of all inventors. The strange actions of your ship today are the culmination of my efforts, accomplished by means of my submarine boat. Every mile that your famous vessel has travelled it has been pursued by my ship, which has been only waiting for my signal to send the "Samoset" to destruction. I have not destroyed you, only because I have been moved to compassion at the last moment. I have accomplished my purpose. I have proven to the world that I am king of inventors, and that the greatest ship in existence is but a plaything in my hands."

The writing stopped abruptly at this point. We were all amazed and on the verge of desperation. The captain, with tears coursing down his brown cheeks and his hand trembling with emotion, ordered us to our stations, and the big "Samoset," slowly gaining headway in the evening mist, turned her sharp prow homeward, and with one long, low, mournful blast of her siren, left forever the last resting place of "Old Jack" Childs. R. B., '97.

The pictures of the members of the "All Interscholastic Football Team" have appeared in Harper's Round Table, and the faces of three of our men can be recognized without the aid of the names underneath. It will be noticed that Brookline High has more men on the team than any other school.

SNOW FLAKES

You little white creatures of the air,
I wonder what you are,
And why you come to visit the earth
From your unknown home afar.

Perhaps that the children of the sky,—
Wondering whom they'll wed,—
Are plucking the petals, soft and white,
From many a daisy's head.

Maybe the dandelions, on high,
Have turned from gold to gray;
And floating lazily 'mong the clouds
Were wafted down this way.

Perhaps our winter is their spring,
And the apple trees so gay
Have shaken their blossoms down to earth,
That we may share their May.

You little white creatures of the air,
I know not what you are,
Nor why you come to visit the earth
From your unknown home afar.

M. B. D., '98.

A LOST ART

"DIOMED drove the Trojans before him and the Simois ran crimson with their blood." (Siege of Troy.)

"And he slew them with his own hand to three and four hundred." (Aristomenes of Messenia.)

These two quotations show clearly the lost art I am about to discuss, namely, the power invested in a hero which enables him to disperse his enemies by his own sword, or even sometimes by the fierceness of his looks.

In the ancient history of nearly every country proofs of its existence may be found. Greece, Rome and Egypt, especially abound in examples of that wondrous accomplishment, which, alas, is lost to us. We even find mention of it in the Bible; in one case, the man's weapon was only the jaw-bone of an ass. Homer in the "Iliad" often recounts the glowing deeds of the Grecian heroes, who, unaided, put to rout the whole enemy, and once Hector comes forth from the city with an aspect so terrifying, that the Greeks —yes, even Diomed — retreat in dismay.

How convenient this would be in modern warfare; for instance, in case of further trouble with Spain, we need simply, as the two armies lie facing one another, summon the most ferocious specimen of our soldiers — provided, of course, that he is an aristocrat, for he must always be that — and send him to the front. There he would alone charge the Spaniards, and, without a single blow, the enemy would turn in flight.

How humane it would be if we could thus wage war without one drop of blood being spilled. How pleasant if we could send, for example, Gen. Buckner down to Cuba, where he would gird on his trusty sword, and rush forward unattended, spreading disaster and death among the enemy as they fled before his blade. At last he would depart in glory, the ground covered with dying Spaniards, and Cuba free! In this way there would be no loss of life on our side, although great havoc would have been committed among the foe, and this, perhaps, would be better (for us) than to have *no* one killed.

From Egypt, that wonderful land of discoveries, perchance we may yet find written somewhere in hieroglyphics the "lost art," for in that country it was carried to the highest point, a single noble often slaying thousands upon thousands of the poor plebeians.

Let us hope that some future scholar may come across the hidden secret, for humanity's sake and — Cuba's. H. B., '98.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A BROOKLINE BOY

(By Bert G. Wilder, Class of '59)

INTRODUCTION

My "High School Reminiscences" and recollections of the "Doings of some Brookline Boys in the middle of the Century" are practically exhausted, so that in replying to the renewed request to contribute to The Sagamore, I must confine myself mainly to the recital of certain personal experiences during my sixteen years of life in Brookline. These incidents may not be particularly important in themselves, but they are associated more or less intimately with my later convictions upon matters of general interest; hence they may merit record in a paper which is composed, edited, and published for a community of thoughtful persons, amongst whom are doubtless future leaders of public sentiment upon great questions.

I

THE SPIDER DREAM

The earliest dream that I can recollect, occurred under the following circumstances. A back tooth had been aching for some days, and when the dentist found it to be hollow, its extraction was ordered. Ether was administered. There was some delay in the operation; instead of coming out as a whole the tooth, a mere shell, was crushed in the forceps, and I awoke with a yell, declaring that I had had a terrible dream.

In my dream I was a spider (those were days in which living spiders were watched by me for hours). The recollections of my dream were that I should occupy one or another of the triangular spaces between partitions, radiating from a central point.

I could run around the end of the partitions but was not permitted to go abroad. Suddenly there appeared a giant, probably a small boy. He was bent upon destroying me, and stepped over the partitions more rapidly than I could count their edges. Desperately I ran out and in, out and in. It was useless. At last, down upon me came his heavy boot; I literally heard my own "bones" crunch and felt a terrible pain.

Doubtless at that instant my tooth was crushed, and I awoke, the effects of the ether having passed off. In accordance with the present view of dreams, my entire experience probably began and ended in a moment, the second occupied by the operation.

The more significant outcome of the incident was that from that day to this I have never trodden on a spider, or indeed upon any other living creature. Of course I have since come to believe that the capacity of insects for suffering is less than our own. Nevertheless, I still retain a very decided "fellow feeling" for them, and I am sure that my present precepts of humanity for animals are more effective by reason of my dream in the dentist's chair. With Cowper, "I would not enter on my list of friends * * * * the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

ATHLETICS

THE winter meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. is approaching, and will be held in about eight weeks. It is intended to make this meet the most successful of any that the school has ever held. It will probably come off in the M. I. T. gymnasium, and there will be several open events.

Now is the time to begin training. The third quarter is regarded as the easiest of the school year, and an hour twice a week, or more often, spent at good, steady work at jumping or running, will put a person in good form, without bringing down the report for the quarter.

At a meeting of the boys, fully seven-eighths of the school signified their willingness to join the club. They should not only join the club, but they should also turn out to train, and avail themselves of the privileges which the club holds forth.

The Seniors should come out, as this is their last chance. The men of '98 should "take a brace" if they wish to get their names on the cup. The Sophomores should shine. They are an athletic class. And all classes have their eyes on the "Freshies," on the watch for future interscholastic material. P. W. Moore.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Business Manager.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

AT last the new Public Bath-house is finished, and the result is a building worthy to stand near the school-house. The event was celebrated by two days' expert swimming and diving, and by a novel water game, called "water polo," played by two teams from the B. A. A. The bath-house is very complete, and lacks but a few necessities, as a mirror, comb and brush. However, this is simply a detail, and we desire to thank Dr. Chase and the town for the fine building which they have given the citizens.

The first part of the athletic program which is to supplant the old military drill, is in operation, and every Wednesday and Friday the boys go to the new bath-house at the old "drill" period and enjoy a fine swim. All the scholars think this a vast improvement on drill, and doubtless it is much more beneficial.

THE good work which was started two years ago, is still carried on by the members of the High School, and the sum of seventy dollars has been raised for our deserving friend at the Hampton Institute, Joseph Walker. The check, together with a fine picture of the school-house, was sent so as to arrive Christmas. Mr. Walker's letter of thanks was read in the hall, but it is given below for the benefit of the subscribers outside of the school.

HAMPTON, VA., Dec, 28, 1896.

To the Members of the Brookline High School:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Accept my most hearty thanks for the Christmas presents which your principal and my friend brought to me. You cannot imagine what a pleasant surprise your kind remembrance of me at Christmas meant to me. I shall ever keep the picture and treasure it very highly. The check was also received and given to the one who has charge of the scholarship donations and letters. Coming as it did at Christmas, when most of the students were receiving Christmas presents, I was proud to say that my friends thought of me, too.

I saw Mr. Sanford Christmas night and shook his hand. While holding the hand of your principal my thoughts were of you. I told Mr. Sanford and a gentleman who was with him that I expected and intended to strive more earnestly in the future than ever before. Last night Mr. Sanford and quite a number of friends from the North came over to hear us sing, and we sang quite a number of our songs which we prize so highly.

Christmas morning quite a number of the boys gathered in one of the recitation rooms for an hour and asked God to guide us through the day. The day was spent very pleasantly, and the evening was quite pleasantly spent at a social in the gymnasium.

Tomorrow school begins again, and we all expect to be quite rested and ready for work again. The letter which you wrote a few weeks ago was received and very much enjoyed.

I sincerely hope you all are quite refreshed and at work with renewed interest. Hoping the new year will bring joy and success to your efforts, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH WALKER.

NEWS NOTES

"Who is over for a swim?"

Now for some cold weather without snow.

A senior who has visited the sacred regions of the cooking school, returns and marvels at the high standard of health maintained by the class.

Why does the interest in the boxing in the gym. seem to die out? Surely there are enough who are willing to afford sport to the spectators to keep the mill running.

Quite a few members of the Political Science Class went to Boston to see the organization of the Senate, and spent most of the forenoon there. Gov. Wolcott was present.

Captain Boyce has called out the candidates for the track team, and training has begun. Let a large number come out. That is the only way to have a good team and make our in-door meet a success.

Miss Hartwell had a part in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by the Smith class of '95, at the Bijou, Boston, and three girls of the school helped swell the chorus with their fine voices.

About two weeks ago the scholars were surprised to see a green, weather-stained bell hoisted to the tower. The bell will be a great improvement over the weak-sounding gong near the front entrance. Somehow a schoolhouse does not seem complete without a bell.

School work is not always pleasant, but when we are recommended to read Jules Verne's interesting works as an aid in gaining knowledge on a certain subject, we only wish that there was more of that kind of work. In a different direction, Jules Verne's books are as instructive as historical novels.

Brookline High has a fine basket-ball team, and it ranks high among the teams of the country, having worsted a team which occupies a prominent position in the athletic world. The other team came, saw and were conquered. The score was 17 to 6 in favor of Brookline High. Why doesn't the team play an exhibition game to which all are admitted?

The foot-ball team has at last had its picture taken by Partridge, and you will find a reproduction of it in this issue of THE SAGAMORE. The picture is one of the finest groups ever taken for the B. H. S., —not altogether on account of the many good-looking fellows posing in it, but also on account of the care in grouping and lighting displayed by the photographer. The latter, by an atrocious oversight, forgot to say "look pleasant" when he pushed the button, and so some of the fellows look as if they had been presented with a "D" in comp. It is a fine picture, though, and worthy to hang alongside those already on the walls of the lower corridor.

The orchestra is preparing some new pieces.

If there be anyone who is "doctoring," be sure that the doctor's bills will have to be paid about recommendation time.

Our history teacher was very much pleased that so many of the stories in THE SAGAMORE prize contest were written on historical subjects.

We should like to know if that boy of '97 was in earnest when he said, "It shocks my puritanic principles to see the girls play basket-ball on the Playground."

Patrons of the lunch counter are respectfully requested not to leave the table-ware of the counter more than three flights away. If possible, bring it back to the counter.

At the close of school on the Wednesday before vacation, the foot-ball team assembled in the doorway of room 18 and gave three times three for Mr. Wilson. That only goes to show that the boys appreciate the time and labor which he has given in coaching the team.

A small visitor to the High School not long ago requested to see a "real foot-ball player," and Mr. Wilson was at once introduced to him. Mr. Wilson is a worthy foot-ball representative, as he played on the Boston Latin team, later as sub-guard on the Harvard 'Varsity, and is now right-guard on the B. A. A.

The editors of THE SAGAMORE wonder what has become of the classes of '99 and 1900, although from their noise we conclude that they must be somewhere about the building. These classes came to the High School with a good reputation as composition writers, but thus far we have seen little of their work. Come, wake up!

Some members of the B. H. S. Camera Club, having in mind Mr. Bolton's five-dollar gold piece, spent the clear days of the Christmas vacation in taking photographs. Now that the bicycling and foot-ball season is over, all pupils owning cameras should bring them out and take advantage of the privileges offered to members of the B. H. S. C. C.

There are several changes in the school order. Very few extensions of time to those who live at some distance from the school are now granted. All girls who desire to be excused from calisthenics will apply to the class-room teacher instead of to Miss Howell. The school is not dismissed all at once as heretofore, but each class-room at a different time.

Many light, flippant remarks have been heard regarding the jokes printed in THE SAGAMORE. Perhaps it is not known that fourteen of THE SAGAMORE jokes have already been reproduced in other school papers, and this circumstance recalls to our mind the old saw about the prophet who was not without — but everyone knows it. However, if the scholars want to see first-rate jokes in the paper, let them take enough interest in the paper to pass in more original,— we may as well repeat it,— original jokes.

Miss Adams, in addition to her work in the school, is taking a course at Radcliffe.

The dark-room is in shipshape order, the chemicals are mixed, and the use of both awaits those who join the B. H. S. Camera Club.

Dark green shades have been placed in those end windows which are exposed to the sun's rays, so as to shield the eyes of the scholars. This is a wise provision.

The date of the next Public Day is fixed for the 9th of February at noon. The exercises are to be varied in character, and it is hoped that many friends of the school will find it possible to attend.

The picture of Governor Russell is the gift of one of the school's best friends. Sometimes we wonder if we begin to appreciate the force of friendship; to question if we respond to its warmth as we ought.

Members of the Camera Club are hereby notified that a letter has been received from Mr. Bolton, concerning the five-dollar gold piece offered by him as a prize, and the communication may be found on the bulletin board of the school library.

'99 has been engaged during the last three months in re-writing the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," so it can't be blamed for not furnishing light or spicy matter for THE SAGAMORE. But wait until next term, and then see what '99 can do.

Wanted: News from our graduates. Boys at Williams and at Harvard, girls at Smith and at Radcliffe, let us hear from you. And men and women, who used to be Brookline High School boys and girls, send us a word now and then. You are not forgotten, but it is your duty to keep your memory green.

From the appearance of the bulletin boards in the lower corridor it might be said with truth that somebody had been cutting up our esteemed contemporaries, the Boston Globe, the Herald, and the Transcript. We hope they don't mind it; it's richness for us, and, in the words of the prophet "he (and she, too) may run that readeth it."

Suggestions: Why not have —
A separate dictionary for each pupil?
Rubbers on the legs of all movable chairs?
More entertainment days in the hall?
More contributions to THE SAGAMORE from the Freshmen?
More distributions of blocks and pencils?
A swimming instructor to teach boys who already swim, different strokes?
Two basket-ball teams among the boys?
The girls of the '97 cooking class give a "feed" to the boys?
The bell and clock in position before spring?
A male quartette?
More fellows out for training?

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB

THE eighty-eighth regular meeting of the Debating Club was held Tuesday, Dec. 22. The resignation of the Secretary, Henderson Kellogg, was read and accepted, and J. Gilbert Peirce was appointed Secretary pro tempore. The debate for the evening was on the question, "Resolved, that the pension policy of the Republican party has been wise." Henderson Kellogg spoke on the affirmative, and H. K. Wead and E. Morse on the negative.

The eighty-ninth meeting was held Jan. 6. An amendment to the constitution was passed, abolishing the semi-annual elections. The club discussed the question, "Resolved, that fares be reduced from five to three cents on all lines owned by the West End Street Railway Co."

This year the club will give a representation of the assembling and first sessions of the Massachusetts State Senate, at a public meeting some time in February. A very interesting programme has been arranged and the meeting ought to be a great success. The club invites all members of the school, who are interested, whether they belong to the club or not, to become members of the Senate; it also hopes that all other High School scholars will come and bring their friends. We think they will be amply repaid for any trouble they may take in coming.

J. GILBERT PEIRCE, Secretary.

The Natatorium is a success. The boys and girls are getting to be perfect ducks. The only protests come from some careful mother-housekeepers, who say that, according to the law of supply and demand, there's going to be a rise in the price of provisions. Such appetites!

HUMOR

"What ought to join a labor union?"
A clock, because it is an inveterate striker.

He — "Women change their minds."
She — "Men haven't any minds to change."

'97 — "I hear that the girls have been dancing in the new tank."
'98 — "What have they been dancing?"
'97 — "The dip."

Professor — "Of what did the elder Pliny die?
Freshman — "Of an eruption."

'97 — "What do you shoot deer with?"
'98 — "Buck-shot."

Teacher.— "Conjugate the perfect indicative active of gero."
Scholar.— "Gessui, gessuisti."
Teacher.— "That is sufficient. Your first two guesses are wrong."—[Ex.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And when they tried it
They landed like this. —[Ex.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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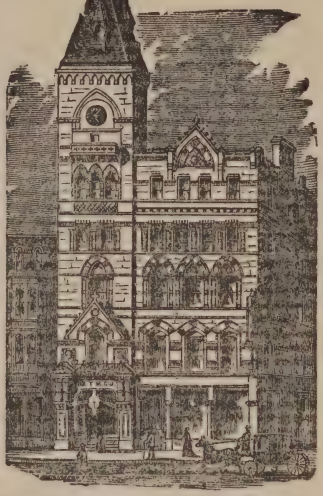

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 5

MARCH

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 MARCH, 1897 NUMBER 5

SCHOOL-BOY SPORTS FIFTY YEARS AGO

AS I stood in the Head-Master's room one morning last autumn, and looked out on the Playground where the High School Eleven were busily practicing their movements for one of the coming games, and observed the manner in which they responded as one man to the signal of their captain, showing that careful training and prompt obedience to orders, that alert watchfulness for the word which sent them with singular precision here or there, and that attention to discipline which so nearly won the championship for our team, my mind turned backward to the sports of my own school-boy days, so entirely different from the scientific methods of the present. And so, when your request came that I would send you something for THE SAGAMORE, it occurred to me that a few reminiscences of those "pod-augar days" might be interesting to the modern boy in our High School.

Of what are now termed "sports,"—racing, jumping and vaulting—we had nothing in which the Latin School, as such, took any general interest. Occasionally a boy would have a "leaping-pole," but he used it, not to see how high the weighted string could be raised without being displaced as he sprang over it, but how great a space he could cover by running a short distance, and then, placing the point of the pole upon the ground as a center, throw himself around that, and land perhaps twice the length of his staff from his point of departure.

Potato-races were unknown; for the discus-throwing which promises a revival of the old Greek game, we had "quoits," a sport which seems to be coming into vogue again, much as we used to play it.

"Ducks and Drakes" was another game which I have also seen occasionally in recent times; the boy who acted as "drake" placed

a heavy stone, about the size of a paving-stone, on another, somewhat larger; his companions, standing a little distance away, endeavored to displace the upper one by casting at it their "ducks,"—similar stones; if they succeeded, the drake was obliged first of all to replace his own stone, and then to tag the thrower before the latter could return to the scratch; and if he succeeded, the victim became the drake, and the latter took his place in the line. But if, while running, the stone was displaced a second time, the chase must be discontinued until it had been restored, and then the second thrower became the object of pursuit. This was sometimes quite exciting, and it took a swift as well as a watchful runner to win his place at the scratch, for the ducks came thick and fast when the drake was chasing a lucky thrower, shouting "Relieve me" to his comrades.

In the spring we had what *we* called "Base-ball," but those who have watched the modern game would hardly recognize that from which it had its origin; there was the pitcher, styled "Give," and a catcher, or "Catch;" there were four bases, the first of which was at the right of the striker, and the fourth opposite, at his left. A flat-faced bat, much like a cricket bat, and occasionally a round bat, perhaps a stout broom-stick, was used, and when the elastic ball was hit by the latter in the hands of some skillful player, the consternation was carried into the ranks of the adversaries. The striker walked leisurely to the first base and then the fun began; the contest was now between the runner and "Give;" the former ran when he saw his opportunity, but "Give" could put him out between the bases by throwing the ball and hitting him while he was running, and the striker was then out of play. If, however, "Give" pretended to throw the ball, so as to deceive the runner, but did not actually throw it, there was a "balk," and the cry went up "Balkety, walkety, all the way round," and the batsman's injured feelings were soothed by allowing him to walk leisurely around the remaining bases, to take his turn again in due order. All the players had to be "put out," before the side was out, and the number of runs in an ordinary game were something wonderful.

Cricket did not have much attention in my time, though once in a while there were attempts to introduce it, but a simpler game,

somewhat like it, was sometimes in vogue. Two blocks a few inches high, placed about three feet apart, were set at each end of a portion of one of the paths on the Common, about thirty or forty feet distant, and across each pair was laid a slender rod. The "*Boulomai Ego* Club" were quite expert at this game, the effort of the bowler being to bowl the ball against the opposite wicket, and displace the rod; if he succeeded the batsman was out; but if the latter hit the ball and knocked it away, he could count as many points as he could make runs to the opposite wicket and return before the ball was caught and returned to the bowler.

In the autumn we occasionally had Foot-ball, which consisted chiefly in kicking the ball here and there, with no definite aim except to see who could send it higher or farther than the others. Nothing like an organized game with sides was played, that I recall. But the game which stirred our hearts most was "Hockey," or more appropriately in later days "Shinney," which was *the* sport of Latin School boys fifty years ago. There was a club known by the horrible name of "The Bloody Reds," whose play-ground was on Boston Common opposite Temple Place. As soon as school was over the boys thronged up there from Bedford street, and at once one of the leaders began to choose sides. This was done by tossing the hockey from one to the other; the catcher was required to hold it tightly, and the thrower then placed his hand just above the holder's; their hands alternately grasped it till the top was reached, the boy who won the last grasp having first choice for his side. If the space left at the top was too small for the hand, it was lawful to attempt holding it between the thumb and finger, and then swing it three times around the body behind the back, raising the hand above the head, without losing the grip; if successful he won the first choice.

Sides having been chosen, the ball was carefully placed on a little pile of earth, and by a vigorous blow "lifted" over the heads of the opponents who had ranged themselves opposite as they pleased, anticipating where it would fall. Park street mall was the northerly bound, and the path from West street to the old elm the southerly. Two or three strong players "tended out," like the full-back at

foot-ball, to return the ball if it was not stopped before it reached them, and as it rose, away stormed the side in pursuit; then raged the battle where it fell; thick and fast came the blows until some lucky hit sent it out of the bunch, and an off-side player's shins were lawful game for lusty raps. Often some sly fellow would be "lurking" (off-side at a distance), and the tender-out who recognized him as an ally would knock the ball in his direction, and then came a fierce run to stop it before it got too near "bounds."

Here was an occasional chance for strategy, for the lines of the West street path and Park street are not parallel; hence the effort of the southern side was now to drive the ball towards Beacon street — for every inch gained in that way made the distance to the path greater, without increasing it towards Park street — until re-enforcements arrived, and quick was the response as the war-cry "Bloodies to the rescue" rose from the shrill voices of the players, rushing like a swarm of bees from Tremont towards Beacon street.

My pulse bounds as I recall those games, and the courage and gallantry of many of my school-mates in their hotly contested struggles. The bodies of some are sleeping now in Southern soil, where they gave their lives to their country, for they were as quick to answer her call as they had been to meet their antagonists in upholding the honor of the old school. There were Savage, and Lowell, and Goodwin, and many another whose name rises in my memory; and when I sometimes meet one of our old leaders whose prowess I so much admired when a little fellow, I wonder if they too recall the struggles, or realize how much those fierce boyish battles did towards making them the same strong leaders of men that they were among their youthful comrades.

Occasionally I see in Brookline one of the Temple place members of "The Bloody Reds," who perhaps could tell you of some exciting match with "Chauncy Hall," and I have a suspicion that the dignified Chairman of the Board, then a High School boy, has not altogether forgotten them.

Our games were crude as compared with yours, but we had as "jolly good times" then, as the boys of today have, I assure you.

William T. R. Marvin.

A GREAT VICTORY IN BASKET-BALL

SATURDAY, February 13, was a memorable day for the Brookline High School girls. On that afternoon our basket-ball team played Dr. Sargent's Normal School at their gymnasium in Cambridge; and Sargent's, you must know, is considered the strongest team around here. We felt confidence in our girls, but I confess, when we saw the opposing team, apparently feeling sure of victory, our hearts sank a little. The Brookline school team lined up as follows:—

Freeda Sawyer, '97,	Goal thrower.
Mollie Seely, '97,	Front home.
Elise Coffin, '98,	Front center.
Marjorie Bouvé, '97,	Center.
Emma Mackay, '99,	Back center.
Helen Adams, '98,	Back guard.
May Lewis, '97,	Goal defender.

At three o'clock the struggle began in good earnest. Almost with the first throw Freeda Sawyer caught the ball and made a goal. Our cheering was deafening,—as good play after good play was made by our girls. The first ten minutes' half was a veritable struggle, the Sargent's girls played a strong game, but our girls were everywhere at once, and the score at the end of the first half was Brookline 4, Sargent's 3.

In this half, Freeda Sawyer, penned in the farthest corner, surrounded by opponents, made a remarkably long throw for the basket and the ball went in amid wild applause from Brookline. Later on Captain Lewis, seeing the centers were surrounded by opponents, made a desperate throw the entire length of the hall to the goal thrower, who caught the ball and scored another point. Such shouts and yells! Even Mr. Sanford joined heartily in the uproar. So the battle waged! At last, time was called and the score stood 7 to 6 in our favor. Our girls played a fine game and proved themselves worthy to be called the "Invincible Team." Some of them are even calling themselves the champions of New England.

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

SKETCHES

I

THE CARDS.

"The cards will be given out at the close of school!"

How the words echoed as a knell in fifty hearts as the class-room teacher spake them. Somebody dared offer applause! I looked at the scoundrel with lowering eyes and murder in my heart.

A gloom settled over the room. The sun shone no longer for poor unhappy mortals such as I. "Cards!" The gloomy words kept ringing in my ears until, at last, the gong did sound.

What matter how I study now?
I'm in for a fine old family row!
Alas! the day should be so near
When red-ink lectures I must hear.

All the teachers were happy, it seemed, after their emptying of the red-ink bottle. How could they smile on such a day as this? I reluctantly let the hours slip away, struggling to keep such a nightmare at arm's length. One-thirty,—yes, the time had come. So, bracing myself firmly against the back of my chair, and assuming a look of infant innocence, I softly chanted,—

Alas, alas, upon the battle-field,
He died, he died.— The red ink stained his shield.

And the cards were given out. ———, '98

II

A SKETCH.

The toys were scattered in confusion over the nursery floor. The beautiful block towers and palaces lay in ruins; the rocking horse, tired out with his day's work, had tumbled over on his side, while the woolly lamb was crushed beneath a train of cars. Over on the table by the window, stood a bread and milk bowl—empty, the high chair was pushed aside, and a soiled little bib lay crumpled on the floor. Where is the king of this miniature realm? Look by the fire-side. Rocking gently back and forth is the young mother, and cuddled in her arms is the royal boy. The rumpled curls are

smoothed back from the flushed face, and the heavy eyelids are almost closed. "Lullaby, lullaby," croons the gentle voice, and the little pink toes curl up tighter as the brown head drops back on the mother's breast. Hush! he is asleep! ———, '98

III

I GIVE A FRENCHMAN AN ENGLISH LESSON

One day last summer, as I was standing on a wharf in Boston, watching the ever changing panorama which continually goes on in the harbor, I suddenly heard a man a few feet away from me exclaim, "O, what a beautiful flock of ships!" I immediately perceived that the speaker was a Frenchman, who had probably just arrived in America, so, thinking I might be able to help him master the complications of our language, I stepped up to him and said, "Pardon me sir, but allow me to correct your last sentence. A flock of ships is called a fleet, a fleet of fish is called a school, a school of robbers is called a gang, but a gang of girls is always called a bevy. A bevy of bees is called a swarm, but a swarm of ducks is called a flock. A flock of people is termed a crowd, a crowd of caught fish is termed a mess, and a mess of live partridges is called a covey. A covey of wolves is called a pack, while a pack of cattle is called a herd. A herd of trees is called a forest, a forest of mountains is called—" But I got no further, for, with mingled looks of horror and contempt, my pupil turned and strode rapidly away, with his hands on his head, and I have not seen him since. ———, '97

IN ANTI-SLAVERY TIMES

IT was the time when the agitation of the slavery question was at its height, when men and women were risking their lives in the cause of freedom. Among others, my grandfather was a strong anti-slavery man, believing that the blacks were as much God's creatures as the whites.

Stoneham, a quiet little town cuddled in among the hills, was a place little suited to danger or excitement, and my grandfather's home seemed even more quiet and peaceful than the tiny village. His low, white house, half covered with clinging vines, stood in the midst of a sunny orchard of gnarled old apple trees. It was an old, rambling house with low, spotless rooms, hiding many a nook and corner, which, when found, delighted the children. There was one cubby-hole, however, of which the children knew nothing. On one side of the large living room was a mock fire-place, over which was a book-case with movable shelves, set far into the wall. When the lowest of these was removed, one saw a space large enough for a man to hide in. This, you see, ran down behind the fire-place as far as the floor. Books, well read and well-worn, filled the shelves, and glass doors with red curtains kept the dust out.

One drowsy morning in May, when all nature breathed of peace and quiet, grandpa sat meditating in his study, meditating, as he often did, on the terrible curse of the country, and wishing that fate might give him power to prove his sentiments. He little dreamed how soon he would have the longed-for opportunity.

Stealing up the flower-bordered walk was a negro, head bent low, with a wild and haunted look. Bridget, the faithful cook, seeing him coming, and thinking him an imp from the lower regions, seized her broom and belabored his woolly pate, crying, "Away wid ye, yer spalpeen, away wid ye!"

The howling of the poor fugitive brought grandpa to the scene, at whose feet Sam threw himself, and, with tears streaming down his black cheeks, sobbed, "Fo' de lub ob de Lor', mas'r, save me!"

My grandfather understood the situation in a minute, and laying his hand on Sam's shoulder, said reassuringly, "My boy, come with me. I *will* save you."

Sam sobbed like a child, he was so overcome by weariness, anxiety and hunger. Bridget at first rebelled "to be afther waitin' on the loikes o' him," but after a word with Mr. Gray soon had a steaming dinner for the hungry visitor. When the fast vanishing meal was finished, grandfather bade Sam follow him. No sooner were they comfortably seated, discussing ways and means of Sam's escape,

than two men were seen coming up the road. Grandpa's heart stood still. He grasped the arm of his chair, then with a "Sit still, my lad, I will be back directly," he withdrew, quietly closing the door. Once outside he ran with the swiftness and agility which would have done credit to a younger man. He quickly summoned his wife and Bridget.

"They have suspected us. Norcross is coming. Quick! Clear the book shelves. We *must* save Sam." Those were stirring times! It took but a moment to realize fully the terror of the situation, then everyone feel to work with a will. Sooner than it takes to tell it the books were out, Sam was well concealed in the blessed fire-place, the books were back again, the doors closed, the curtains drawn. Foot-steps were heard on the porch. Mr. Gray opened the door with a hearty welcome, then started back, as if surprised, at the sight of handcuffs.

"Pray, pardon us, Mr. Gray, these are times of deeds, not words. A slave has escaped, has been seen in *this* town, has passed up *this* road. *You* are a strong anti-slavery man. You understand us."

"But stop! Am I to infer you suspect me of concealing a slave in my house? Oh, man, would that I were! Come in. Will you begin your search at once?"

Dear old grandfather. You never thought of the terrible risk you were running. You thought only of the poor soul depending on you and your protection. God surely helped you!

The search was a long, anxious one. Norcross and the sheriff left no room unvisited. Into every nook and cranny the keen eyes of the officers peered. In grandfather's own room they made most vigorous search, opening even a barrel of apples to make sure the fugitive was not hidden there. Finding no trace in the upper rooms, with flushed faces and less courteous manner, they descended to the ground floor. Here a flood of light, open windows and doors promised no concealment; but nothing daunted, they hunted on. At last they came to the living room! Grandpa paused a moment. The kitten purred in grandma's easy chair, the kitchen door stood ajar, and Bridget's rich contralto voice merrily singing "Rory O'Moore," was wafted into the man-hunters' ears. There were

grandpa's morning paper and spectacles laid carelessly aside, and on the window-sill one lone chicken was pecking away at a bit of seed, dropped from the canary's cage. Flustered and slightly confused by the homely quiet, the burly sheriff, bringing the handcuffs down with a clanging sound, cried, "Norcross, I *know* he 's here. I *feel* it. Don't give up. We 've got to find him."

Rapping for hollow places, standing on chairs to peer into high closets, the men had just reached the fire-place, behind which crouched weary, hunted Sam, when Bridget, faithful Bridget, rushed in, crying, "The Saints prisarve us! The shid's afire!" A minute's hesitation, then a second alarm brought Norcross to his senses. What could any man do but help in such an emergency? Could he see his friend's house burn and perhaps lose his own life for suspicions, perchance groundless? The hunt was finished! The day was saved! Bridget had proved herself a heroine! With her quick Irish wit she had set fire to a pile of shavings, and thus outwitted Norcross. The fire, we need hardly say it, was soon extinguished, and Norcross apologized to grandpa for having so unjustly accused him. Grandfather never flinched, accepted his apologies, invited him to call again under pleasanter auspices, and closed the door with a thankful heart and a prayer on his lips.

That night Mr. Gray was suddenly called to a neighboring town north of Stoneham. Sam, disguised in grandma's dress, shawl and poke bonnet, accompanied him. His protector left him at the house of another strong anti-slavery man, from whence he escaped to a town still farther north; and finally, after weeks of anxiety and hair-breadth escapes, he reached Canada, where all men are equal and the black are as much respected as the white. Here he found constant occupation in the shop of a machinist, so he said in one of his many grateful letters to grandfather.

Bridget was my grandmother's faithful servant until the latter's death, and when the war was over and the terrible curse lifted from the country, her favorite story was "how I saved the poor nigger," which she related time and again to my mother.

— M. H., '97.

WHICH ONE?

A bachelor, young and winning,
  Received a valentine,
But when he thanked a girl for it
  She said, "It isn't mine."

And so he pondered o'er and o'er
  Who could have been the she,
But when he asked that girl again,
  She said, "It isn't me."

Meanwhile a clever-minded maid
  Thought up a little plan,
And when he said, "Ah! it is yours!"
  She blushed behind her fan.

Now tell me, which the guilty one?
  The one who blushed and smiled,
Or she, who with a gulp said "No!"
  And conscience reconciled?

H. J., '98.

OUR PUBLIC DAY

THE Hall Day held Feb. 9th, was probably the best public day that B. H. S. has ever had, if only for the admirable balance and unusual diversity of its programme. It is safe to say that there were very few dull moments during the hour and a half that the entertainment lasted, and the three hundred parents and friends of the school who were present were shown in how many different directions the talent of the B. H. S. displays itself. The teachers who had charge of the event may congratulate themselves on their success.

All of the speaking was of a high order and the speakers acquitted themselves to their own and the school's credit. The scene from the French comedy of "L'Avare," given by Miss Molly Seely and J.

Gilbert Peirce, was well learned, and so capitally presented as to bring roars of laughter from the audience. Mademoiselle must have been pleased to see it interpreted so well. The debate between Charles Kellogg, Jr., and Walter Smith was unusually interesting. About a dozen girls of Miss Howell's calisthenics class gave an exhibition of some Delsarte movements to music, which were very graceful and pleasing; some of the posturing was decidedly "fetching." But the unique "hit" of the day was undoubtedly made by the "Easy Winner" double trio, composed of W. H. Smith, C. Kellogg, tenors; E. Ritchie, W. Parker, air; W. S. Smith, O. Talbot, basses. The two songs and encores captured the audience, and the song of the local hit brought down the house. Perhaps the double trio will be remembered next public day. The programme:—

Music, Orchestra; "Eulogy on Charles Sumner," Gardner Rogers; "Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," William H. Smith; "Legend of the Bells," Marion Hay; Singing, "Watch on the Rhine," School; "Toussaint L'Ouverture," Walter A. Parker; Two scenes from "L'Avare," Molly Seely and J. Gilbert Peirce; Debate, Charles Kellogg, Jr., and Walter S. Smith; Delsarte exercises, Girls' Gymnastic Class; "Blame it all to me," Fred M. Durkee; "Hanging a Picture," Ethel M. Humphrey; Three songs, "Easy Winner" Double Trio; "Cataline's Defiance," May W. Boody; "King Cotton" and "El Capitan" Marches by the Orchestra.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ROLLER SKATING RINK

LAST Saturday two fellows and I went into the Roller Skating Rink to spend the afternoon. None of us had been on roller skates for six or seven years, so we anticipated some delightful tumbles. As I expected to be the laughing stock of the whole rink, I was rather reluctant about beginning to skate, but finally I mustered up courage and bought a skate check. Soon a fine pair

of rollers were in my hand and, at first, I thought that was the best place to keep them.

I cornered a young fellow, who adjusted my skates for me, and soon I felt the treacherous rollers between me and the smooth, slippery floor. In the meantime one of the fellows, "Peg," had succeeded in getting his on firmly, and with a confidence born of many years of ice skating, started boldly off on the smooth floor. I was talking with the boy who had fastened my skates, when all of a sudden I heard a hurried struggle,—a loud thud,—and looking up I saw "Peg" doing the "spread eagle" on the floor. He rose quickly and gave a sidelong glance to see if I had noticed him. But I pretended not to have seen him, although he was well aware that I must have heard him as he came in contact with the boards.

Then I started out. I tried hard to keep both feet on the floor as much as possible, because I hardly felt able to balance one hundred and sixty pounds on one foot with a ball-bearing skate on it. And I kept near the wall, as I did not wish to make enemies by unavoidably running into any of the skaters. Finally, I started off around the hall. I tried to strike out as I would on ice, but every time my foot would slip, and it felt as if someone had hold of my coat pulling me back; after every stroke I balanced back and forth, until I steadied and took a fresh brace on the floor. I was obliged to catch myself continually, otherwise,—well, never mind. The first time I tried to stop I got my feet all tangled up in my vain endeavors and nearly made the close acquaintance of the floor, so after that I merely let myself run into "any old thing," until I learned the right way to stop myself.

Presently, the music started, and that seemed to spur me on. Every time I circled the hall I improved, although my earnest efforts caused the perspiration to trickle down my brows. Before long, I attempted the "outward roll" and did it. Well, I was surprised. Then I went round the hall doing the "outward roll" for the next half hour. Many amusing things happened that afternoon, but after all I considered that I had made great progress and was sorry when the time of closing came.

W. H. S., '97.

EVERY ONE A STAR

One day, as I travelled in Persia's fair land,
I entered a temple which stood near at hand.
There a Brahmin, dressed in a tunic of white,
Told me to follow, took a lamp for a light,
And lead me to a chamber far underground,
Called "The Light of The Past,"—through Asia renowned.
And as I gazed round on the walls of the room,
I saw a large mirror, in form like a moon.
To my eyes it was but a plain, common glass,
Yet as I looked, it 'gan to shimmer and flash,
And after a mist had passed up to heaven,
It revealed the bright boys of old Ninety-Seven.
And the first man is Allen, Endicott C.,
A good lad and quiet, as you can all see.
I note a new boy by the light in the glass,
His last name is Barton—has just joined the class.
Dick Bishop, the drummer, is next to draw near,
His hot drives in tennis are something to fear.
Next appears Captain Boyce, who's light on his feet,
A Sandow in build—the school's all-round athlete.
Fifth comes a fellow who is full of good merits,
Who goes by the nick-name of Fisher T. "Kerrits."
Next appears Hal Channing, a fine boxer bold,
He has got the First Periphrastic down cold.
And look, here comes Crosby, as blithe as a lark,
We know that in Greek he's a terrible "shark."
And now George Fogerty, bright as a dollar,
They say that he wears high cuffs for a collar.
Hitchcock comes ninth on our list—he's a caution,
Knows what it means, but can't do the translation.
Next, "old war horse" Hutchins, who's always for fun,
Each word that he speaks is a wonderful pun.
And here is Charles Kellogg, the manager fine,
Who sure takes the cake in debates every time.
Then Henderson, brother of Charles, rambles by,

Says "History's like taking big bites from a pie."
Here's Moore, nick-named Phippy, you'll all recollect,
In solid Geom. he'll take honors at Tech.
The fourteenth is Morse, who talks through his Dunlap,
And has with Nile Talbot a long standing scrap.
Then, Authur M. Osborn, who writes such bad jokes,
And is such a bother to all steady folks.
Here's Parker, the SAGAMORE'S chief, I'll be bound,
'Tis said he wears foot-ball hair all the year round.
Now Peirce, first name Gilbert, a most learnèd man,
He fights in the Latin class all that he can.
Then Ritchie,—at jumping he's doing great feats,
To give Ninety-Seven some points in the meets.
Nineteen looms up, and I'm sure it is Roney,
With his long legs and his curled hair so toney.
'Tis Smith, W. S., who next gives us greeting,
He won the prize at the contest in speaking.
And here Smith, "Billy" H., comes slowly in sight,
Oh-h-h! All the girls call him their "ladies' delight."
Stearns is the lad who has always a "hustle,"
He flies round so that he makes a great Russell.
Next, Stillman, "Metoxen," O! he is a "beaut,"
Why! touchdowns for him are just ripest of fruit.
I count twenty-four—Talbot walks into view,
A jolly good fellow, has friends just a few.
Twenty-fifth comes Taylor, with boot-tops so high,
He's awful careful of the tie of his tie.
Ah! Wayland, called Bert, in the class never stuck,
He says his Math. problems as if he's wound up.
And last on our list, always prompt to a "feed,"
There appears on the looking-glass, "Dib" K. Wead.
Then the glass became troubled and filled with gloom,
And the old Brahmin leads me out of the room.
But what if the light in the looking-glass dies?
I know all I've mentioned are stars in the skies.

A GIRL'S LETTERS

I

ATLANTA, March 7, 1892.

My Dearest Betty:—

My dear, I have an awfully big piece of news to tell you. I would not tell anyone else for the world, but I know you would tell me if anything of the sort happened to you. Now, darling, get your fan and salts bottle and be prepared—I have at last met my fate!!! And he is such a dear! His name is beautiful, Willis Osborne Renshaw, and he is just as handsome as he can be. He is six feet tall, has jet black hair, black eyes and dark complexion. No mustache or beard, and such a fine strong mouth and chin.

I am simply crazy to have you meet him, I know you would like him immensely, He is over here nearly every day and we go to all the parties and dances together.

I must close now for I hear him whistling down on the porch.

Good-bye, do write to me soon. As ever yours, POLLY.

II

ATLANTA, March 29, 1892.

My Dearest Betty:—

I know you are just dying to hear more about Willis, you dear thing. Well he has not "popped" yet, but I know he will soon.

I have planned the whole wedding; it is to be in June (Willis dislikes long engagements) at St. Michael's. All the decorations will be green and white; Sister Alice will be maid of honor, of course. Then eight bridesmaids, eight ushers (Willis's college friends), and I want the church to be jam full of people.

There he is, so I must close. I will write further particulars later. In haste, POLLY.

III

My Dearest Bet:—

Only a line to tell you about the bridesmaids' dresses, for of course you will wear one of 'em.

They are to be white silk muslin over pale green silk, green shoes and stockings, pale green gloves, and each maid will carry bride roses.

My gown is to be of creamy satin trimmed with that beautiful old point lace of Mother's. The veil will be the lace one Mother wore, and I will carry lilies of the valley. Don't you think it will be pretty?

We are all going picnicking today, so I must close this, and help fix some lunch. As ever, POLLY.

IV

ATLANTA, April 10, 1892.

Dear Betty:—

Just time for a line to announce the engagement of Mr. Renshaw to Dorothy Maitland, a friend who has been visiting Sister Alice since February. In great haste, POLLY.

A LULLABY

Sleep thou my dearest, so fair and sweet,
While mother rocks thee soft and slow,
The baby cloudlets have said good night,
Little ones slumber, above—below.
Then lullaby, lullaby, baby mine,
Only the stars are awake, to shine.

The leaves on the trees have gone to bed,—
The night breeze hushes them into sleep,—
Dreamland draws nigh from every side,
So fare thee well, my watch I'll keep;
Then lullaby, lullaby, baby mine,
Only the stars are awake, to shine.

Dreams, sweet dreams, are hovering 'round
To bear thee away. Till morning's light
Will bring you back, in her sunny arms,
My baby love, I'll say good night;
Then lullaby, lullaby, baby mine,
Only the stars are awake, to shine.

M. B. D., '98.

THE SAGAMORE

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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FOR the first time in many years, mid-year examinations have been given at the Brookline High School, and we have often wondered why the Brookline High was behind other schools in this respect. For surely mid-year exams are a great benefit. They test the scholar's knowledge of those studies which he has carried during the first half year; they serve as a most powerful warning to the delinquent scholar, showing what studies he should lavish special care and attention upon; they serve the master as an excellent basis on which to estimate the student's probable standing; and lastly, they are fine practice for those pupils who intend to take exams for higher institutions.

Now, although mid-year exams are in themselves good and practically harmless, yet they may be made the means of almost certain destruction to about one-half of the student mass, if they

appear too suddenly upon the scene. It is always well to give some inkling of their approach, because if they are a surprise, sad results are sure to follow. For it is practically impossible to remember all the important points in each of four or five subjects carried on during the half year, although one may have learned each separate lesson, and 'tis but right that time be given to recover some of the pristine freshness of the ground traversed in the half year. And so when the exams come suddenly the stars are most likely to look down upon boys sitting up late, poring over text-books, and the results of the exams are apt to be a heartache to many pupils, excepting, of course, those who are called "grinds" in schoolboy parlance. Yet the mid-year exams are good and we recommend that they be held annually in the Brookline High. There was one bright particular rose that flowered in the recent desert of examinations, and that was the fact that the results of the exams did not affect the marks for the quarter.

The town has appointed swimming instructors at the New Public Bath Building, and now Mr. Street has charge of the boys of the school, and the Misses Street are teaching the girls that there is no need to sink to the bottom whenever they go into the water. Already Mr. Street has given the fellows several lessons in life-saving, and in the various movements used by the swimmers. But the lessons do not have the force that they ought, inasmuch as the boys forget or do not care to try what has been taught them, when they enter the water. They need not think that they do not need the instruction, for the greater part of them are self-taught swimmers, and such swimmers rarely use their strength to advantage in the water or swim with any degree of speed. They have yet to learn different strokes. To make the lessons a success, let every fellow pay attention to the instructions, and try to carry out in the water what he has been told, asking aid of Mr. Street if there is anything he does not understand. Thus the lessons will be a benefit and there will still be plenty of time to swim.

MY CHUM AT COLLEGE

My chum is the very best fellow I know,
He's good to me always and not a bit slow.
He lugs all my water up three flights of stairs,
And blackens my boots when I go off to prayers.

'Tis always my room-mate that fixes the fire,
And puts on more coal just before we retire.
He learns all my lessons, and reads from the "horse,"
And yet seems to do it without much remorse.

Each time that he gets a nice box from his home,
(Of boxes like that near a dozen have come)
He gives me the great lion's share of the pelf—
My chum is a brick — for I room by myself. —'97.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE

A SHORT time ago the girls of the two upper classes were assembled to hear Mr. Sanford read an address which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell delivered two years to the students of Radcliffe College. Dr. Mitchell believes that knowledge should be acquired for joy, for use, or for the training received while attaining it. He begged the girls to be regular, as to their hours of sleep and exercise; that they keep their idle hours sacred,—not studying on the seventh day, or working the brain an hour before bed time. It is a good thing, he says, to spend the time just before retiring in reading a novel or verse. He also urges that the girls be wide awake to all things about them when walking, or riding in the cars.

Near the end he adds a word in behalf of our mother tongue. A girl should be able to read and speak her own language well, Dr. Mitchell declares.

Although the girls did not agree, perhaps, with all of Dr. Mitchell's ideas, still they all must have felt that it was a very thoughtful and helpful address. M. D., '98.

ATHLETICS

THREE times a week the boys' gymnasium is filled with boys, to the number of fifteen or twenty, preparing for the indoor meet. This meet, by the way, is coming off in the Town Hall, on Friday, March 5th; the tickets are now on sale. The Sophomore class seems to have the majority of men in the field, with '98 a close second. The following is a list of events for the meeting:— Twenty-yard dash, twenty-yard dash (4th class), potato race, potato race (4th class), twenty-five-yard hurdles, slow bicycle, running high jump, putting 16-lb. shot, and jump, step and jump. New records may be looked for in the high jump and the shot. A man from '99 cleared the bar at five feet two, the other day, quite easily; and one of the '97 giants is said to be able to throw the shot somewhat over thirty feet. On the whole it is highly probable that this meet will be of great interest, especially as many of the events are in doubt, and there may be "dark horses" in the field.

Jamaica Pond has been the scene of several polo games, generally between '99 and a combination team. The Sophomores usually play a strong game and are very often victors. The class of '97 has made many efforts to get a team on the ice, but usually about four men showed up. We hope that next year teams will be organized early in the year in order that some exciting class games may be played.

PHILIP W. MOORE.

The Interscholastic Indoor Meet, under the direction of the Boston Athletic Association, will be held in the Mechanics' building, March 6th. Our indoor meet will be held on the evening of March 5th. This seems a very unwise, not to say foolish, move for those in charge of the athletics of B. H. S.; for what will a fellow be able to do at the Interscholastic when he has run himself out and sat up till eleven o'clock the night before? Practically nothing. With Boyce and Brush, B. H. S. should nab a few points in the Interscholastic, but it seems very doubtful, if our meet is held on March 5th. We advise that the date be changed to February 26th or 27th.

NEWS NOTES

Oh! those mid-year exams!!!

Examination?—thunderation, consternation, extermination!!!

The old sail at the back of the stage can hardly be said to improve the looks of Shailer Hall.

Someone is beginning business early. Notices of bicycles and cameras for sale have been posted on the bulletin board.

We have now begun a new school year,—let us hope we shall not make it old before its time, by bad behavior and idleness.

Does n't it seem as if the lunch counter has gone back on its earlier promise of variety? Coffee-rolls, cake and sandwiches seem to constitute the stock in trade, lately.

Everything is going along "swimmingly" at the new Bath-house. However, the committee that bought the trunks should have remembered that boys, as well as cocoanuts, differ in size.

THE SAGAMORE is soon to be more "*comme il faut*" than ever, for we have obtained mailing wrappers of the same paper on which it is printed. They will now be wrapped flat, and outside subscribers will receive their papers without the usual disfiguring crease.

Miss Goodwin gave a very pleasing entertainment to the members of the First and Second German Classes, on February 12th. Prof. Essor Erhardt, who teaches German at Tech., told the guests a fine story in German. Every one had a great time, and after the story chocolate was served.

Just to show what some of the other school papers think of THE SAGAMORE we print the following clipping from among many of the same sort which we have received: "THE SAGAMORE is awfully high-toned in appearance,—one of the neatest, best printed and most severely elegant of all the school papers. It reflects great credit upon the editorial taste of the Brookline High School."—[Chauncy Hall Abstract.

"H. C. Wellman, formerly assistant librarian at the Boston Athenæum, has been appointed superintendent of branch libraries and stations of the Public Library. There are now ten branches, four reading rooms, eleven delivery stations and fifteen fire companies that have books delivered to them, the latter being the most recent feature of the library service. To all these lines, Mr. Wellman will direct his energies." Mr. Wellman is B. H. S., '90.

Just listen to those chords?

The pupils of II Math. A are puzzling their brains to discover the difference between $\frac{7}{2}\sqrt{3}$ and $37\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{3}$.

From the soiled and travel-stained appearance of THE SAGAMORE in the Library, we should judge it is being read there.

"Every one should have some fixed aim in life," said the sharpshooter, as he sighted his rifle on one of the enemy's skirmishers.

Every little while debates are given in the hall on some good subject by the members of the Poly. Con. Class, and thus far the debates have been very well delivered. This is a good thing, etc.

The enthusiasm regarding the New Public Bath does not seem to have abated much as yet, and even during the severe weather of the week of January 22–28, the swimmers in the tank numbered 615.

Contributors to THE SAGAMORE will please write on one side of the paper only. The monthly meeting of the Editors is held about the 14th of the month, and all articles should be passed in before that date.

One of those fellows who always say decline when they mean conjugate, in the Latin Class, told us the following bit. He said that he had heard many white boys declining *possum*, but he never heard of a colored boy declining *possum*.

Mrs. Norton's senior cooking class is progressing finely, and we can say from experience that the virtues of the dishes prepared by the class seem to grow greater as the days run on. The cooking room is getting to be a pleasure resort of Mr. ———, one of our popular instructors, who can be found there from four to five on every Wednesday—not unemployed either. *Mais, il y a des autres.*

The Third Class is rejoicing in the possession of new histories of England. By a vote passed on Monday, 11th of January, 1897, the School Committee adopted as a text book, "A Short History of England," by Cyril Ransome, M. A. The advent of this book marks an era in the records of the school, and we are glad to say that the new and extended course in history is now fairly begun. We wish it success, and will predict that, in the near future, there will be in the school a laboratory as well equipped as the one over which Mr. Packard so ably presides. Friends in and out of the Education Society, can't you help this idea to a speedy realization? Books, maps, globes, pictures, cases, shelves, portfolios,—we wait all these; but, as we are modest, we ask for only a little at a time.

Mr. Packard now has charge of room 10.

Some one has truly said that "THE SAGAMORE is an *uncut* jewel."

Miss Frye has again taken up work with the fourth class, but still retains her College History with '98.

We are around looking for the man who said that R. C. Seaver should use Williams' soap. This is too personal.

A bright senior has discovered a new law in physics. It is this: Whispering and disorder in the class rooms vary inversely to the square root of the distance from the teacher's desk.

If we could only find the man who said that after coming from the tank his appetite was equal to four pieces of *II*, we would,—but we will stop here since he may be a larger man than ourselves.

Prof. Packard gave a very interesting lecture on X-Rays at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on January 21st. He illustrated his talk by experiments with different tubes, and by photographs taken at the Cambridge Manual Training School.

Brookline's graduates are making their way early in life. Sumner Foster, B. H. S., '—, and William Nash, B. H. S., '92, after having gone through the Harvard Law School, have joined in partnership and now occupy a handsome suite of rooms in the new Bird Building, Harvard square. Here 's success to them!

"Prof. Davis R. Dewey will give six exercises in Political Economy at the High School, on successive Tuesday evenings, beginning with March 2d. These readings are free to all those who are willing to do the prescribed reading in preparation for them. A list of books is posted at the Public Library."—[The Chronicle.

The Mandolin Club has met and organized, and Olin Talbot is still its leader. Through the kindness of Mr. Talbot, Mr. Lansing, the famous director of the Boston Ideals, coaches the Club twice a month, and already two new pieces are down cold. This year the Club has been cut down to those instruments really belonging to a Mandolin Club, as guitars and mandolins, leaving out the 'cello, flute and violin, which were a part of last year's Club. With this smaller number—which can be kept to time easily—it is intended to learn more pieces and to learn them better. Let us hope that we shall hear them in the hall before long. The list of the members: first mandolins, Olin Talbot, Walter Parker, William Smith; second mandolins, Woodworth James, Gilbert Peirce; guitars, Elliot Ritchie, Walter Smith.

The bell has been hung.

How about the "Easy Winners?"

"Oh, bring back, bring back, bring back the school property."

Mr. Wilson took a prominent part in the minstrel show given at the Riverdale Casino a week or two ago.

One of the senior girls has been boasting lately that she learned to swim in two lessons. Miss Street must be a good teacher.

Some members of the B.H.S. C.C. are taking geological pictures for Mr. Sanford, and if the plates are good, they will be made into lantern slides.

We desire to make these columns interesting, and wish that if any one hears a bit of news he would write it out and hand it to us or to the class editors.

Miss Ellen Chase, in memory to her brother, William Leverett Chase, has presented the boys of the school with a fine statue of St. George, he who killed the dragon. It has been placed on the landing towards the east end of the building, and forms a valuable addition to our art works.

The boys found it impossible to dry and dress themselves in the required time at the Bath House, so petitions from the first and second classes, asking for more time, were sent to the office. As a result, the time has been lengthened, and he must be a lazy man indeed who cannot now get out of the building on time.

It seems the fashion to have dreams now-a-days, and as THE SAGAMORE is always in the fashion, it also tried to weave some night fancies of its own. But a dream was not forth-coming, until some jokes of its exchanges had been placed under the pillow. Under the powerful appeal of these jokes a wondrous newspaper dream unfolded itself. In this dream THE SAGAMORE was a *Traveler* bent on seeing *Life* in every part of the *World*, so it went to London where it had great *Times*, and there it drank some of the *Spirit of '76*, pulled the tail of *The Black Cat*, and saw *Puck Punch Judge*. On its way home, in trying to make a *Record* in its trip around the *Globe*, it ran into the *Post*, but could not *Budget* an inch. When THE SAGAMORE came back to Brookline it tried to write down all its adventures, but as it is a good *Herald* of *The News*, a breezy *Journal*, and a *Standard Advertiser*, it could not find space enough in its columns in which to *Chronicle* these noted events. Ah! Yes?

After all the war talk in the last few months, it is a wonder that some "jingo" member of the school does not propose to resurrect the old battalion and march to the aid of the Cubans.

Why not have a picture taken of our crack basket-ball team, and then have it reproduced in THE SAGAMORE just as we have had the foot-ball team? Up to the present time we have never seen a picture of a basket-ball team, and if THE SAGAMORE should have the honor of reproducing such a picture before any other paper, it would be what they call in newspaper circles, a "scoop."

On the 12th of January ten fellows of the school met in Room 16 and organized a chess tournament. The players were divided into two sections, and when the games were finished it was found that John R. Marvin stood at the head of the first division, and that J. Earle Robarts was on top in the second division. These two played in the finals, which went to Robarts after a close struggle.

The two statues of Roman youths, which beautify our hallway at the great entrance of the school, were purchased from the Armstrong fund, and selected by Mr. William H. Lincoln, who had the casts made from the originals in the Louvre, Paris. In behalf of the scholars, we want to thank Miss Ellen Chase and Mr. Armstrong for their gifts to the school, and we hope that their good example may be followed by other people of Brookline.

For this issue of THE SAGAMORE more than four dozen jokes rolled into the contribution box in a stream, varying from the rich cream of laughter, to the skim milk of a smile. Let the good work go on. In the words of one of our instructors, "be not weary!" None of our exchanges pretend to keep up a humor page at this time of year, but print borrowed jokes. We hope that we shall not be reduced to such a pass, and we shall not, if the jokes continue to roll in.

February 9th, Mr. Sanford read us our annual invitation to do escort duty for the veterans. In other years when the battalion was well organized, the school has always unanimously decided to do escort duty, but some members of the school thought that, as the battalion was disbanded, and it was doubtful whether all could wear uniforms, marching under such difficulties would hardly be a fair showing of what the B. H. S. can do in the military line. The question was put to the school and it was voted by a handsome majority to march on Decoration Day. Now let the minority give way to the majority and all help make the day a success.

A joint meeting of the two chapters of the Tau Beta Beta is to be held in the High School, February 25th.

The High School clock is now fixed on the tower, and a finer specimen of a large clock it has never been our good fortune to see. I doubt if any school-house in America has as resplendent a time-piece. The gilded hands and the Roman letters stand out so prominently against the dark blue background, that the time can surely be made out half a mile away. The somewhat Puritanic exterior of our magnificent school-house is certainly distinguished by the clock. We are now abreast of the times.

Much has been said about calling children by nick-names, but this bad practice is as prevalent in the High School as in the kindergarten. Most certainly if these cognomens cling to the bearers in after-life—as they surely will—they will become an intolerable nuisance. Here are a few fine specimen nick-names of some senior boys: "Hen," "Peg," "Bill," "Rusty," "Kerrits," "Hutch," "Bloke," "Nile," "Hitchy," "Bussy," "Phippy," "Dib." And some girls: "Scrap," "Tooty," "Cherubim," "Seraphim," "Boovy," "Sticksy." Why not abolish this foolish habit and call people by their proper names?

THE MOCK SENATE

ON Thursday evening, February 11, the Debating Club gave a mock session of the State Senate. The meeting was a great success, both from the number of people in the galleries of the chamber, and from the sale of the tickets. The program was not long, but was very interesting.

Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., of Brookline, acted as Governer, and Harold K. Wead of Rockport as Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Kellogg made a fine inaugural address, modeled after the most approved and modern example in Massachusetts history. On previous occasions, Mr. Wead seemed inclined to take his inauguration as something comic, but he has conquered that tendency and now feels the great dignity of his office.

Arthur M. Osborn of Greenfield was elected President of the Senate and made a good speech. It is very unfortunate that no one was present to take the orations down in short-hand. Mr.

Osborn is a strong presiding officer; in fact, one person who was present thought that he must have pounded a hole in the desk with his gavel. But it is believed that a piece of wood was "borrowed from the Physical Laboratory" to receive his powerful blows.

Austin H. Parker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, looked imposing in a tall silk hat. Henderson Kellogg was clerk, but was not pompous enough to be a good imitation of the real clerk; otherwise, he did very well. J. Gilbert Peirce was elected United States Senator by a vote of 32 to 5.

The two bills discussed were to abolish the Common Council of Boston and to build a million dollar executive mansion for the Governor. The discussions were sharp and interesting. The first bill was defeated; the second passed, but was vetoed and failed to get through over the veto. J. Gilbert Peirce, *Secretary.*

HUMOR

A.—"Jones' home life seems to be marred."
B.—"Yes. He always was tied to his mother's apron strings."

Inquiring boy—"Is Wead in this room?"
Teacher—"I don't think so—I don't sea-Weed anywhere."

"Wigwam," said the Indian chief as he mopped his heated brow with the missionary's handkerchief.

There was a boy in our school,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He dotted all his letter t's,
And crossèd all his i's.

"That's a low (l'eau) trick," said the Frenchman when the hose was turned on him.

1st Bystander—"What was delaying that electric car?
2nd Ditto—"It burned out a fuse and refused to move until it had been refused."

First Senior—"What's the Poly. Con. lesson?"
Second Senior—"I don't know, but I've been clear through money and it's pretty hard."
First Senior—"That not my experience. I've been through a lot of money and found it easy."

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty blank,
For I feel it is not true,
When I splash around the tank.

Jones—"See that intoxicated man over there; he is continually sneezing. There must of been a feather in his whiskey."
Smith—"Yes, probably a cock-tail."

Teacher—"Give principal parts of the verb to whip."
Johnnie—"Whip, weep, weapt."

Mrs. B. (looking at photograph of statue,)—"John, what is this woman supposed to be holding?"
Mr. B. (interrupted in his newspaper reading,)—"Madam, she is supposed to be holding her tongue."

Pat. (who has found that he has been bidding against himself,)—"Mr. Auctioneer, allow me to make anither bid."
Auctioneer—"Certainly."
"Well, sorr, I bid you good-day," says Pat, as he quietly makes his exit.

Latin Teacher—"What is the meaning of non puto?"
Pupil (hesitating)—"I don't think—"

'97—"Miss X—— reminds me of one of the six mechanical powers."
'99—"Why?"
'97—"She is inclined to be plain."

Senior—"This fish is no good."
Junior—"Why?"
Senior—"He's crazy."
Junior—"What makes you think so?"
Senior—"When he was caught was n't he in-seine?"

It was a terrible cyclone. The chimney flue, and I saw the wine vault, the coal scuttle away, the kitchen sink, and I never saw the lawn mower. The floor was flooded. "A boat is what we rafter," cried my father, as he began to fire tongs andirons. "Now we're ready; castor off!" said he taking up a broken chair. We made the curtain pole and the bureau. Said the picture, "Wire things thus?" and we laughed to see the hatrack its brains for an answer.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 6

APRIL

THE SAGAMORE

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 APRIL, 1897 NUMBER 6

RECOLLECTIONS OF YALE

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the writer was a freshman at Yale. To a student in the High School this seems a long time, but to one looking back to his college life through the thin mist of a quarter of a century, the scenes and events of four important years are, many of them, as vividly discerned as though they occurred but yesterday.

The Yale campus, with its old brick row and famous elms, was calculated to make a deep impression upon the verdant seeker after knowledge. His boyhood dream had become a substantial reality; but the pleasure of walking in those classic shades was not unmingled with awe.

Considered in the light of the present, those were primitive days at Yale. Not a single one of the newer buildings had been erected. President Woolsey had yet two years to serve. The old college fence, dear to the heart of every Yalensian of that time, was then, and for many years afterwards, undisturbed. Here was the common meeting place and here the several classes sang their favorite songs to the edification of passers-by, especially young ladies.

It is easy to remember with what trepidation we sat in Alumni Hall after the entrance examination waiting for the verdict. The examinations of those days were oral and it only required a short time for the professors to put their marks together and inform the expectant candidates concerning their fate. The older professors seemed very grave and reverend upon that occasion and it was with some surprise afterwards that they were found capable both of telling and enjoying funny stories. There was Professor Loomis, who made numberless books of Mathematics, also Professor Whitney, afterward author of the Century Dictionary, Professor

Porter, who wrote "The Human Intellect," and became President of Yale, Professor Dana, the famous geologist, Professor Hadley, author of the Greek Grammar, and others whose names are well known for their scholarship.

Another picture firmly set in the memory is that of the old college chapel with its high pulpit, rather melancholy sounding organ, and, what was more trying to the unseasoned freshman, the uncushioned, straight-backed pews. The recollection of the scene upon a winter's morning is very fresh, when, with the temperature scarcely above freezing, there was a general chorus of sneezing and coughing on the part of the 600 or 700 students present which threatened at times to interfere with the progress of the service.

There were some good old Yale customs in those days which, to the student of the present day, are only shadowy traditions. One was the pledging of the incoming freshmen to the societies. The old railway station at New Haven was under ground and was such a dismal, smoky place that Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," compared it to the infernal regions. Upon arrival here the newcomer, fresh from the tender care of his parents, found himself beset by representatives of three societies all eager to secure his pledge. Sometimes his hat, coat, and other belongings were seized and distributed, and often, if he succeeded in getting safely into a carriage, he was likely to have three or four sophomores as companions in his ride to the hotel. It is remembered that on one occasion when the carriage was already filled to over-flowing, the representative of a rival society attempted to enter through the rear window, just as the carriage started. Like the camel in the story, he got his head and shoulders inside and was held in that position by his rivals, while his long legs were dangling in the air as the vehicle rolled up Chapel street.

Later came the initiations, when the book of woeful mysteries was unsealed and the freshman, after going through the ordeal, felt that he has turned a corner.

The annual "Statement of Facts" cannot be properly described here. It was, in brief, a farcical attempt to impress freshmen with the merits of two defunct societies. It consisted in sundry humorous

speeches, trials of strength between sophomores and juniors, and considerable throwing of beans. The exercises were usually closed by an attempt on the part of the sophomores to put the freshmen out of the hall, in which they were opposed by the juniors and sometimes assisted by the seniors.

Later came the "Thanksgiving Jubilee" with its sermon, minstrels and dramatic finale. A sermon delivered on one of these occasions, more than twenty years ago, must have had in it the elements of prophecy. The speaker arranged his sermon under three heads: first, Yale Dormant; second, Yale Militant; third, Yale Triumphant. Thinking of athletics, Yale has passed through these identical stages. Twenty-five years ago she received her annual castigation from Harvard at ball and boating with apparent complacency, but when Bob Cook appeared on the scene there began to be a change until the "Yale Spirit" asserted itself and a long series of victories has been the result.

It would be pleasant to speak of many phases of Yale life, especially the pleasant experiences of the writer with the Yale Glee Club, of which he had the honor of being president during his senior year, but space forbids, as some mention must be made of class-mates who deserve credit for what they have achieved. Every man believes his own college class to be the best that ever graduated and the present instance is no exception. The familiar notion that college estimates of men are often reversed in after life has already proven valid in respect to the class of '73. One member of the very lowest rank in scholarship has just been elected dean of the largest law school in New York City. Another one of similar standing is president of a large Western railroad; still another of the same college rank has served creditably twelve years in Congress.

But the men who distinguished themselves in college have also made a superb showing. One has been United States Minister to Greece during the last administration and his name was mentioned frequently in connection with the Olympic Games of last year. A leading lawyer, who is thought by some to be the best after-dinner speaker in Boston, is an esteemed classmate. One, who was noted

as a general punster and mischief-maker, has blossomed forth as a leading Hebrew and Sanskrit scholar, and returned not long ago from an expedition to Babylonia, where he has made excavations which helped to settle many questions concerning the existence and site of the Tower of Babel.

Should any of the readers of THE SAGAMORE be in doubt as to the value of a college course, let me say that the associations, inspirations and friendships, good for a lifetime, that belong to a college graduate, are worth all they cost and much more. The non-graduate never knows what he has lost. The graduate, while never ceasing to be grateful to his Alma Mater, is doubly glad because of his fellowship with choice men, by the example of whose industry and attainments he is urged on to do his best. The memory of college days and companionship with college friends brings pleasure to any soul that is not out of tune with the sweetest harmonies of life. SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

MAN VERSUS WOMAN

THEY had been shopping all the afternoon — Mrs. Millard and her friend Miss Blake. It was practically the first time that Mrs. Millard had been out for a week, for she had been ill with tonsilitis, and consequently felt rather weak.

Tired by their afternoon's work, the two ladies hailed an electric, Brookline-bound, and boarded it. They passed through the door and entered just such a car as may be seen any day between five and six o'clock — crowded. But Miss Blake, who felt a great responsibility over Mrs. Millard, walked confidently forward past the stout Irishwoman weighed down with bundles, past the elderly snowy-haired gentleman, past the usual shoppers and bargain-hunters — pushing ruthlessly aside the unfortunate beings who hung swinging on the straps — toward that portion of the car where a row of outspread newspapers betrayed the presence of a number of men.

She reached them, stood there sweetly smiling to her companion, and then glanced up and down the car as if looking for a seat.

But, oh, vain illusions! not a paper stirred, that the chivalrous knight of the twentieth century might make "*place aux dames.*" The contents of the newspapers became suddenly intensely interesting, and each eye was glued to the close-printed columns, apparently oblivious and unconscious of what was going on.

Highly indignant, Miss Blake tried stepping on the long-suffering toes of the man beside her, and finally, after many resultless exclamations such as "How tired I am!" or "Is n't there a seat in the car?" she tripped up, as if by accident, and actually sat down in the paper of a very pleasant-looking gentleman. But 't was vain! for in response to her murmured, "I hope you 'll pardon me, sir, but I really can't stand up in these cars!" came only the answer, "Certainly, madame, certainly," but no seat.

Not that Miss Blake desired to sit down — oh, no! — she only wished a place for her friend. She looked at Mrs. Millard, and to her excited fancy that lady's face seemed paler than before.

She *must* get a seat!

After a moment's thought, a bright gleam came to her eyes, and suddenly, catching hold of Mrs. Millard's dress, she cried in a tone of well-feigned horror: —

"Oh, May! you 're not going to have one, are you?"

Mrs. Millard, startled by the sudden fright and by the look in her friend's face, really turned, for the moment, very pale, and instantly half-a-dozen papers were flung aside, half-a-dozen men jumped to their feet, and half-a-dozen seats were vacated.

The younger woman hastily pushed Mrs. Millard into an empty place, sat down beside her, and then giving her friend's arm a slight significant squeeze asked excitedly, "Don't you feel better now?"

Mrs. Millard, suddenly realizing the meaning of the whole affair, answered faintly, "Yes, a little," and settled down comfortably for the rest of the tiresome journey.

The ingenuity of woman!! — H. W. B., '98.

AT THE MERCY OF MADAME

IF anyone had told me three months ago that a disgrace would ever fall on the family of de Polignac, I should have laughed in the face of the man who said such a thing. For the history of the de Polignacs is without a blemish, and every man who has ever borne that name has borne with it the stamp of nobility.

Yet now I lie here in a wretched dungeon — I, the last of my line, imprisoned in this hole, await trial for a heinous crime. The very thought of my ignominious plight makes my cheeks burn. But it is not with guilty shame — far from it — it is with indignation that even the appearance of such a disgrace should be believed in by the world.

The world, however, is as usual wrong in its judgment. I shall write down the true facts of my case, and you shall decide whether I be guilty or not.

A month or so ago I received from a former friend, Madame de Chastenay, a message requesting my presence at the château. I was, to be sure, much surprised at this summons, for, as every one knows, I have been little in Madame's favor of late. The truth is that when, some time ago, Madame so far forgot her dignity as to cause her name to be coupled with mine by all the gossiping tongues of the court, I went to her, as a gentleman should, and begged her pardon for any misbehaviour I may have indulged in, and pointed out to her the danger she was in. Of course Madame's pride took offense at this, but as the blame rested altogether with her, I did only the act of a friend in speaking to her. Nevertheless, she does not realize this fact, and has shown a marked dislike to me ever since that time.

Although I was greatly perplexed as to what she could want now of my services, I hastened to obey her summons. To my surprise she seemed pleased to see me, and she greeted me with that beautiful smile, which I knew so well but had never hoped to see again. I am not a skilled writer, and cannot speak fluently of a woman's beauty, but I know that the face of Madame de Chastenay has a charm to win the soul of every man she meets. The moment I entered her presence I fell under the spell of her power.

"I know, Monsieur de Polignac," said she, "that we have been scarcely intimate of late, but I am sure now that I was at fault in our trouble, and that you were in the right. [Both of which statements were perfectly true.] So now if you will forgive my foolishness," — this she said with an air of modesty which I could not but admire — "we shall be friends once more."

I was only too glad of this opportunity of regaining her favor, and I willingly pledged myself her most humble servant as before. Then she confided to me her wishes, and in the most delightful way gave me to understand that as I was the man she trusted most to do her bidding, she had sent for me. All this pleased me and I begged for her commands. She brought out a beautiful jewel-case and opening it showed me some of the most brilliant gems I had ever seen. A necklace of rubies lay on the velvet cushion, and beside them were some beautiful diamonds, which I knew must be of the greatest value.

"These," said she, "I wish you to take to my friend, Madame de Carriene, to whom they belong. You understand that they are of enormous value, and you see the honor I do you in entrusting you with them."

I assured her of my gratitude for her confidence in me and promised the utmost care in her errand. She then removed the case of jewels to the adjoining room to seal them up; soon, however, she reappeared with a packet, which, as she told me, contained all the valuables, and also a letter to her friend. It was securely fastened, and I gave my promise that it should reach Madame de Carriene with the seal unbroken. Madame de Chastenay thanked me warmly for my service and I departed, much pleased at the trust which she once more placed in me.

With the utmost caution I went about my errand. I traveled as quickly as possible, but with great secrecy and care. The packet I carried in the bosom of my dress, and at night I slept with it under my pillow. After a fortnight's journey I arrived at the town where Madame de Carriene dwelt, and rejoiced that my task was nearly accomplished. That night I slept well in anticipation of the

welcome I would receive next day. I pictured to myself the time when I should return the jewels safe and unhurt to Madame de Carriene, and imagined her profuse thanks.

In the morning I presented myself at the Castle and was admitted to Madame de Carriene's presence. All went as I had thought. I returned to my inn with a light heart that the whole business was safely over.

But, alas! My joy was short lived. I had hardly eaten my dinner preparatory to returning on my way, before I was summoned by a messenger from the household of Madame de Carriene. I went to see what the trouble was. As soon as I saw the messenger I knew something was amiss, though what I could not tell. But I found out soon enough. It seemed that I, Gustav de Polignac, was charged with that most abominable crime, robbery, and in spite of my protestations of innocence I was taken prisoner. Resistance was of no avail, and I was thrown into this wretched dungeon where I now lie.

It appears that when Madame de Carriene opened her packet she was disappointed by the lack of brilliancy in her jewels. Could these lustreless bits be the gorgeous gems she had expected to receive? Surely not. She examined them carefully and discovered that a trick had been played upon her. The true jewels were gone and these paste bits had been substituted in their place. Of course it was upon the bearer of the packet that her suspicions lighted, and I was arrested as the thief.

The matter has now become clear to me, since all I have to do here is to ponder over it, and an abominable thing it is. I am convinced that it was all a plot of my former friend, Madame de Chastenay. She knew that I would be accused of the theft and that it would cause my ruin and imprisonment. My blood boils when I think of her duplicity! Her beautiful words were only a gloss to blind me, while she was working her vengeance for my previous conduct.

Even now when my anger has had time to cool, I cannot think of her calmly. That I should be the victim of her plot! That I, one of the family of de Polignac, should have my name so stained by the

foulness of one woman's heart. Must I forever lose my honor to shield her baseness? She relied upon that very honor to protect her. Can my chivalry stand the strain?

Or shall I — ah! but the thought is sweet — shall I brand her before the world as the reptile that she is, and thus obtain my just release? 'Fore all the gods of Heaven I will do this!

And yet — and yet, she loved me once. My trial comes tomorrow. Shall I then turn against her? Shall I? Ah, God help me! Shall I?

— M. J. S., '97.

ATHLETICS

The school now enters upon the third season of its term, the base ball season. There will probably be a large schedule of practice games, besides the five or six league games. The team will be a strong one and will, we hope, come out a winner. But a winning team cannot be had without money. There is in the treasury at present about fifty dollars, mostly subscribed by the alumni. Now fifty dollars is a good deal of money, but the team needs about four times as much. The expenses last year were two hundred and fifteen dollars. The moral to this little story which we hope every one will heed—is this: We want a winning team and a winning team wants money. A partial schedule:—

April 10. M. I. T. 1900, at Brookline.
April 17. M. I. T. '99, at Brookline.
April 28. St. Marks, at Southboro.
May 8. Groton, at Groton.
May 12. Newton High, at Brookline.
May 19. Dean Academy, at Franklin.
May 25. University Grammar School, at Brookline.

P. W. Moore, *Sporting Editor.*

A SPRINGTIME PRINKING

The rain drops of spring had knocked at the door
Of the "Land of Nod" for the flowers,
And had wakened many a drowsy bud
That was dreaming of by-gone hours,
Had called them to dress for the opening ball
To be held in earth's fair bowers.

"Oh dear," said Miss Dandelion in fright,
"I 'm afraid my curls will turn gray!"
"Oh no," said Miss Buttercup, shaking her head,
"But it 's time we were well on our way;"
"Just wait for the laundry," Miss Daisy replied,
"My white ruff is coming today."

"I hope," said wee Violet, quite low to herself,
"That purple's in fashion this May;"
"Oh, where 's my cologne," Miss Hyacinth sighed,
"I must have it without delay;"
While Miss Pansy pensively cocked her head,—
So royal in velvet array.

This prinking is over, the flowers are gone,
To dance on the hilltop and plain,
The rose bud has murmured her last farewell,
She waits for June's gentle rain,
And over the "Land of Nod" for the flowers,
Sweet dreams are hovering again.

—M. B. D., '98.

The humor of the school seems to have made one magnificent charge on the contribution box and then eased up; but there will be an original humor page next time.

SKETCHES

I

A CURIOUS OLD SHOP

A LONG, dusty passage-way leads you into a bright, square room, where the bed-pan of the early settlers lies by the tall stove of today. Behind the counter stands an old grey-haired man, who, with his flowered waistcoat and curious wig, seems a part of the past. Near you is a large Bible, once owned by Miles Standish. Beside this is an old clock, the ticking of which is as monotonous now as in the day of John Brewster.

An antique pipe, carved with portions of the Scriptures, is lying near a punch bowl of enormous dimensions, which was owned by Charles II. and used by him frequently. A few high-backed chairs, embroidered with golden bees and the imperial "N," signify that the reign of Napoleon is not forgotten among all these other curiosities.

1900.

II

THE FIRE GHOST.

On the banks of a wide and beautiful river in New Hampshire, some distance from any village, stood a handsome unoccupied house. Its date on the chimney told that it had been standing nine years. It was in perfect repair, which showed that it had not been standing vacant long. I asked my driver about the house, and he told me with evident relish its peculiar story.

One hundred years ago, a young ruffian had set fire to the dwelling of a wealthy old gentleman. His crime had never been found out, however, and when he came to be a man a large fortune came to him. During his prosperity he had entirely forgotten, or, at least, never reminded any one of his younger days; but one night he had a very unpleasant dream, if one would judge from his disposition the next morning, How the knowledge of his dream leaked out, no one ever knew, but this is it.

A column of fire appeared to the startled old gentleman. Gradually it shaped itself into a most uncanny person, who said, "Your

sin has found you out. Henceforth you and your descendants shall be doomed to have every ten years any house belonging to them burned down. Ten years from today your house will not be standing."

Being a very unsuspicious old man he tried to forget his dream, but in vain. Ten years from that day the fire ghost entered his house unnoticed. The papers said next day that the house of an old resident of the town burned down from an unknown cause. The curse never left his descendants. This house in New Hampshire had been vacated, a year before the appointed time of its burning, by one of the old gentlemen's descendants. He did not want to risk any lives with a doom that had never failed for one hundred years.

As I chanced to pass by the site of the doomed house a year after I had been told the story, I looked for the house, but all that greeted my gaze was a pile of timbers and ashes.

1900

AN INNOCENT CRIMINAL

SEVERAL years ago, by the advice of my physician, I took a trip through Europe and incidentally stopped at Monte Carlo. I had intended to stay there only a short time, but the fascination of the place compelled me to prolong my visit. It was awe-inspiring to see fortunes won and lost in a few moments at that great gambling-den and it was this feature that influenced me to stay longer than I had intended.

During my sojourn at Monte Carlo I came to know by sight nearly all the professional gamblers, and also the poor victims who were forced by a hidden power to lose their fortune, their honor, and frequently their life. Among the latter class I had taken an especial interest in a young American about twenty-five years old. His name was Roger Leland.

I learned that he was the son of a wealthy Texan cattleman, who when he died left an enormous fortune to his son. Thus the future of the young man was secured by this acquisition of wealth. Young Leland now employed himself in the gratification of his pleasures and his great passion for gambling. In the latter pursuit he went to Monte Carlo, and it was here that I first saw him.

On the first day that I noticed Leland he was losing heavily, and on the succeeding day the fortunes of the roulette were no better for him, and his losings for the two days amounted to thirty-five thousand dollars, which, added to the sum he had previously lost, left him penniless.

It was several days after when I next saw young Leland. As he passed me on the street he had the appearance of a man in the first stage of insanity. I could not help pitying him, and as I walked to my hotel I wondered what would become of him. I now let the affair drop entirely from my mind as I was very busy for several days in going about the city.

A week afterward the incident came very vividly back to my mind as I found myself in the very salon where Leland had lost his fortune. Out of curiosity I went up to see the roulette and gambling den which were located in the top of the hotel. Before going to the door I peered through a small trap-door, which was made, I suppose, for police purposes. The room was apparently deserted when I looked first, but at a second glance I was astonished to see young Leland sitting directly in front of the door, about five feet away.

His face wore the stony stare of a man suddenly stricken with paralysis or else of a raving maniac. I shall never forget the expression on that face. I suppose that Leland was prompted to return to the scene of his ruination by the same instinct which prompts a murderer to revisit the scene of his crime. I was at once inspired with the desire to go to him and attempt to console him. Acting on the impulse I walked towards the door.

The very moment that I opened the door there resounded the sharp crack of a revolver, and young Leland pitched forward on his face, shot through the head. All was excitement! The

attendants came rushing up, startled by the shot. The police were summoned at once, and I was obliged to remain in the undisturbed room until they and the coroner arrived.

The officers arrived in a few moments, and after carefully locking the doors, they commenced their search. They could find not the semblance of a weapon, and as Leland couldn't have shot himself without a weapon, the suicide theory was out of the question. Therefore the decision of the police was that he had been murdered; and as I was the only one in the room with him, one minute after the fatal shot, suspicion pointed strongly to me as his murderer.

Accordingly, I was placed under arrest. In about a month I was brought to trial, but the authorities utterly failed in proving anything against me. They could prove no motive, and the most astonishing fact was that they had still failed to discover any weapon. As the evidence was entirely insufficient, I was discharged.

Although I was acquitted I was not proven innocent. The suspicion still clung to me, and on this account I determined to attempt to unravel the mystery which had baffled the police. I at once went to the gambling den, and as it had not been used since the tragedy, I began my search after carefully closing the door. My search was fruitless. I could discover no place whence the fatal shot could have come.

On the second day of my search I was no more successful, but on the third day as I opened the door my eyes were attracted by a small hole, about one inch in diameter, in the casing of the door. When the door was closed it completely hid the aperture.

On further examination I found a round steel barrel of a revolver occupying the space. I now rapped on the casing and found it to be a counterfeit panel. I removed the panel, and the solution of the tragedy which had baffled the best detectives of Europe, lay before me.

In the cavity, which was covered by the panel, was securely fastened a small derringer with an unusually long barrel to ensure accuracy. The trigger had been removed, and two electric wires were connected with the hammer. The wires, after going to two

small storage batteries, which were situated directly behind the pistol, ran down the inside of the casing. They emerged near the hinge-plate, and were separated in such a way that when the door was opened the steel hinge would complete the circuit. The circuit completed, a current would be sent by the storage batteries which would discharge the single cartridge the revolver contained. Here was the solution of the tragedy. Leland, being almost an expert on electricity, and too cowardly to deliberately kill himself, had arranged this contrivance so that the next person who entered the room after him would commit the crime.

—C. B. '98.

B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

THE regular meeting of the Debating Club was held on Wednesday, Feb. 24. The question discussed was, "Resolved, That the Senate should ratify the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty." It was voted that the executive committee "be authorized to choose a question for the debate with Newton H. S. D. C.," and that "the trial debate for the joint debate should occur two weeks from this evening," that is March 10; also that the executive committee should have full power to make all arrangements for the public debate. The question for the next meeting will be, "Resolved, That the English Government represents the interests of the people more truly than does the United States Government."

The Newton debate will be held in Brookline High School hall, on Friday evening, April 23. The question will be, "Resolved, That the Senate should ratify the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty." Newton will have the affirmative and Brookline the negative. Our club wants the whole school to turn out and give its debaters a good support. The tickets will be only twenty-five cents. Everyone ought to go.

At the trial debate, March 10, Richard Bishop, Philip Moore and J. Gilbert Peirce, with Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., as alternate, were chosen to represent Brookline.

J. G. PEIRCE, *Sec.*

THE SAGAMORE

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It is unfortunate, but nevertheless true, that we cannot all be "Sandows." This fact is liable to make many a fellow think that there is no use in exercising unless he can excel in athletics. Nothing can be more illogical than such a conclusion; for, after all, the object and aim of exercise is to obtain health and strength. Every boy, no matter how small or weak, should have some exercise of his own, which he takes regularly and in moderation. It should be remembered that all physical exercise is not pleasure, although in the case of base-ball and cycling, we may combine pleasure with the beneficial effects. It is however possible to keep in good form, without a bicycle, and without base-ball. This may be accomplished admirably by the use of chest-weights or even dumb-bells. If one will use either for ten minutes every morning or evening, it will go a long way

toward keeping his health unimpaired. It will not cause abnormal muscular development, but is sure to have an influence on the health which no medicine can provide. If every boy followed some systematic course of home exercise it would help materially to solve the question of absence from school.

Of course, for every boy, the most important consideration is his health and strength; for he can do little with his mind if his body is not in a vigorous condition. However, health is not the only aim for a young man in life. He must obtain an education before it is too late. Now education is not merely a knowledge of Latin, Greek, mathematics and the like, although such studies accomplish a great deal toward that end. Education is intended to broaden the mind. In the line of further mental development there is but one school organization — excepting, perhaps, the "Sagamore" — which affords amusement and valuable experience. We speak of the Brookline High School Debating Club. The question, "Why don't you join the Debating Club?" usually receives the reply, "I haven't time," or, "It is too much work." These answers are given for two reasons. First, because of a lack of ambition, of interest, or what you will; and second, on account of ignorance of the real amount of work necessary to members of the Club. The same person who spends many hours a week on athletics and many more on studies, and then does not join the Debating Club because he "has not time," is, to say the least, inconsistent. The "time" and "work" expended on the Debating Club consist in attending meetings of about an hour and a half every two weeks, and preparing *one* debate a *year*. Compared with the benefits which accrue from active membership in the Club, the time and labor expended are absurdly small.

Of course, a person cannot expect to become proficient in speaking by merely belonging to the club and attending the meetings. Such an expectation would be as illogical and unreasonable as perpetual motion and all other schemes for making something out of nothing. But the person who devotes himself *consistently* to the Debating Club will reap a reward which he could hardly have dreamed of. Every member of the club, past or present, will verify

this statement. The Debating Club is, at present, considering its numbers, in a very prosperous condition, but as one-third of its members graduate in June, the problem of its future naturally presents itself. It lies with the school, and especially with the class of ninety-eight, to solve this problem. If the boys fail to rise to the occasion, and let the Debating Club die or languish, they will lose the *best* "outside interest" of the Brookline High School.

THE B. H. S. A. A. INDOOR MEET.

THE eighth Annual Indoor Meet of the B. H. S. A. A. was held in the Town Hall, Friday evening, March 5th. The bell and the great white and green numerals of '97 dominated the hall, but the decorations of '98 were very good. The enthusiasm was not up to the mark of former years, on account of '97 having such a "cinch" in everything, and the interest centered in the largeness of '97's score, and whether '99 would be able to beat '98 out for second place. This she did by six points. Walter Boyce was the star of the meet, taking twenty-three points and breaking J. F. Driscoll's record of 33 feet 10 inches, with a put of 34 feet, 3½ inches, in the shot-put. Waldron and Kinsman, 1900 men, showed up well in both senior and junior events, Waldron getting second place in the senior and first in the junior dashes.

The following is the summary:—

20-YARD DASH:— First heat, won by W. A. Parker, '97, first; H. W. Channing, '97, second. Time, 3 seconds. Second heat, won by E. M. Brush, '98, first; W. B. Boyce, '97, second. Time, 3 seconds. Third heat won by W. Waldron, 1900, first; F. T. Bullard, '97, second. Time, 3 seconds. Fourth heat won by E. N. Dorr, '99, first; L. C. Richardson, second. Time, 3 seconds. *Senior finals*— First heat won by W. B. Boyce, '97, first; H. M. Channing, '97, second. Time, 3 seconds. Second heat won by W. Waldron, 1900, first; E. N. Dorr, '99, second. Time, 2 4-5 seconds. Final heat won by W. B. Boyce, '97, first; W. Waldron, 1900, second; H. M. Channing, '97, third. Time, 2 4-5 seconds.

POTATO RACE:— First heat won by J. N. Manning, '98, first; F. T. Bullard, '97, second. Time, 24 4-5 seconds. Second heat won by J. T. Floyd, '98, first;

R. L. Wilbur, '99, second. Time, 23 2-5 seconds. Final heat won by F. T. Bullard, '97, first; J. T. Floyd, '98, second; A. E. Vogel, 1900, third. Time, 24 seconds.

20-YARD DASH (Fourth Class):—First heat won by W. Waldron, 1900, first; S. T. Strickland, 1900, second. Time, 3 seconds. Second heat won by R. L. Shewell, 1900, first; R. T. Kinsman, 1900, second. Time, 3 1-5 seconds. Final heat won by W. Waldron, 1900, first; R. T. Kinsman, 1900, and S. T. Strickland, 1900, tied for second. Kinsman won on run-off. Time, 3 1-5 seconds.

25-YARD HURDLES:—Final heat won by W. B. Boyce, '97, first; E. N. Dorr, '99, second; L. C. Richardson, '98, third. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

POTATO RACE (Fourth Class):—First heat won by A. E. Vogel, 1900, first; S. T. Strickland, 1900, second. Time, 25 seconds. Second heat won by R. L. Shewell, 1900, first; R. T. Kinsman, 1900, second. Time, 25 seconds. Final heat won by R. T. Kinsman, 1900, first; A. E. Vogel, 1900, second; S. T. Strickland, 1900, third. Time, 23 seconds.

SLOW BICYCLE RACE:—Won by H. T. Hall, '99, first; C. S. Perkins, '99, second; M. H. Smith, '99, third.

PUTTING 16-POUND SHOT:—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97, 34 feet 3 1-2 inches; O. D. Talbot, '97, second, 27 feet, 7 inches; S. H. Skilton, '98, third, 26 feet, 8 1-4 inches.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP:—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97, 5 feet, 1-4 inch; second, R. Morse, '99, and S. H. Skilton, '98, tied at 4 feet, 11 1-2 inches.

JUMP, STEP AND JUMP:—Won by W. A. Parker, '97, first, 27 feet, 5 1-2 inches; W. B. Boyce, '97, second, 26 feet; S. H. Skilton, '98, third, 25 feet, 9 inches.

POINTS BY CLASSES.

Events.	'97	'99	'98	1900
20-Yard Dash	6	0	0	3
Potato Race	5	0	3	1
25-Yard Hurdles	5	3	1	0
Slow Bicycle	0	9	0	0
Running High Jump	5	2	2	0
Putting Shot	8	0	1	0
Jump, Step and Jump	8	0	1	0
Totals	37	14	8	4

OFFICIALS:—Referee, J. F. Driscoll, B. H. S., '93. Judges, S. W. Lewis, H. A. A., B. H. S., '96, H. Hirshberg, B. H. S., '96, L. T. Hallet. Timers, J. J. McNamara, B. H. S., '86, S. Clark, N. A. A. Announcer, D. W. Hirshberg, B. H. S., '95. Clerk of course, R. C. Morse, B. H. S., '95. Scorer, J. H. Converse, E. H. S. Starter, R. Johnson, B. H. S., '94. Manager, C. W. Kellogg, Jr., B. H. S., '97.

P. W. MOORE,
Sporting Editor.

"HENS AND CHICKENS"

'Twas in a class of second French,
And Mademoiselle, most kind,
Was going to read to us, instead
Of "Joan of Arc" assigned.

She took "La Tâche du petit Pierre,"
And we heard, all intent,
The tale of "Maurice's matinée;"
Then on the story went,

Until small Pierre had joined the fun,
In sailor-suit so fine,
And then she paused, "pour expliquer,"
A most perplexing line.

They played a game, those children did,—
The children in the tale,—
She could not think of its English name,
And it vexed her thus to fail.

But, oh! a sudden thought! she spoke,
As in content she sighed,
"C'est, 'hens and chickens!' is it not?"
But ere a fall, comes pride;

For frowns were on the brows of all
That made her doubts increase,
Till one of brighter wit exclaimed,
"Oh! you mean 'Fox and Geese!' "

—H. W. B., '96.

NEWS NOTES

'97 a winner by 23 points! 'Rah!

Now to keep the Base-ball Championship Cup!

During the next month three illustrated lectures will be given upon electricity by Mr. Packard.

Pupils desiring to become members of the B. H. S. C. C. will please hand in their names to some member of the club.

Mr. Wilson has gained a new honor for the Riverdale Bowling Club. He is the best individual bowler in the circuit league.

R. Chauncy Seaver, Brookline High '96, Williams, 1900, won the potato race at the Williams A. A. games, doing the trick in 29 seconds.

A visitor to the school is reported to have made the following pun when he watched the calisthenics class, "*How well* Miss Howell conducts the class."

Harold K. Wead, '97, had the good fortune to see the inauguration of President McKinley, and remained in Washington ten days. On his return he gave a very interesting informal talk to the whole class, about the inauguration, the procession and incidents that he had noticed during his stay.

There is one time in the school year when one can hear more bad puns than are made during the rest of the year. That time is when the Athletic A. A. holds its annual indoor meet in the Town Hall. As each contestant appears in some event—as the high jump—every one who has brains, or lack of the same, makes a terrible pun. Some of those heard in the Town Hall, March 5, were truly startling.

We must keep that Base-ball Championship Cup, so nobly won by last year's team, at all costs. After such an unbroken record of games we cannot afford to have a weak team that will do nothing but fizzle on the diamond. To be sure we have our old battery and three other players with us still, and that is half the game, but every fellow should come out and try for the team, so that a good, reliable support will back up our great battery. And those who do not play must go to the games and induce others to go, so that Manager Talbot will not have any trouble with the financial end of the team.

Lots of good men will try for the team.

It is said that when the two chapters of the Tau Beta Beta held their meeting February 25, they raised such a disturbance that the *two chapters* made quite a *volume* of sound.

That the B. H. S. Camera Club is a success is shown by the use made of the darkroom by members. On the 22d of February the room was engaged for every hour from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Why was the school flag not raised on its staff inauguration day? Surely the advent of a new President is of enough importance to the schoolboys of America to warrant such an honor.

Quite a number of Miss Johnson's College English class, thinking that it would help them in their understanding of the play, went to Boston to see Richard Mansfield in the Merchant of Venice.

On March 8, the Mandolin Club filled its first outside engagement, and played at the Beaconsfield Casino in an entertainment given for the benefit of a blind girl. Two selections, "Under the Double Eagle" and "Aulade Napolitaine," were given, and from all accounts the club acquitted itself to its own credit and that of the school.

Every Friday, at the swimming period, the boys of the senior class remain at the school and listen to practical talks by successful business men of Boston and Brookline. Thus far Mr. Sanford, Mr. Wead, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Jones have favored us with talks that were highly instructive and very interesting at the same time. The benefit of the talks is further augmented by the privilege to ask questions at the end of the talk. We hope that this practice will be continued.

With its well-earned victories this year, the basket-ball team seems to have a "cinch" on the championship of this vicinity. They have defeated all comers — with not very much swelled head resulting — and one team is so impressed by its prowess that it has asked for another month in which to practice for its return game. But doubtless if the team should run up against some real good team, as Smith, it would have to take a back seat when all the goals were counted. Yet, who knows, they might win, even from Smith. Because the members of the team are not Goliaths, some of the opponents have been inclined to scoff and make depreciating remarks when they saw them before the game, but afterwards, when their score was overtopped by the final score of the Brooklinians, they were fain to believe that they had encountered a band of Davids.

What was the matter with the decoration of '97 in the town hall?

Fred B. Tyler, '98, having received a good business offer, has left school.

Fama est that the mail matter for room 18 has been very large this month.

The girls of '98, expecting to go to Smith, are again perusing the books of Cæsar.

Some one was heard saying that Wead went to Washington just to see how the thing was done, so that when it came his turn to take Major McKinley's place, he would be all prepared.

'99 beat out '98 for second place by 6 points. Be careful, '98. At this rate you will never see your illustrious name on the class cup, and that would be a fine disgrace. Remember the fate of '95 when she was beaten by '96, and train hard for the outdoor sports.

An entertainment has been thought of by the boys of '97, to raise money for the Base-ball club, but this has been abandoned and a subscription will be passed around instead. Be generous, fellows! We want a good team with plenty of support. A good support is a great advantage.

The High School now has in the Physical Lecture hall a stereopticon, which is as good and efficient as any which belong to the colleges. Through the ingenuity of Mr. Packard, an adjustable screen has been hung so that the curtain may hang either in the front or on the side of the hall.

Miss Frye, our history teacher, in company with Miss Crocker, has left the High School on a long, pleasant vacation in Southern Italy. She took the southern route to Genoa, and will go from there to Rome, staying there till about April. She will visit Florence, Venice, and other famous cities, but she will mainly try to see those places less frequented by tourists, since she is not taking the trip for mere sight-seeing. While in Rome Miss Frye will visit the great art treasures of that city, and study Roman history at first hand. We all wish her a very fine voyage — hoping that the customary beginning of every ocean trip will not continue long — and a jolly good time while in Italy. There is but one drawback, the fact that she will not be back in time to see the graduation of old '97, and at that time she will be missed very much. Of course THE SAGAMORE expects to receive a trans-atlantic letter from our new foreign correspondent in Italy, telling about her good times.

Base-ball is now a part of the exercise at recess.

The old sail has at last been taken from Shailer Hall, to the great improvement of the place.

Miss Symonds, a member of Smith, '95, has taken Miss Frye's duties during her absence.

Mr. Willard E. Ward of Harvard street will have his annual opening on April 3d, when he will show his new stock of '97 bicycles. Everyone invited. Souvenirs given away.

Many try to escape the degrees of fate by various tricks and subterfuges, and sometimes they succeed. That man of '97 in the slow bicycle race, tagged with number 13, who called himself 13½, deserved to succeed, but Fortune was against him. Better luck next time.

The Tau Beta Beta, that fine and gifted organization, has been expending brains and money on a new pin of gold, and it can now be seen decorating the wearing apparel of many senior and junior girls. The T. B. B.'s say that they are a great improvement over their former neat and simple pins.

Those trying for the battery of the base-ball team can be seen practicing regularly in the gym. While it is not probable that our battery of last year will be displaced, some good material ought to be developed, so that if any accident should happen to the regular battery we may have something to fall back upon.

Why didn't Boyce enter for the shot put in the Indoor Interscholastic? If he had he would have won second place anyway, and had a good chance for first. Eaton of E. H. S. only put the shot 34 feet 1½ inches, while Boyce put it 34 feet 3½ inches in the Town Hall. But wait until the outdoor meet of the I. S. A. A., and he will nab some points for B. H. S.

We have often heard the expression, "There is nothing new under the sun," and remembering all the inventions of the last quarter century, doubted if the saying could be true. But inventions and discoveries have been traced back, one by one, to the ancient peoples; and now it is realized that the X-ray discovery, which we all thought new, was known to the old Romans. For does not the great Cæsar say in his famous books, "Qua quidem EX RE hominum terram exhaurire nitebantur."

CLIPPINGS

Visitor — "Master at home?"
The Buttons — "No sir; he's out."
Visitor — "Mistress at home?"
Buttons — "No sir; she's out."
Visitor — "Then I'll step in and sit down by the fire."
Buttons — "That's out too, sir."

A celebrated composer wrote to a friend requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; Key of G." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house for luncheon at one sharp.

Tommy — "Pa, what's the board of education?
Mr. Figgs — "When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

"Did she thank you for the seat?"
"No, but after she had settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise."

One swallow does not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

Much adieu about nothing — the parting of two Tau Beta Beta girls.

First boy — "I don't like Cæsar."
Second boy — "Why?"
First boy — "Too much Gaul."

"Say, love, what is the matter with your shoes?"
"The patent on them has expired."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 7

MAY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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EASTER, 1897.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 MAY, 1897 NUMBER 7

THE BROOKLINE EXHIBITION

ONE of the striking features of the exhibition now being held in the Town Hall in Brookline is the variety, in subject and style, of the paintings there shown.

One turns from the marvellously brilliant color of the Delilah by Rubens to the Fates by Vedder, or from the clever little bit of detailism by Gaugengigl to the vigorous, broadly painted, richly colored Millet, or from the landscape by Daubigny with its deep mossy greens, to the brown Michels, and from them to the highly-keyed opalescent group opposite, and the novice has cause for bewilderment if he tries to reconcile them at a glance.

The individual who is without art training has but one criterion upon which he bases his judgment and he clings to that persistently, until his eyes are opened. If a thing is but real, natural, like something with which he is familiar, he is satisfied, but if it appears to him as something foreign to his limited experience he can see no good in it. As a matter of fact, to estimate the artistic value of a picture merely by its actuality, is but a one-sided method of judgment, for truth in its greater or lesser scope admits of wide latitude. The quality of selection is essentially what makes the work of the artist differ from the camera product. In the one there may be no attempt to imitate every detail,—such absolute imitation would produce a result wholly inartistic. The other is by its mechanical limitations obliged to reproduce every spot and line and crack found in the subject matter. When a painter by his close study of detail approaches nearly a photographic reproduction, the picture loses its charms, and although it may attract the eye by its technical skill, it also repels the eye by its overstrained fidelity.

There is a great deal of talk about realism and idealism, and the different schools of art from the time of Phidias have tended toward one or the other extremes. The truth is simply that there can be no true art which does not partake of both qualities. Idealism must have a basis of actual form, else it becomes vacuous and superficial, and realism must be permeated by the subtle spirit of ideality else it becomes coarse and earthy. The picture must have beauty else it has no cause for existence, and beauty depends upon selection and the individuality of the artist. "Art transmits thought and feeling into terms of beautiful form. It is great and lasting in proportion as it appeals to the human consciousness at large, presenting to it portions of itself in adequate and lovely form."

The two pictures first mentioned, Delilah by Rubens, and the Fates by Vedder, represent two wholly different art expressions. Rubens was one of the most brilliant colorists the world has ever produced. He revelled in color, in bringing out from the dead canvas the wonderful luminousness of flesh tones, under a strong light, as Michael Angelo delights in pure form, mastering it in every conceivable position and attitude. We are compelled to admiration by his marvellous technical skill, by the brilliancy of his color, yet technical skill alone does not satisfy, it even wearies one. Turn to the Fates by Vedder. Here is no richness of color, but one is fascinated by a thought. What does it mean? Those serious Circe-like figures so sinuous, every line a subtle curve dreamily holding a net. There is a world of fancy hidden in this canvas and one may ponder it for hours and never unravel the meaning of it all. The drawing is powerful, the low tone of color quite in harmony with the mysterious, illusive subject. It may carry a different meaning to each observer. And one of the proofs of its power is its inexhaustibleness. It suggests the writing of some great mind. Turn for a moment back to the Rubens. There we dwelt rather on the skill, the achievement of the painter,—here we do not think of the method but simply of the meaning. Vedder's Fates belongs to the world of ideality. It appeals to the intellect rather than to the senses.

How different are the two little pictures by Gaugengigl. Here again we dwell on the surface of the canvas. No expenditure of thought is necessary. One simply admires the skill. But are they not a little too photographic to be inspiring? There is nothing left for the imagination. Would not one tire of the suitor who is always proposing and never accepted? This style of painting is always admired by the multitude because it is so easily understood and because it is pretty, and the average mind is satisfied with those two things.

Millet's painting shows quite a different touch. The color is rich, warm, harmonious. Unlike his later work, one does not feel in this his sombre spirit which accepted and interpreted the burden of peasant life, but rather his masterly handling of color. This is an unusually interesting example of Millet's lighter mood, and reminds one of Diaz in its richness of color. It is broadly painted and quietly and simply expresses itself without any effort for effect.

The two Michels are examples of early landscape painting. They are interesting chiefly by virtue of comparison. Compare them with the charming Boudins near. They are practically colorless, white and gray and brown not being colors, yet there is light suggested by the sky and a certain vigor in the treatment. In comparison with the little gem by William Hunt on the left, they look very conventional, as if an indoor product, as probably they were. Daubigny's large canvas, the Group of Oaks, must be seen at a distance. One feels like taking a long breath and filling ones lungs with pure air. There is a breadth and bigness about it, not wholly the result of its size, which is inspiring. Those rolling clouds so light in contrast to the dark mossy greens, suggest wind and motion, yet the effect of the whole is quiet and restful. Turn from this to the "Three Sisters" by Piot, and see how spotted and artificial the composition there is. It is but an inartistic grouping of unreal people with no unity nor charm.

No pictures have invited more controversy, probably, than the group of paintings at the left as one enters. Here are five Monets and all are interesting examples of this modern French painter's work. Monet is called the leader of impressionism, and by impres-

sionism we mean that he seeks to express on canvas the impression his eye receives of the whole scene before him. Light, color, atmosphere, are as truly visible as trees, earth and clouds. The detailist by patient search seeks to build up a whole by accurate study of individual parts. The impressionist seeks to give the effect of the whole by selecting its broader and vital features. We have all seen a beam of light falling upon a white paper and have noticed how it scintillates into red, yellow and blue parts. Science tells us that objects have no color in themselves. It is light that gives them color. Monet uses for pigments only the colors of which light is composed. There are no browns nor blacks to be found in his paintings. By using pure colors, red, yellow and blue, and by using the warm colors to suggest light and cool colors to suggest shadow, he has found out the secret of painting sunshine. In looking at Monet's pictures, one feels that he is out of doors. No one can more truly paint a dewy morning when the first beams of light transform into radiant delicate color every twig and blade of grass and clump of earth. Just because we have never seen that transformation — few of us are apt to see the sunrise — we must not dully say it is unreal. The eye is capable of a training for color as truly as the ear for sound, and it is wiser to wait and experiment with a few sunrises before we definitely make up our minds. Turn now from the delicate, beautiful colors to that big brown castle, at the right, with the cold gray sky. Does it not look colorless and conventional in comparison? One does not feel in a changing, beautiful world there, but as if he were bound down by rigid, iron, colorless tradition. Go back once more to the Monets and suspend judgment until you have seen a sunrise in Switzerland, or have roamed through sunny France or Italy, and you will be converted before you know it. For "beauty is ever that divine thing the Ancients esteemed it. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent," and

> "All nature is but art unknown to thee,
> All chance, direction which thou cans't not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good."

IRENE WEIR.

THE GHOST OF ANGELINA

"I HAVE a scheme," said my room-mate, Bob Hovey, one morning, as he sat in the window-seat lazily strumming upon his guitar. As I knew that all his "schemes" were worthy of my attention, I looked up from my Greek and prepared to listen. Ben Jackson, who had come in a few minutes before to take his customary nap, and was apparently asleep on the sofa, stopped snoring and pricked up his ears. "Why would n't it be larks to break into the haunted house and find out more about the tragedy of the fair Angelina?" Bob continued.

The house to which he referred, I knew well. It was situated on a lonely road, and every time, during my two years at Dartmouth, that I had gone by it, I had longed to investigate its interior. It was a large, square building; its doors and windows were boarded up and the garden was overgrown with weeds and long grass. The path that once led up to the doorsteps had long since disappeared, and the whole aspect of the place was so lonely and deserted that among the country people there had arisen the story that the house was haunted.

"What about the tragedy?" said George Mason, the other occupant of the room. "I have never heard the story."

"Well, you are behind the times," said Bob. "Why, every little Freshy in college knows that tale. It was in this way. There lived many years ago in that house a beautiful maiden, fairer than the sun and lovelier than"—

"Oh, come off! Leave out that filigree," interrupted Ben.

"As I was saying," Bob went on in an injured tone, "this girl loved a young man, Rufus by name, who, in some way, displeased his much-desired father-in-law, and that worthy gentleman ordered him out of the house and locked the beauteous Angelina in her room. The maiden pined away and died of a broken heart. Immediately after, the family disappeared and has never been heard of since."

"P. P., prosaic and probable," said I, with sarcasm.

But Bob, without noticing my remark, continued. "My plan is to visit the house tonight and try to clear up the mystery for our own satisfaction. My name is Sherlock Holmes."

"But how can we manage it?" said Ben.

"I have thought it all over, and we can do it as easy as rolling off a log." And thereupon, Bob unfolded his plans, which pleased us so much that we forgot to go to "Fine Arts IV."

That night at eleven o'clock, Bob and I cautiously emerged from our room, and, taking different roads, met Ben with a carriage at an appointed place. George Mason deserted us at the last moment, saying that he had a "Forensic" to write. We accused him of being afraid, but that did not move him.

It was just twelve when we arrived at our destination. I confess that I felt the cold shivers run down my back, and I know the other fellows experienced a creepy sensation; but it was too late to show the white feather, so we tied our horse to a fence and approached the house.

We had previously decided that one of us had better break a window, which led off the roof of the back piazza, crawl into the house and open the door for the other two. We tossed up a nickle, and I was the unlucky man. The fellows guyed me a little, telling me to give their compliments to any ghosts that I might meet. Of course I knew that there was absolutely nothing to be afraid of, yet all the terrifying stories of demons and ghosts that I had ever heard, flashed through my brain as I climbed the trellis. With hammer and screw-driver I removed the boards from the window and forced it open. For one awful minute I stood still looking into the darkness before me. Below I heard the boys chuckling. My cheeks began to burn with shame. With trembling hand I lighted the lantern and crawled through the window. A whirring noise, like the buzz of a saw-mill, suddenly started up about me. My eyes were so blinded by the light that I could not see. Then sharp claws scratched my face. I must confess that for a moment, like the "Pious Æneas," my "vox in faucibus halsit et comæ steterunt." I did not linger, but quickly found my way down the stairs and opened the front door.

"For the love of Mike, Harry, have you seen a ghost?" ejaculated Bob.

"No," said I, "but I have felt one, and you don't get me into that house again."

Just then I heard the same queer noise, and two black objects sailed over my head out into the moonlight.

"Helloa! Bats!" cried Ben.

I tried not to let the boys see how sheepish I felt, by assuming a nonchalant manner and remarked that there were a good many more upstairs. Then we entered the house.

From the vestibule, or hall, we went into a parlor, which opened on the right. The room was large and richly furnished. The dust of years lay over everything. A piano stood open, and there was a sheet of music on the rack. It seemed as if Angelina had just finished practicing the "Monastery Bells." The adjoining room, evidently the library, was filled with what we could see were rare and beautiful books.

We next went upstairs. Had it not been for the dust and decay, the family might have vacated the place that very morning. The bedding was thrown back over the foot-boards, as if the occupants had but just arisen, and the impress of a head still remained on one of the pillows.

When we opened the kitchen door a large hole roughly cut in the center of the floor greeted our eyes. The air seemed dense with shadows and horrible suggestions. Suddenly, low moans and sobs proceeded from the opening. The weird sounds made our hearts stop beating and parched our lips with terror. As we stood tightly gripping each other we heard the words "Rufus, Rufus, come back to me!" uttered in a hoarse whisper. Then a figure, shrouded in white, arose by jerks from the hole and finally stood on the kitchen floor, its back toward us, and its long, yellow hair streaming over its shoulders.

The "thing" glided to a table and drew a gleaming knife from the drawer. With one last wailing appeal to Rufus it plunged the knife into its side and fell to the floor.

Yelling with horror we dashed out of the house into the arms of about fifteen of our class-mates, who made the night air ring with their jeers and laughter. Turning in bewilderment we beheld George Mason descending the steps down which we had just tumbled. He carried over his arm a sheet and a yellow wig.

F. S., '97

OUR FOREIGN LETTER

ROME, 24th March, 1897.

Dear Friends of the B. H. S.:—

TWO weeks ago tomorrow I landed, like some heroes not unknown to you, on the classic soil of Italy. But let me tell you at once that this letter is not intended to be instructive, and if you find me straying in pedagogic paths I give you leave to desert me as the pious Æneas did Dido.

As the ship sailed into the Bay of Naples before sunrise, it was possible for those who were on the lookout to see the red glow of a mass of lava on the side of Vesuvius. I am glad to say I found that Mr. Warren who wrote the geography I used to study in my youth told the truth in his book. It gives one real confidence in a text-book when definitions can be tested by actual observation and not be found either lacking or exaggerated. I hope I'm not growing didactic,—let me try again.

After enjoying Naples for a few days we started for Pompeii. I dare not tell you what we saw in this deserted village lest I should mention 79 A. D., or Pliny, or Tacitus, or the Emperor —, but you can find excellent accounts of the catastrophe in any good work on Roman history, and I should advise the class studying Roman history to ——.

We were tired enough after spending three hours in exploring Pompeii, guided by an individual who spoke a great deal of Italian, some French and a little English, to enjoy the very comfortable hotel at La Cava, where we spent the night. Early the next morn-

ing we started for Pæstum, in order to visit the ancient Greek temples built by colonists from Sybaris in the sixth century before Christ.

On a desolate plain stretching from high blue mountains to the sandy shore of the Tyrrhenian Gulf stand the ruins of three great temples. My clearest remembrance is of looking between massive doric columns and getting a view of the gray-green sea half a mile away. "The mountains look on Pæstum, and Pæstum looks on the sea." You know that I've altered the wording a bit, but I am sure you will feel as I felt, that only those lines could describe the situation of the place. As for the coloring, I cannot give you an adequate idea of its wonderful beauty. The grass is emerald green, the sky a deep blue, crossed by great masses of white clouds, the hills vary in intensity from indigo to purple, the sea is gray and green and white, full of movement and change, and the temples themselves are yellow and orange and sometimes golden in the intense sunshine. The effects of light and shadow defy description. I give hearty thanks that I have been permitted to behold all this beauty of past and present, and I earnestly hope that you also will one day see what I have seen.

But one may be hungry even at Pæstum; and we were not sorry that the head-waiter at La Cava had given us a substantial lunch. We hesitated to eat where the gods had been worshipped, lest we offend Olympus; but a happy thought came to one of us and we poured upon the ground a libation to Posidon and drank to the success of the Greeks in arms. Then we felt privileged to eat chicken and bread and butter at the ruined shrine.

We found that time-tables rule in Magna Grecia now-a-days, and that trains may be tyrants. The Greek of an older day would have been scandalized at the rapidity of our flight to the railroad station. However, I had just time to buy a coin — warranted authentic — and jump upon the train bound for Salerno.

If you do not find me too instructive I'll send you an account next week of my further adventures.

I am most sincerely yours,

MARY P. FRYE.

SKETCHES

I

A SKETCH

THE captain of the X——s selects his favorite bat, steps to the plate, and plants himself firmly. As he stands facing the pitcher he can see Chambers bobbing and jumping about third base, just aching to let out those long legs of his and bring in the run which will tie them with the other team. Only one little base hit will do the trick. But this is the last half of the ninth inning and two out already.

The pitcher doubles himself up in a knot, shoots out a long arm, and the ball thuds in the catcher's mit. "One ball!" shouts the umpire. Another thud. "Two balls!" and someone in the crowd cries out, "Good waiting, Jack!" But the next two balls are strikes.

Then the pitcher fixes the ball firmly in his hand and sends in a slow one to the captain. This is his opportunity. The captain takes a step forward, and swings his bat with all his might—but where is the exultant cheer which he expected would follow his stroke? Alas! Once more the ball shoots under his bat and thuds in the catcher's mit with a sudden deceitful drop. "Man is out!" And the captain flings down his bat and walks sullenly away.

——, '98.

II

A MAID OF LONG AGO

The cover of the worn velvet case flies open and exposes a quaint miniature. "Who is it?" Whose smile could ever be so sweet, whose eyes so laughing? Only a maid of long ago could be so witching.

Her luxuriant hair is parted, powdered, puffed:—is overtopped by a high Spanish comb; and forms an appropriate frame for her lovely face. The forehead is broad and low, without a wrinkle; the dark eyes have not lost their gleam in more than a hundred years, and the dimple still plays about the rosy mouth. A tiny bit of black court plaster shows that vanity was not wholly forsworn by the young belle. She seems hardly eighteen years old, and the sunny smile and smooth skin betoken a happy, careful maidenhood. Can it be, that this fair vision, prisoner in a velvet case, is my own great, great-grandmother, a maid of so very long ago? ——, '98.

SONG OF THE WHEEL

You may sing of boating joys,
And of good times with the boys,
And the time when you did meet her in the dark;

But there's lately come a sport,
Which for fun can take the fort;
If you're in it, you have surely hit the mark:

For there's nothing in life's whirl,
"Great" as cycling with a girl,
When you're riding on a Rambler in the Park.

——, '97.

HOW AN ART WAS LOST

ONE evening in the year 1745, Joseph Guarnerius, the last of the great violin makers, sat before the fire in his workshop, gazing steadfastly into the glowing embers. The room was small; the shelves around its walls were filled with violins in every stage of completion; odd bits of wood hung from the ceiling to dry, and tools of different kinds lay on the table and chairs. The old man was tall and thin. There were deep lines in his face,—lines which come from incessant thought; he wore a cotton night-cap on his head, and a white leather apron protected his coarse clothing. He had not gone out to chat with his neighbors, as he had done every evening for the last sixty years, because he wanted to think; he had been troubled with a pain at his heart for a week, and he felt that he must soon die.

He was the only living man who possessed the secret of the violin varnish, the sole artist that could give to a violin that soft, rich, mellow tint that connoisseurs of today prize so highly. His father, on his death-bed, had whispered the recipe to him, with the injunction to hand it down to his heirs. But Joseph had never mar-

ried; so in his will he had bequeathed it to the world. Now, as the close of his life approached, he began to wish that his secret would not become public property, fearing that, when everybody could make good violins, he, the mighty Guarnerius, would be forgotton. With his head buried in his hands he sat in deep thought.

Suddenly his face took on a determined expression. He arose, went to a cupboard and took from it a small iron box. When he was seated in his chair again, he slowly unlocked the casket and drew out a paper.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I will reveal my secret to my apprentice Guadagini; he is a good lad, and will carry on my work when I am gone. I have no use for this paper." With this, Joseph leaned forward and dropped the paper into the fire. The flames leaped up around it for an instant; then nothing but a heap of black ashes remained.

But the secret of the varnish was lost, for the next morning the villagers of Cremona found Joseph Guarnerius dead in his bed.

——, '97.

EXCHANGES

OFTEN THE SAGAMORE does not receive some of its exchanges —particularly those from the West—for a long time, and we begin to think that the editors have failed for lack of funds or gone to Europe on the profits of the paper, until we receive a copy some three months afterward. This is not right. THE SAGAMORE goes out regularly and expects that the exchanges will come regularly. Exchange Editors, do not get careless about your exchanges, just because the end of the school year is near, but send your papers every month.—ED.

At the B. A. A. games on Lexington Day, Boyce threw the discus 93 feet 6 inches, and with the addition of his handicap of 23 feet, won this event from E. H. Clark, H. A. A.

A QUEER HOLD-UP

AT the time of the incident that I am about to describe, I was conductor of the express and fast mail of the Southern Pacific, running between Sacramento and Denver. On this route hold-ups had been quite common and had happened with alarming regularity. The raids were made on our train about every two months on the down trip from Sacramento when we had considerable bullion and silver ore and also some very valuable mail.

On December twentieth, in the midst of a snow storm we were preparing to start from Sacramento on our long run to Denver. The engine was puffing and throbbing as if eager to start, and the engineer stood expectantly at the entrance of the cab, waiting for my signal to pull the throttle. I was about to give the signal, when the telegraph operator came running up and warned me of the discovery of an intended hold-up on my train that night. He said that he had found out the raid would be attempted somewhere between Butte City and Denver.

I placed little confidence in this warning as I had received so many needless ones of late. I decided not to wait for a guard, and I gave the engineer the signal to start. We had on board only twenty-three passengers and we fairly flew over the prairie. We stopped at only one place between Butte City and Denver, and that was a small town called Boston. At this place two young ladies boarded the train and came into the forward car, of which I was the only occupant.

The young ladies sat down near me and I at once engaged in conversation with them. They were very pretty and had evidently received an excellent education. They told me they were school teachers, and were on their way East to spend Christmas with their parents.

Every few moments I would interrupt the conversation to go forward on the tender and look over the prairie for the expected bandits. My actions interested them and they asked me the cause of them. When I informed them that I expected train-robbers and was consequently on the watch for them, one of the young ladies

nearly fainted. They were very much alarmed and it took all my persuasive powers to calm them. After reassuring the ladies I went to the rear of the car and sat down.

As I had been up the entire previous night I was very drowsy and soon fell asleep. I was awakened by a touch on the shoulder and started up to see my two lady friends standing above me with two threatening revolvers leveled at my head. I could hardly realize the situation, and supposed that I was dreaming, but the stern command, to arise and lead the way into the next car, brought me to my senses, and I was then fully conscious of the predicament that I was in.

I led the way into the next car and when we were fairly inside, one of the girls shouted in true bandit style, "Every man in this car, hold up his hands!"

It is needless to say that, with the extra persuasive powers of the six-shooters, every one of the twenty-three passengers obeyed the command.

Then, while one of my fair lady friends kept guard, the other proceeded to search every passenger in the car. After the search was completed the two women backed out of the car, all the while covering the passengers with their pistols, and advancing to the tender they compelled the engineer to stop the train. Then they alighted, and still covering the train with their guns they backed away towards the woods and disappeared in the brush.

You never saw a more sheepish looking crowd of men in your life than the one that alighted from the Sacramento express in the Denver depot. They had all been held up by two young girl-bandits. For the sake of appearances we reported to the press that we had been held up by a gang of six train-robbers, two of whom boarded the train at the town of Boston. Every passenger promised to keep secret the story of the queer hold-up. C. W. B., '98.

Owing to the Easter vacation THE SAGAMORE is out a week later this issue.

EASTER VACATION

How I studied in vacation,
"Grinding" with discrimination,
Plunged in deepest meditation.
How I learned each recitation,
Working without hesitation;
Feeling, with a fine elation,
That I might escape probation.
How I studied in vacation,
That I might at graduation,
Grasp that prize — recommendation.

——, '97.

THE THIRD PUBLIC DAY

ON April 9th, B. H. S. held her third Public Day, and although it was excellent, very few outside friends came to the entertainment, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The speeches were good — Walter Boyce and Dick Bishop delivered theirs with especially fine effect — but some few spoke so faintly as to be heard with difficulty.

The above complaint could scarcely be laid at the doors of the debaters of the day, Messrs. Fogerty and Wayland, who rose to the occasion as if they were discussing a silver coinage bill. Charles Kellogg, Jr., presented a eulogy on Napoleon in German, with good force and emphasis, but it is safe to say that very few could understand the drift of the speech. The orchestra played very well.

The girls of the fourth class in Calisthenics performed some of their graceful gymnastic movements with dumb-bells. Dressed all alike in their gymnasium suits they were a very pretty sight and went through their movements in a fine manner.

Probably the best thing of the entertainment was the singing of William Smith, and his rendering of the "King of the Main" and "Jack's the Boy," won the heartiest applause of the day. The programme: —

Music, Orchestra; "The Old Man and Jim," Marion Parker; Original story, Maude Dutton; "The Armenians," Walter Boyce; Music, Orchestra; Debate, Robert Wayland *vs.* George Fogerty; Calisthenics, Fourth Class, "Rienzi's Last Appeal," Harold Bynner; "Story of St. George," Gilbert Peirce; Songs, "King of the Main" and "Jack's the Boy," William Smith; "The Wayside Inn," Emily Campbell; "Eulogy on Napoleon," Charles Kellogg, Jr.; Singing by the School; "Lady of Shalot," Eunice Woods; "Old Mother Hubbard," Richard Bishop; Music, Orchestra.

THE BICYCLE INVADES OLYMPUS

AS the mighty Jupiter, ruler of all nations, sat in his armchair in high Olympus, with his thunderbolts in a fire-proof safe near at hand, his eagle on a perch beside him and his feet comfortably resting on an adjacent mantel-piece, he espied a strange sight in the world below.

At first he was in doubt as to what it could be and catching up a pair of opera glasses he peered at the strange scene.

Two mortals, each mounted upon what seemed to be two wheels, were scorching across the plains of Marathon.

As the all-powerful father gazed upon the novel sight, a sharp, shrill voice announced the approach of his wife. Throwing a hasty glance at the safe to be sure his thunderbolts were safely locked up, as Juno was always wanting to try them, he folded his hands and awaited his loving spouse.

"Upon my soul, Jupiter Omnipotens, how dare you put your clumsy feet upon the parlor mantel-piece? Take them down this instant!" was her first remark. Down came the feet and the offending sovereign awaited her next remark with much meekness.

"Jupy, I want you to get me a bicycle, do you hear? All the mortals ride them now, and shall I be behind them in this latest fad?"

"Heavens and earth!" groaned the astonished monarch, "What next? Have things gone so far, Mrs. Jupiter Omnipotens, that you, the goddess of all, forget yourself and wish to ride what seems to be a spear on top of two chariot wheels?"

"Not so," replied Mrs. Juno, with hauteur. "I forget nothing, and what is more, O wise ruler of all creation, I promise you that before a great while you will be taking a century run down to Hades and back."

"O heavens forbid!" exclaimed the father of all. "But well, have your way, and I will order a wheel from the Vulcan Cycle Company without delay." Away went the goddess, and the mighty ruler of the earth resumed his star gazing.

Soon Mrs. Jupiter was provided with a wheel of the latest make, and all Olympian Beacon street turned out to see her ride. After a few trials she got on famously and all the other gods and goddesses must needs have wheels. Old Neptune on a visit, became a bicycle crank, and with his trident strapped to his back, might have been seen riding at a high rate of speed over Rainbow Boulevard, in company with Pluto and Proserpina.

Venus, with a jaunty little cap, into which stuck a feather, pulled, I fear, from the tail of Jupiter's eagle, and a new bicycle suit, captivated the hearts of all the gods. Even old Jupiter was forced to admit that the bicycle was a good thing and had come to stay. Dr. Æsculapius no longer drove about in his chariot to visit his patients, but rode around on a wheel with his medicine case hung behind his seat. Apollo discontinued his chariot and four, and now rode his daily round with the sun in a Lamson carrier. Before long even Jupiter himself was won over and rode to Hades, though coming back the way was uphill and he was heard to remark "*Facilis decensus Averno sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere, ad auras hoc opus hic labor est.*" And with his conversion all Olympus took to wheels and the bicycle reigned supreme.

J. F., '98.

A SON OF NATURE

ONE morning, in answer to a timid knock, I opened the door and found before me a fisher lad of about ten years. He did not look up brightly and doff his rimless hat like the other island boys, but cast his eyes downward as if contemplating his bare, wriggling toes. In his hand he carried a basket containing six or seven lobsters that clinched each other angrily.

"Well, my little man, who are you?" I said, as genially as I could.

"I am Norton Ross's little boy," answered the child, without lifting his eyes.

"Do you want to sell those lobsters?"

"Mm."

"How many have you there?"

"Dunno."

"Can I have them all?"

"Mm."

"How much are they?"

"Dunno."

"How much does *one* lobster cost?"

"Dunno."

"I will give you a quarter for the lot; how is that?"

"Mm."

I took the lobsters into the house to Nora, the cook, and returned with the money to the boy. He was still standing in the same position, eyeing his toes. As I gave him the quarter I said, "Can you bring me some cunners for breakfast on Wednesday?"

"Mm."

"Well, be sure not to forget, as I shall depend on you."

I soon found out, however, that I could *not* depend on him. Wednesday morning came and no cunners appeared; but on Thursday, bright and early, they arrived. Harry Ross did not know the days of the week; he could not count; he did not know the difference between five and fifty cents; he was ignorant of the name of the island on which he was born and reared; but there was not a lad for miles around who knew as well as he where the biggest

lobsters could be found; where the crows built their nests; where to look for herons' eggs; when a storm was coming or when the weather would be fair. He was reared by Nature and knew only the lessons which she had taught him. But he knew those well.

F. S., '97.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Spalding's Base Ball Guide for 1897, which has just been published, is especially interesting to college men, as it contains a complete record of all the games played by the leading colleges during 1896, and portraits of the most prominent college base ball teams of the country. The new playing rules have the alterations and amendments printed in italics, which is a decided improvement, and the lists of averages of all the leagues and associations are very complete. Besides the college portraits, the book contains pictures of all the leading teams of the country, embracing altogether nearly 500 separate photos. The Guide will be sent on receipt of 10 cents to any address in the United States or Canada by the American Sports Publishing Co., 241 Broadway, New York.

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

ON March 24, the Debating Club held its last regular meeting for this year. The discussion was on the question, "Resolved, that the English Government represents the interests of the people more truly than does the United States Government.' Arthur Osborn and J. Gilbert Peirce spoke on the affirmative, and Philip Moore and Woodworth James on the negative. The general debate was one of the liveliest of the year. It was voted to have copies of the constitution of the club printed for distribution to the members. Five dollars was also raised for the orchestra.

The annual election of officers was held on April 8, and the following were elected: President, Woodworth James; Vice-President, Austin H. Parker; Secretary, George T. Lynch; Corresponding Secretary, Edwin N. Dorr; Treasurer, John R. Marvin; Directors, Philip Fox, Edward Morse, Arthur Latham, Claude Holwill. There was a tie in the vote for directors which has not been decided yet.

J. GILBERT PEIRCE, *Sec.*

THE SAGAMORE

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THIS is the time of the school year to turn your attention to the numerous prizes which are offered to the scholars by the friends of the school. Brookline High is very fortunate in this respect, for every year there are nine prizes offered under conditions lately set forth in the school catalogue. Mr. J. Murray Kay gives four, and Mr. William H. Lincoln five prizes. There are two in elocution, two for essays, one on the "Brookline Town Meeting," another on "Three Glimpses of Brookline," a medal in German, English, and Greek, open to the pupils of the senior class, and a medal in Physics and Mathematics for the members of the second class.

In this list of nine prizes there is surely one which will appeal to the special abilities of every one, and no one should miss the chance to get medals well worth the time and study required to win them.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A BROOKLINE BOY

By Burt G. Wilder, Class of '59

II

THE PILL AND THE STRAWBERRY: AN EXAMPLE OF THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION

ONE lovely day in June there was visiting us Dr. Harriot Keziah Hunt. She was one of the first woman physicians, and a notable personage in various ways. I believe she also advocated "woman's rights" and protested against taxation without representation with a spirit worthy of '76. She was short, slight in frame, but fat and — I say it without disrespect — amorphous or ameboid in outline. Very likely she was an excellent practitioner; at any rate, upon this occasion, her advice was asked in my behalf. I was then about eight years old and temporarily indisposed. She prescribed a pill.

Now in those days pills were neither sugar-plums nor even gelatine capsules; they were real, fat and nauseous. The particular bolus destined for me was so objectionable in size and odor that I promptly declared it never would go down; indeed, that I would rather be sick than try to swallow it.

The old lady at first proposed that I should be compelled to take it, but finally relented to the extent of advising that it be imbedded within a strawberry. Of course the berry was even larger than the pill, but she said its juiciness would enable it to slip down easily.

I really tried to coöperate, but during my convulsive efforts to swallow I bit right through berry and pill together; one half of each went down, the other remained for a time in my mouth. The combination was no real improvement upon the pill and a fearful impairment of its "vehicle." Naturally that day I cared nothing for strawberries. Worse yet, the association persisted for a third of a century, so that only within the last fifteen years have I really enjoyed the delicious June fruit. Doubtless the misfortune was due to my own clumsiness; but I have always felt

that it might have been foreseen by the doctor. The incident has at least contributed to the comfort of others. When any unpalatable drug had to be swallowed, I have always advised taking first a mouthful of some sweet and pungent liquid, like, for example, the syrup of preserved ginger.

A recent and pleasanter example of the force of association may be recorded in this connection.

After having had several dogs of various breeds, all of whom were more or less troublesome to us and our neighbors, because they barked and disliked to be tied up, with our last pet, a Newfoundland and Shepherd, the following plan was adopted. He never was told to "speak" for his food, but on the contrary was tied up to be fed. Consequently, he seldom barks and really prefers to be tied. Indeed, if we forget to hook the cord to his collar when we return from a walk, he leans up against the wall with an injured and neglected expression. Sometimes he will put his head under the cord, as if he enjoyed feeling it.

ATHLETICS

THE base-ball season is now on. The team has been at work about a month, and as many as thirty-five men have been out at one time. There are five positions, which were left by the graduation of certain men, to be filled. They are first and second base, short-stop, left-field and center. The other positions are pretty well decided. We hope that those who heard the addresses a few weeks ago, and also those who did not, will turn out to cheer and to help the team along. The following summary of games is given and is as nearly correct as possible:—

PRACTICE GAMES

Apr.	28.	St. Mark's, at Southboro.
May	3.	Malden, at Brookline.
"	8.	Groton, at Groton.
"	12.	Newton, at Brookline.
"	17.	Arlington, at Brookline.
"	19.	Dean, at Franklin.
"	25.	Providence, at Brookline.

LEAGUE GAMES

Apr. 23.	Brookline	vs. Somerville, at South End.
" 30.	"	vs. Hopkinson, at South End.
May 7.	"	vs. Boston Latin, at Brookline.
" 14.	"	vs. Roxbury Latin, at Brookline.
" 21.	"	vs. English High, at South End.
" 28.	"	vs. Cambridge High and Latin, at South End.

The Brookline base-ball season opened April tenth, with a game with M. I. T. 1900. Brookline won, 6 to 5. The steady work of the battery did much to win, Manning striking out thirteen men and giving only one base on balls. There was quite a good deal of wild throwing, and there were many errors. The outfield did good work. Kernan especially distinguished himself by several good catches, and by a three-base hit. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	1	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	— 6
M. I. T. 1900	0	1	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	— 5

On Wednesday, April 14, Brookline met its first defeat at the hands of Harvard 1900. The score was 13 to 3. Several substitutes were played but Brookline was unable to get many hits. Some of the Harvard men also found difficulty in locating Manning. The Brookline battery played its usual steady game. The trouble was in the out-field and on the left of the in-field. The following gives the score by innings:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard 1900	0	0	0	4	1	5	3	0	0	—13
Brookline	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	— 3

Brookline High defeated the Boylston A. A. in a very loosely-played game, on April 20. There were many errors made in the field, one of them letting in two runs. The game was quite slow, lacking any exciting plays. The only feature was Manning's pitching; he struck out thirteen men. The summary is given below.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	3	0	2	0	2	2	0	0		— 9
Boylston A. A.	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	— 5

The first league game of the season was played between Brookline High and Somerville High at the South End grounds on April 23. Although Brookline was looked upon as an easy winner, the unexpected happened, and she was beaten, 13 to 9. The Brookline team played well for eight innings, with the exception of Lancy, who could not seem to hold the ball, and Talbot, who held to his base too much. Manning pitched a good game, and saved Brookline from trouble several times by striking men out. Kernan and Skilton fielded well, and the former did good work at the bat, making a three-base hit. Ware and Skilton played together well, and Hutchins played without an error. The out-field men seemed to play rather too far out to get Somerville's flies. Pipe of Somerville made a home run, over left-field fence. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Somerville	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	9		—13
Brookline	3	0	1	2	1	0	1	1	0	— 9

PHILIP MOORE, *Sporting Editor.*

NEWS NOTES

"Three strikes! — man is out!!!" when Manning is pitching for Brookline.

There is an interesting article in the town report, telling how the Public Library was begun.

Philip R. Dunbar, Brookline High '96, Williams 1900, has been elected to the music committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Five fellows from B. H. S. have entered the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament, and here 's luck to them. Ware ought to do something over at Jarvis Field.

R. Chauncey Seaver, B. H. S. '96, Williams 1900, won first in the low hurdles and 20-yard dash, in the third athletic meet in the Williams Gym. and was on his victorious class relay team.

The fine drawing, which forms our Easter frontispiece, is the work of Mr. John M. Driscoll, Brookline High '96. We desire to thank Mr. Driscoll most heartily for his kindness in offering the drawing to THE SAGAMORE.

Seaver and Sam Lewis have been seen coaching the base-ball team.

Some few have not gotten over crying "fire" every time the bell in the tower rings.

We would advise the crowd to scatter when one or two that we might mention, try their hand at throwing the discus.

The discus has been here two or three weeks and many of the fellows have tried their skill on the round, flat-shaped disk. Boyce, of course, can hurl it farthest.

In the Friday practical talks for the boys, Prof. Sedgewick of M. I. T. and Prof. Briggs, Dean of Harvard College, have spoken for half an hour. Prof. Sedgewick gave us much useful knowledge concerning the courses at Tech, in a very clear and concise form. Prof. Briggs talked about the freshman year in college.

Saturday, April 3, was a fine day for bicycle riding, and many boys of the High School took advantage of it. Mr. Sanford and Mr. Packard, accompanied by a crowd of wheelmen, rode to Medford and had a pleasant time. The Rambling Club took a blind run by a peculiar system, which led them through Newton, Watertown, Waltham and Arlington. Another party of boys pedaled to Sharon.

April 6th, the school assembled in Shailer Hall to hear the graduates and others prominent in athletics, talk on the subject of athletics in the Brookline High. Mr. Deland, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Wilson, Captain Wrightington, Manager Jenney, Hutchins and Manning, all made speeches full of force and thoughtfulness. This was a particularly opportune talk just as we were beginning the base-ball season, and much sound advice was given by the speakers, which will, doubtless, have as much to do with our championship chances as the Bert Waters talk had last year.

The Debating Club has had a successful year. The meetings have been well attended and a great deal of interest has been manifested by the members. Outsiders too have supported it well. At the beginning of the year there was very little money in the treasury, while now there is over ten dollars on hand. The treasurer expects that the Newton debate will net about twenty-five dollars. This is a good showing. Let us hope that the club will be as prosperous next year. It will be the duty of '98 to carry it along. The class should rise to the occasion and contribute a large membership. Of course '99 will turn out well after it has had the honor of having one of its members elected president. J. G. P., *Sec.*

From the present outlook, the bath-house will be self-supporting.

April 20th the Mandolin Club played at a reception given at the Beaconsfield Casino.

Sam Lewis, '96, has been elected temporary captain of the Harvard freshman nine.

Many scholars of B. H. S. attended the subscription dance held April 22d at the Riverdale Casino.

April 21st the High School Orchestra played in Copley Hall at the Exhibition of Colonial Relics.

It takes sixteen days for a letter to travel from Rome to Brookline. We can thus realize the distance that separates us from Miss Frye.

Mrs. Norton's cooking class of the senior girls has been disbanded, and without giving any jollification, as was suggested. But they had a celebration of their own, with ice cream, etc., before the class broke up.

To the Editor-in-Chief: Owing to a misapprehension on the part of one of your associate editors, I was credited in the April number of THE SAGAMORE with an honor which I beg to disclaim. The Mr. Wilson who bowls for the Riverdale team, and who holds the best individual record in the circuit league, is not myself, but a fellow-member of the Casino. GEORGE B. WILSON.

A subscription list has gone the rounds under the careful pilotage of Mr. Boyce, and enough money has been raised to buy a discus, and the old game of the Greeks will have a place in our outdoor sports. This event will probably be a part of the Interscholastic program, and as Boyce won second prize in this event last year at an open meet of the B. A. A. he should have a good chance for the first silver mug, when the interscholastic takes place on Holmes Field.

Some time ago Mr. William G. Nash spoke a few words to the Senior class about the Alumni Association. His words were brief and to the point, and he pointed out how the association depended for revenue on the life membership fees, which are only two dollars. The annual meeting of the A. A. occurs May 7th, and it is hoped that before that time many will signify their intention of joining the Association. As Mr. Sanford said, "You should be more interested in your school after you have left it, than when you were in it," and here is a good chance to show your interest.

Seaver is playing center-field on the Williams base-ball team.

The date of the prize speaking for the Lincoln medal has been set for May 28th.

Full account of the great victory in the Newton joint debate in the next issue of THE SAGAMORE.

The last of the musical concerts for the young people was given in Shailer Hall, Friday, April 30th.

At the yearly schedule meeting held at the B. A. A., March 31, J. Nelson Manning was elected secretary of the Interscholastic Base Ball Association, and O. D. Talbot was defeated for vice-president by a Boston Latin man, only after a hard fight.

Thursday, April 29th, a small party of bicyclists followed the course of the old Norsemen, up the windings of Charles River. The party had a good time, but it is desirable that more should turn out for these runs, and we are sure that it will be worth their while.

The orchestra played four or five pieces at the joint debate, which were received very well, the visitors from Newton leading in the applause. Afterwards, they and the company from Newton repaired to the lower corridor, where refreshments had been provided through the courtesy of the Debating Club.

The young people's concerts have been given in Shailer Hall under the auspices of the Brookline Education Society, and good audiences have greeted the entertainers. The concerts have been very interesting from every standpoint and great credit is due for the interpretations of the old masters.

At the second athletic meet held in the Williams A. A. Gym., R. Chauncey Seaver, Brookline High '96, Williams 1900, carried off three first prizes and ran on his class relay team. His firsts were in the 20-yard dash, potato race, and the hurdles. A freshman by the name of Dunbar, won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but as there are no initials given in the account in the Williams Weekly, we can not say whether this is the "Dunny" of B. H. S. '96, or no, but we hope that it is the same. From the above it would seem that B. H. S. is well represented in athletics at Williams.

HUMOR

First Stamp Collector — "Stamp collecting 's a riddle."
Second Ditto — "Why?"
First Ditto — "It has so much to do with stickers."

Teacher in French class reading sentence on blackboard: "Les hommes sont venus." Now Johnny, please translate that.
Johnny, with an inspiration: "The men are Venuses!"

Teacher — "What is the highest peak in the Alleghany Mountains?"
1900 (making a brilliant guess) — "The Chesapeak."

A man gave a beautiful watch to a friend of his, and the friend, thinking he would say something appropriate, remarked, "I now realize the truth in the saying, 'There is no time like the present.'"

Junior — "Why does B—— eat so much celery?"
Senior — "So as to be able to run with accelerated speed."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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THE SAGAMORE appears during the last week of the month, just previous to the month for which it is a number. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive any number.

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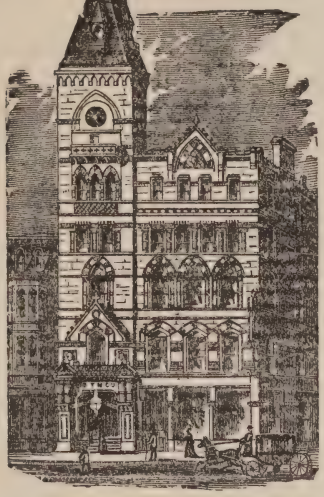

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 8

JUNE

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 JUNE, 1897 NUMBER 8

OUR FOREIGN LETTER

ON THE SLOPE OF THE HILL, JUST BELOW TUSCULUM.

VIII April, MDCCCXCVII.

Dear Friends,—

From the line above you will at once know that I am on classic soil; for, even if you have forgotten your Roman history and the life of Cicero, you will surely remember your "Dombey," and will recall the off-repeated exclamation of Cornelia Blimber: "Oh, could I have been with Cicero at Tusculum, beautiful Tusculum!" Poor Cornelia never had her wish gratified. I, on the contrary, never had the wish; but, as you see, I am at Tusculum, and yesterday afternoon I did my duty by the Latin classes and called on Cicero at his villa. He was not at home, I am sorry to say, and I found his house in a sad state of delapidation; nevertheless, I paid my respects in due form, and I hope he will appreciate my effort—it really is a very steep hill which I had to climb—and show favor to all the hard-working students in the Latin department of the B. H. S. Through his influence, "A's" will be as plentiful next June as the daisies are now in Cicero's present reception room. I did not leave my own visiting card, knowing myself to be an utter stranger as well as a barbarian; but I wrote on a card the name of a lady who knows her Cicero well, a name which has initials not unlike my own. This card with a bunch of anemones—Cicero was ever a man of delicate tastes—I left under a bit of white marble in the sanctum sanctorum of the "Father of his Country." I trust that he will regard my offering with favor, and that the Latin department will feel that I have done what I could to win for it recognition from the head-center of Latin prose-composition.

But now I really must tell you how I came to walk up to Tusculum. I am visiting a friend who has a villa at Frascati, a little town about ten miles from Rome in the Alban Hills. The inducements offered me were three: first, a sight of the country where flowers were growing and birds were singing; second, a visit to Tusculum; and third, a drive to the ridge where Alba Longa used to stand, and a sight of the region over which the Latin league held sway. Do you believe that I could resist such temptations as these? I went to Frascati; I found the Italian spring-time just as wonderful as the fresh new life of the world always is. I drove yesterday to Alba Longa, and when I looked down into the lake, which fills the crater of the volcano on the edge of which the Parent of Rome once stretched its white length, I felt that the ghosts of dead warriors still inhabited the gloomy recesses, and that if I could only speak their language I might "call spirits from the vasty deep."

Cornelia Blimber was right; it is "beautiful Tusculum" still, although not a house remains to tell the tale of its former grandeur. As I have said, it is an up-hill journey from here to Cicero's villa, and quite sure I am that Cicero and the other luxury-loving Romans of his day never made the trip on foot. In fact, the marks of their chariot wheels can still be distinctly seen and felt in stones of the paved road over which we walked to the top of the hill, where in the old days was built the Arx or citadel of Tusculum. Cicero's house stood on the side of the hill, facing Rome. From his terrace he could see his beloved city rising from the campagna; he could follow the windings of the Tiber to the sea, and if the day were clear he could distinguish sails moving across the long horizon line. Perhaps he turned toward the hills for inspiration; if so, he saw at the northwest the Sabines rising from the plain, higher and higher until they were lost in the shadows of the far-distant Apennines. The very spot on which he stood must have served to remind him of what was in his day, ancient history; for was not Tusculum founded by Telegonus, the son of Ulysses and Circe? Then, if he wished to remember the brave deeds of the forefathers he could recall the time when Tusculum alone, of all the cities of the Latin

league remained unconquered and, for a time, was the only friend that Rome had during the long wars that she waged for very existence. If Cicero cared to remember that he was a native of Arpinum, and if he wanted to see the Volscians, he had only to turn his head a little to the south to get a charming view of the cradle of his race. At the same time they might suggest to him the story of Coriolanus, and without doubt the great orator felt that here was a name to conjure with, and planned to introduce the tale into his next great speech and point a moral therewith.

But let us hope that Cicero had a little leisure when he came to Tusculum; I trust he dropped the heroic and the historic and gave himself up to the deserved delights of idleness. We know that he entertained his friends in a most hospitable way; the vaults at the foundation of his house would seem to indicate the existence of a capacious wine-cellar. His table was never lacking in guests, we may be sure. The "four hundred" of Rome and Tusculum formed a most distinguished and reprehensible society, whose follies were exposed to the world by the courageous satirists of the time, men who dared to rebuke the extravagance of the degenerate sons of the fathers. Did Cicero entertain the "four hundred," or the satirists, or — both?

But while I have been moralizing over Cicero, the sun has been sinking behind the dome of St. Peter's, and the broad campagna is bathed in a half-transparent yellow mist. The church inherited the power of the empire. The great dome of St. Peter's dominates the scene before me. That mighty symbol of faith and aspiration served to connect the past with the present,— the living present, in which we live, and work; and hope for a brighter, nobler future than the world has yet known.

Yours sincerely,

MARY P. FRYE.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE

ONE bright morning last summer, I decided to go hunting in a large wood. To reach this place it was necessary to walk for a short distance along the railroad. When I came to the track I tried for fun to walk on the rails, and covered quite a distance in this way. Then I came to a switch-off where the rails form a narrow slot, and into this my foot slipped. I thought it would be easy to pull it out, so jerked it, but it would not come. The rails, shaped broader at the top, held my foot like a vise. I tried to untie my shoe and then slip my foot out of it, but this also was impossible; in vain I tugged and pulled. I now realized my dreadful position. I pulled out a time-table. The train was due in three minutes. I could not call for aid, as the nearest house was miles away. The thought of my helplessness brought a cold sweat out on my forehead. I now looked around me. Was it possible to warn the engineer in time? I was situated not far from a curve, and it looked very doubtful if a train going at full speed could be stopped before it had passed over me.

These thoughts were hardly completed when the rails at my feet began to sing, the sure sign of the approaching train. Louder and louder they sang, and I could hear, though far off, the puffing engine. I got my handkerchief ready. It was red and I hoped the engineer would see it. Suddenly the locomotive shot around the curve at full speed, and the watchful engineer (catching sight of me) put on the air brakes. Still on rushed the train, and during these fearful moments my whole life passed before me. Nearer and nearer it came, and to me it seemed to rush like lightning. I stood as if petrified, and at this fearful moment I distinctly remember thinking why the fireman, who was leaning out of the cab window, wore a black necktie. The engine was now almost upon me, and I had given up all hope, when with a jerk the train stopped. The cowcatcher was not two feet away!

G. C., 1900.

A WREATH OF FLOWERS

"O JOSIAH, how proud yer'll be, a-lookin' down from Heaven tomorrer! Yer'll be all decked fit fer a weddin', and there'll be yer country's flag a-wavin' at yer head. It makes me ol' tired bosom swell proud to think o' them wreathes a-coverin' yer, Josiah!"

The late afternoon sunshine glinted in through the foliage of the old graveyard trees, and rested on the dark, bent figure of an old woman, kneeling beside a little gravestone. She smiled as she spoke to her dead, and drew her withered, trembling fingers slowly over the green mound, with a caressing gesture.

"The Lord 'll be proud o' yer tomorrer, Josiah, when the band is playin' and the soldiers drop yer wreath o' flowers here. And I'll be a-watchin', Josiah, against the time they come." Her tones rose shrilly in the hushed stillness of the place. She leaned her hand upon the headstone, and rose with difficulty.

"Yer hear my ol' knees a'cracklin', Josiah, and I'll be with ye pretty soon, but I must wait ter see yer flag and flowers."

The last rays of the sun were gone, and the air was damp and chilly. The old woman shivered, gathered her shawl closely about her bent shoulders, and hobbled away through the wet grass.

"The poor old Widow Jacob," people called her when she was spoken of at all. Yes, she was poor; people wondered how she managed to live; and she was certainly old. Josiah, her dead husband, had been buried nearly a year ago. O that he could have died a week sooner. "Just a week!" the old woman would moan in her grief. Josiah had been in the war, and when dying had rejoiced in the thought that his grave would be decorated so soon. But the last breath came just too late, and the unhappy widow had to live another year to see his grave decorated. And now she was supremely happy and hopeful. Would they see this poor insignificant little stone so far away in a corner? O yes, for was not that where Josiah lay, waiting for his wreath and flag?

The next morning dawned bright and warm. Widow Jacobs hobbled into the graveyard very early, "just to see that Josiah was all right" before the procession came. Then she got home as best

she could in her excitement, and listened for the drums. She waited, for hours, unmindful of hunger, until early in the afternoon she started, trembling all over, and pricked up her ears. Her old eyes gleamed and she laughed gleefully.

"O Josiah! Josiah! The Lord is proud o' you and me! They're a-comin' to deck ye up, Josiah! The're a-comin', can't yer hear um?"

The drums drew very near, then stopped, and for half an hour it was quite still while the services were carried on in the little cemetery. Then the music struck up again, and the procession moved away. Widow Jacobs hardly heard it now; she clutched her cane, and walked to the graveyard as fast as the old, tottering limbs would carry her.

"Josiah!" she kept muttering.

At last she came in sight of her husband's grave. Her breath came quick and short, and she staggered up to the headstone.

"Flowers — wreaths — where have they put them?" she cried. She looked around, and just opposite was a captain's grave, covered with blossoms, and a fresh, new flag.

"O Josiah! Haven't you any — any —?" A hoarse sob cut the air, as the old, trembling figure sank down beside the little mound, her quivering fingers clutching the cold stone in their despair.

Had they not seen the tiny headstone? Alas, no. It was so small and so nearly hidden in the tall, coarse grass, that the veterans had really passed by without noticing it.

Poor old Widow Jacobs lay there beside the bare grave in an exhausted little heap of despair. Unconscious alike of childrens' voices in the distance, or the overcast and lowering sky, she lay,— her eyes closed, the quivering lips murmuring brokenly,—

"Only a — flag — or a flower."

Gradually a kind of stupor crept over her. The fierce grasp of her fingers relaxed its hold upon the stone and they fell upon the soft grass; she no longer moaned.

The children's ringing voices drew nearer as the little people ran about in their play. They had come in to see the pretty things that the soldiers had left, and were very busy now, dropping little wreaths of wild flowers that they themselves had made.

"How stingy they were not to put posies on all the graves!" cried one of the children, "they left out so many that we shan't have enough flowers to go round."

"Oh! be still, Polly. There's old Grandma Jacobs asleep, and we must n't wake her." It was a familiar sight,—Grandma Jacobs beside Josiah's mound, for she came there every day.

"Let's put our prettiest wreath on her grave, so when she wakes up!" exclaimed Polly, in an excited whisper.

"Yes, let's!" And the children crept up softly and hung a great wreath of white daisies around the stone.

"Another—so when she wakes up," urged Polly. So they laid another one made of buttercups on the mound.

"Stingy soldiers, not to give him even a flag! I'm going to put the one papa gave me in Grandma Jacobs' hand."

"No, stick it in—so. That's better. Now we'll just finish our——" A heavy clap of thunder pealed out and frightened the little ones.

"O— O— it's going to rain!" they cried, in a breath, and scampered away as fast as they could.

Still the old widow slept. Great drops of rain fell through the trees, and a vivid glare of lightning lit up, for a moment, the dark, shadowy graveyard. The wind whistled mournfully and soon the rain fell in torrents.

The widow's black shawl blew off her shoulders and left her exposed to the wind and the drenching rain. There she lay, while the furious storm spent itself, till gradually the lightning came less constantly, and the thunder sounded far away.

The rain had ceased, and some brave, little birds began their chirping in the tall trees overhead. The widow's trembling eyelids opened and she looked about in a dazed way. She put out her hand and felt the wet grass. She tried to raise herself but could not.

"Why!—where—" her tired voice could say no more, but she turned her eyes toward her husband's grave, and lo! two wreaths—and— a flag.

"O Lord!" she gasped faintly, "O Lord! I had a bad dream. I thought Josia— Jos— a bad d-dream."

A glorious, happy smile lit up the old face as she looked up at the little patch of clearing sky above the trees. She tried to raise herself again, to offer a thankful little prayer, but the stiff, cold limbs refused to move. Then she sank down again on the wet grass beside the grave, and folded the withered hands across her breast.

"I waited, Josiah — and — and — now I'm with yer." That was all, save the benediction given by the robins. H. J., '98.

THE BASKET BALL GAME

ON Saturday, May 8th, the Sargent Basket Ball Team played its return game with the Brookline Champions, in the school Gym. In the former game with Sargents, our team won with a score of 7–6, and now, with the girls from across the Charles burning to retrieve their fallen laurels, and our players determined to add another victory to their list — as yet unbroken by defeat — this game promised both excitement and brilliant plays. And as the play progressed this promise was fulfilled. The team from Sargent's had asked for a month to get ready to play this return game, and our team had practiced steadily and faithfully.

When our players had taken their proper positions, lined up as follows:

Freda Sawyer, '97	Goal thrower
Molly Seeley, '97	Front home
Elise Coffin, '97	Front center
Marjorie Bouvé, '97	Center
Emma Mackay, '99	Back center
Helen Adams, '98	Back guard
Capt. May Lewis	Goal defender

the Gym. was already crowded, and many girls, unwilling to lose the game, took grand-stand seats on the window ledges from the

outside. Suddenly the quick questions and answers ceased, the conversation died away along the benches and the referee was seen in the middle of the room holding the big ball in her hand. With one long look to see if all were ready, she tossed the ball straight in the air, between the two center "men."

Every one leaned forward and saw one of them jump high in the air and hit the ball a resounding whack that sent it far down the room. A player of her side caught it, passed it to the goal thrower who tossed it gracefully in the basket amid the cheers from her supporters. A goal in about five seconds! Quick work, that. But while some spectators stopped to consider that there might be more to basket ball than they had hitherto thought, the ball was in play again, and they had no mind for anything but the game.

In the next four or five minutes, a good many fouls were called on Brookline, some of which Sargents took advantage of to make goals; but Brookline steadied, and the ball passed and repassed the length of the room, sometimes finding an applauded resting place in a basket, but more often being sent back by some quick play. The game waged very evenly, but at the end of the first half, the score stood 6–4 in favor of Sargents.

After a short intermission, the second half commenced. This was more exciting than the first, for each team knew that this was the last chance to win. Fine plays were plenty, winning frequent applause, and the way our team would pass the ball up the room by perfect team play was inspiring. Time and time again the Sargent girls would seem perilously near a goal, but Captain Lewis would capture the ball, and with a long sweeping throw, send it flying to the other end of the room, where our goal thrower was waiting for it. The girls would sometimes dive after the ball, as in foot-ball, and it could scarcely be glimpsed because of the flying arms and bodies of the players. The spectators became very excited. One lady could not contain herself, and coached the players, and another declared it was so exciting that she would not come again. And when the ball rolled tantalizingly around the edge of our basket and dropped off, expressions of disappointment could be heard coming from the audience, as well as seen on their faces.

One of the Brookline team played so hard that she was laid up a minute, but she pluckily entered the game again. Other instances of "sand" were not wanting.

The tide of success rolled now one way and then another. But Sargent kept the lead and very few minutes were left to play. Two goals for Brookline—an interval of rushing play—another goal. Would the time last for one more goal? Brookline made heroic efforts, but just as the ball was once more threatening Sargent's goal, the referee's whistle blew and the game was over, with a final score of 10–9 in favor of Sargent's Team.

THE LOST FLAG

In his lone hut by the seashore
Sits the fisherman, bowed and grey,
His head on his breast has fallen,
His thoughts have flown far away,—

Away to a rocky island
Washed by the wind-tossed sea,
Where a soldier lad lies buried,
Who died that slaves might be free.

And the father's heart is breaking,
For on each Memorial Day,
A flag o'er that grave had floated
On the island far away.

But today his eyes grow dimmer,—
The spray of the wild sea foam
Had kissed no flag, for the father
Is too weak to leave his home.

And now the darkness has fallen,
  And the white-capped waves dash high,
The father grasps a tiny flag,—
  Shall he let the day pass by?

With tottering steps and moaning,
  He feels toward the creaking door.
Hark! Hark! how the wind is howling
  O'er the barren north sea shore.

Thro' fog fast falling round him,
  To the water's edge he steals.
Oh, what are the moans of the ocean
  To the painful grief he feels!

His trembling hands seek slowly
  The rope that his dory binds,
He heeds not the lowering night clouds,
  His dory at last he finds.

. . . . . .

Blow on, ye winds of the ocean,
  And guard ye the lonely grave!
No more shall a flag float o'er it
  To honor the soldier brave;
For the flag — the father bore it —
  Is sunk 'neath the sea's dark wave.

M. B. D., '98.

SUBSCRIBERS

WILL those who have subscribed for THE SAGAMORE, please pay up their subscriptions. We are coming to the last numbers of the paper and it is very important that we should know just where we stand in regard to financial matters. Don't put this off, but remit your amount promptly to the business manager, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., 51 St. Paul street, Brookline.

A SAD CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

I HAD been to the theater with a friend and had walked home with him from the cars instead of going directly to my house. Consequently, when I had left him I took a short cut through the back yards of several apartment houses, and hastened homeward very ready for bed.

I had nearly come out upon the sidewalk again when I heard a shrill voice that seemed to be at my very footsteps. I turned hastily about, for the moment, I confess, feeling a little shaky; it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be startled in a gloomy out-of-the-way place at midnight. Nevertheless, I paused, bravely overcoming my tremors, and listened intently for a repetition of the sound. In a moment it came; this time it was more distinct and I was filled with disgust to hear only a woman's voice, calling for a cat. Having nerved myself up for an exciting adventure, I was not a little disappointed at the inglorious cause of my momentary fear. What business, anyhow, had a woman to call a cat in the middle of the night?

"Kitty, kitty! — Come kitty!" continued the exasperating voice.

A sudden inspiration seized me, and feeling almost a grudge against the woman, I crouched down under her window, which I could now tell was two stories up. My spirits were roused! If not an adventure, why not a mild practical joke?

In a moment I tried my best and made a very fair though faint "me-a-ow!" "You dear, sweet thing!" — came from the window —"it's a shame I locked you out." I wondered if she were young and pretty as I "me-a-owed" again. "Wait just a minute, you blessed lamb, and I'll let you in."

The window closed, and I hastily prepared to depart; but, overjoyed at the success of my little joke, I gave my spirits vent in one long series of cat-yawls and hisses, making a noise so like the genuine that I myself was surprised. Just as I finished a sudden icy shower splashed all over me and I collapsed on the ground, gasping and soaked to the skin. Then, before I could collect my scattered wits, a second deluge nearly drowned me.

"We'll see if that confounded cat'll keep me awake another night!" came to my dulled and dripping ears, in a deep masculine voice, and the window directly above my head slammed.

I rose slowly in a dazed condition, shivering from my cold bath, but fell back in a moist heap as the back door opened and a woman, carrying a lamp, cried sweetly:

"Come, Fluffy dear!"

Hastily I slunk around the corner of the house on my hands and knees, and left the woman calling —"Kitty." H. W. B., '98.

ADMIRAL BELKNAP

RECENTLY, in one of the swimming periods, Dr. H. Lincoln Chase introduced to us in a few well chosen words Admiral Belknap of the U. S. Navy. Admiral Belknap spoke on the subject of swimming, saying how needful and helpful it was to know how to swim, such a knowledge not only saving our own life at times of peril, but also that of others. He gave many interesting anecdotes connected with swimming and life-saving, and of incidents where the art of swimming conduced to positions of trust and honor. On two occasions the Admiral had to strike out to save his own life, and his swimming powers were not found wanting. Once acquired, the art is never forgotten, and it is something that is useful throughout life.

After his talk Admiral Belknap, accompanied by William H. Lincoln and Dr. Chase, visited the bath-house and saw the boys enjoying the water, and inspected the building.

He — "If I had known how sarcastic you were I would never have married you."

She — "You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say 'This is so sudden,' after a two year's courtship?"—[*Ex.*

THE SAGAMORE

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A SHORT time ago the school had what was called by courtesy, a fire drill. That is, the scholars, when they heard three strokes of the gong, were led down the stairs by the teacher in charge of the room, and that was all there was to the affair. But surely a fire drill is something more than mere marching down stairs in line. Many public schools have drills of such a sort that when an emergency has arisen, the school-house has been saved by the unaided efforts of the scholars, before the arrival of the fire apparatus.

Now, why could we not have a drill that would not only save ourselves, but the building also, if there was occasion? One man should be appointed to ring in the alarm, another to ring the bell in school. The scholars — the girls and smaller boys — would file out as they did the other day; but the larger boys should be formed

into squads to man the hose, and a leader chosen for each squad. If such a plan were practiced several times, to make it work smoothly, the scholars might sometime have a chance to save the building. There are many instances on record where it has been done. Many schools have a regular fire brigade.

ONCE before in these columns your attention has been called to the matter of a class ivy for '97. It may not be customary in high schools to plant the class ivy, but surely if any class has ever been fitted to inaugurate such an idea, that class is the enterprising class of ninety-seven. Ivy has already been planted in several places in order to wrap the building in a mantle that would hide a little of its plainness, and now it remains for '97 to place a plant that shall enfold some of their memories of the high school, a vine that shall appeal to them whenever they revisit the school. Some may say that this is a matter of sentiment, but if it is, it is good sentiment. We recommend that the class consider the matter.

IT seems that the powers that be — in the Athletic club — have decided that the school games for the spring meet shall be handicap games. This is a departure from the customary course of the Brookline High A. A., but owing to the mortgage which '97 has on the meet — and to the prowess of one '97 man — this plan may be advisable, but we do not think it is an example to be followed by the succeeding senior classes. In the first place, the positions which the classes will occupy at the close of the meet may not be their rightful position, owing to the uncertainty of the handicapping. Then, of course, the records of the different events cannot be broken except by a scratchman. Lastly, handicap games are not bona fide class games. It is hoped that many will enter these games, as they were made handicap to arouse interest among the lower classes.

THE NEWTON-BROOKLINE DEBATE

ON Friday, April 23, the Debating Club had its fifth annual joint debate with Newton. The question was concerning the ratification of the Arbitration Treaty. Mr. Aaron H. Latham presided. The judges were Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Prescott F. Hall and Capt. E. S. Howard. The orchestra furnished the music and delighted everyone by its selections.

Richard V. Larned, Jr., of Newton made the opening speech. He argued forcibly in favor of the principle of arbitration. He declared that war is a relic of the savage state. War has been abolished between private citizens; why not abolish it between the nations? Arbitration is the only way to do this. It has been the mission of the United States to stand up for what is morally right. We should continue on this course and help on the cause of arbitration.

Richard Bishop opened for Brookline with the most eloquent speech of the evening. He showed how insincere England is in claiming to love the principle of arbitration and peace, while stirring up strife in the Levant and the Transvaal. This treaty keeps us from interfering in Britain's schemes of aggrandizement, for the Monroe Doctrine is a subject for arbitration. To arbitrate this is to imperil our existence as a nation.

Gordon Everett Marble was the second speaker for Newton. He claimed that arbitration would put an end to the large armaments of European nations, and so would free them from burdensome taxation.

When Philip W. Moore finished there was hardly anything left of the treaty but the paper it was printed on. He took the different articles and showed how liable the treaty is to failure; how dangerous to leave our affairs in the hands of foreigners. He proved that many things had been included that ought to be left out; that some of its provisions are unlawful and some unconstitutional.

George V. Pratt closed the Newton's side of the case. He claimed that the policy of arbitration is one of eternal peace, that it brings the world nearer to God, and for that reason the United States should favor the policy.

J. Gilbert Peirce made the last speech of the evening. He showed that Newton really said nothing in favor of the treaty, but had spoken entirely in favor of arbitration as a principle; those who do argue in favor of the treaty are very inconsistent. The awards will probably be useless, for there is no power to enforce them. But we shall be bound to arbitrate our right to build the Nicaragua canal. Canada can ruin our fisheries. The treaty will be an entangling alliance with England, and we shall have to support all her infamous actions towards foreign powers.

After a short consultation, the judges decided that Brookline excelled in weight of argument, arrangement, presentation and general excellence, and therefore that Brookline had won the debate.

J. G. P., '97.

NANCY PIPER'S OPINION OF AFTERNOON TEAS

"WALL, Bruce," said Nancy Piper to her husband, "I've ben ter my first tea-drinkin' party, and I hope it'll be the last. Of all the nonsensical things, I never yet saw the beat of it."

Nancy stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, busily trying to untie the strings of her "best bonnet." Her tall, lank body swayed to and fro with excitement, and her black eyes, in their deep sockets, gleamed like live coals. Bruce, who was lolling back in his chair, humming "Marching Through Georgia," stopped and stared at his wife. Then he drawled out:

"What's the matter? You was powerful anxious ter go an' mix up with them city boarders up at the Buzzel's. Didn't yer get enough grub?"

"Now thet was jest the trouble," replied Nancy. "Here I left a good supper ter go up ter Tilly Buzzel's, an' they passed me a cup o' luke warm stuff, with no cream, but only an old piece o' lemon peel stuck in it. I couldn't make out whether 'twas lemonade or what, but I calclated 'twas tea, bein' as how my invitation read thet

way. Then they gave me a bunch of sody crackers tied up with a blue ribbon. I wonder ef they thought I was a nanny goat and expected me ter eat the ribbon. An' not another thing did they hev 'ceptin' a plate o' bread an' butter cut so thin thet yer could er seen right through 'em. I never saw sech measley little slices. Ef thet's yer swell afternoon tea thet yer hear so much about, I guess I'll be excused. I'd ben savin' my appetite all day fer thet tea, an' ter think thet I shud come away hungrier than I went! It's disgraceful, an' I mean ter tell Tilly so termorrow when her boarders hev gone on the picnic! I'm goin' to give 'em a tea an' show 'em vittles as is vittles. I'll hev the tea brought in hot, an' I'll give 'em cold pork sandwiches cut an inch thick, an' doughnuts an' cookies an' fruit cake, an' strawberry jam, an' top off with mince pie. Thet would be something worth walking three-quarters of a mile to git." Nancy stopped to take breath.

"What'd they do," said Bruce, "hev a magic lantern show?"

"Hm," replied Nancy, shrugging her shoulders, "you jest bet they didn't. They stood round like so many mumps on a log an' talked on the weather. One old lady all gew-gawed up in plush an' lace asked me if we turned our pigs out ter pasture, and when I said no, but our cows an' heifers went out, she said, "What is a heifer, a pony or a goat?' Sech ign'rance! On a person that calls herself a lady and hails from Boston, too! Why, I suppose thet she'd hev ben askin' me if we tied our hippopoterocces to our apple trees next, ef I hadn't said I'd gut ter go. Wall, this is the last tea-drinkin' party that you'll ever find me at!" F. S., '97.

MY UNRULY COMPOSITION-MAKER

I AM to write a composition. I have the necessary pen, ink and paper, but ideas,—oh, where, oh, where are my ideas! The precious moments are flying, and here I sit chewing my penholder and dreaming idle thoughts.

There is a flag-staff out doors which fascinates me. The base is painted just that shade of green that swears at the grass and trees.

I wonder why they did not make it match, or at least harmonize. I notice vaguely that the white clouds on the deep blue sky look well. I wonder how far off they are and if they would be anything when one got there. I suppose nothing but a dense mist. They look very comfortable, very soft and downy. One, in particular, looks extremely inviting. There is a little dark patch at one end for a pillow and — but there, it is quite different now. Clouds are changeable things. Almost everything is changeable. I suppose I shall be quite different when I am old. I wonder how I shall look. My nose is a bad point. It's very long now, and then it will be thin and wrinkled, too. I sha'n't have any eyelashes at all then, for most of them are gone now. Shall I have false teeth? No, I think not, because I never would be brave enough to have all my teeth pulled. Probably there will only be two or three teeth left in my mouth. How charming!

But there! that composition! I must surely try and write *something!*

Oh, see; there is a fly on the edge of that boy's ear and he does n't notice it at all. I wonder if it tickles. Boys are strange creatures. I wish I were one — not a strange creature of course, but a boy. But then, if they are both the same it doesn't matter, although — oh, what do I mean? Never mind. One thing I am sure of is, I should like to be a boy. Then I could go to Harvard and have a jolly good time. They do funny things at Harvard, and have no end of sport. If I were at Harvard I should have no end of sport. But I would have to work to get there, and I hate work. Oh, that composition!!

F. A., '98.

The date of the prize speaking has been changed from May 28th to June 4th. The list of speakers is as follows: Molly Seeley, Marion Holden, Mary Boody, Marjory Bouvé, Florence Adams, Marion Hay, Robert Wayland, Charles Bishop, William Smith, Charles Kellogg, Jr., George Fogerty, Harold Bynner.

THE SOPHOMORE–FRESHMAN GAMES

THE first annual Sophomore-Freshman games were held on the Playground on May fifteenth. Some of the events were slow and some were quite interesting. The half-mile record was broken by Wilbor; after being hard pushed by Perkins he did four seconds better than the school record. The pole vault and team races were postponed until the B. H. S. out-door handicap meet on May 29th.

THE SUMMARY.

One hundred-yard dash — Won by E. N. Dorr, '99; second, W. Waldron, 1900; third, M. H. Smith, '99. Time — 11s.

Running high jump — Won by R. Morse, '99, 5 ft. 3 in.; second, E. N. Dorr, '99, 5 ft. 2 in.; third, Ainsworth, '99, 5 ft. 1½ in.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash — Won by W. Waldron, 1900; second, M. H. Smith, '99; third, S. T. Strickland, 1900. Tine — 26 2-5s.

Running broad Jump — Won by R. Morse, '99, 17 ft. 9 in.; second, R. T. Kinsman, 1900; third, A. Vogel, 1900.

Four hundred and forty-yard run — Won by C. L. Perkins, '99; second, W. Waldron, 1900; third, S. T. Strickland, 1900. Time — 1m. 1s.

Running hop, step and jump — Won by R. Morse, '99, 37 ft. 2 in., second, W. Barnes, 1900; third, R. T. Kinsman, 1900.

Eight hundred and eighty-yard run — Won by R. L. Wilbor, '99; second, C. L. Perkins, '99; third, P. Fox, '99. Time — 2m. 16 2-5s.

Throwing the hammer — Won by J. Nyhen, '99, 82 ft. 11 in.; second, N. Cobb, 1900; third, R. Morse, '99.

Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race — Won by E. N. Dorr, '99; second, W. Waldron, 1900; third, P. Fox, '99. Time — 30 3-5s.

Discus throwing — Won by N. Cobb, 1900, 81 ft.; second, W. Barnes. 1900; third, R. L. Wilbor, '99.

THE POINTS.

	'99	1900		'99	1900
100-yard dash	6	3	Broad jump	5	4
220 " "	3	6	Hop, step and jump	5	4
440 " run	5	4	Hammer throw	1	6
880 " "	9	0	Discus	1	6
220 " hurdle	6	3		—	—
High jump	9	0	Totals	54	36

ATHLETICS

BROOKLINE High met its third defeat of the season at the hands of the St. Marks team, at Southboro. The score was large on both sides, on account of the heavy hitting. The score was 24 to 16. Brookline played without the regular pitcher and the substitutes were rather hard hit. The catchers both played a good game, keeping the opposing men close to the bases. Stillman was tried at first base and played a good game. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
St. Marks	3	2	3	2	3	9	1	1		—24
Brookline High	0	0	4	1	0	2	2	7	0	—16

Brookline was "whitewashed" by Groton on May eighth. The score was twelve to nothing. Several men were played on each side. Brookline played a very loose game and Groton scored quite easily. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Groton	1	0	2	2	1	0	3	3		—12

Malden failed to show up on the day appointed for the game. Newton also defaulted.

Brookline High met its second defeat in the league series, at the hands of Hopkinson. The game is said to have been the best league game played for two years. If it were not too much like "crawling" to say it, we would charge Brookline's defeat to "hard luck." It was in that unlucky eighth inning that Hoppy bunched the hits and secured four runs. Brookline played a good game, making two errors to Hopkinson's eight, and making fully as many hits as they did. Kernan's pitching was somewhat of a surprise and, though at times he was a little wild, he pitched on the whole, a good game. The score:—

HOPKINSON:	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Jaynes, 3b.	4	3	3	2	1	1
Hallowell, c.	5	2	3	5	4	0
Stillman, p.	3	3	1	3	3	0
Wood, 2b.	4	1	2	1	2	1
Quincy, ss.	5	0	2	1	3	2
Ladd, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0	1
Shea, 1b.	4	0	1	13	1	1
Huntress, l.f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Parker, r.f.	4	1	1	0	1	1
Totals	36	11	14	27	15	8

BROOKLINE:	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Lancy, 3b., p.	4	1	1	2	7	0
Morse, c.f.	6	0	2	1	0	0
Hutchins, c.	4	0	0	7	1	0
Skilton, 2b.	4	1	2	5	3	0
Kernan, p., l.f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Hall, l.f., 3b.	4	2	2	2	1	1
Manning, r.f.	4	1	1	0	0	1
Stillman, 1b.	3	2	2	7	0	0
Ware, s.s.	5	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	39	9	12	24	13	2

Bases on balls, by Stillman, 10; by Kernan, 6. Struck out by Stillman, Morse 2, Hutchins, Hall, Ware 2; by Kernan, Stillman, Quincy, Shea, Parker. By Lancy, Ladd. Stolen bases, Lancy 3, Morse, Hutchins 3, Kernan, Hall, Stillman 2, Ware, Jaynes, Hallowell, Quincy. Two base hits, Wood, Stillman, Hallowell. Hit by pitched ball, Hutchins. Sacrifice hit, Ware. Umpire, Stivetts. Time, 2h. 30m.

If Brookline's hopes for the championship were not gone after the Hopkinson game, they most surely must have disappeared after the game with Roxbury Latin on May fourteenth. Hardly a person present expected a defeat at the hands of those who had long been known as the "Ponies" of the league, but when the game was half over and Brookline's wretched batting and fielding was apparent the defeat was not unexpected. Lancy made three errors, but he redeemed himself by put-outs on throws by Hutchins. Kernan played a steady game, but at times he lost control of the ball. Parker on first played a good game, especially as the balls thrown to him were mostly wild. It was a surprise to many that for more than three times, when a man was on first and a grounder was placed in the hands of short-stop, the ball was forwarded to first, thus forfeiting several chances for a double play. Parker led on batting with two doubles to his credit. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Roxbury Latin	0	0	0	4	0	3	1	0		— 8
Brookline High	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	— 4

P. W. MOORE,

Sporting Editor.

NEWS NOTES

The orchestra will render selections at the prize speaking.

Why doesn't the Mandolin club play once more before the school?

The Interscholastic program of events will not include the discus throwing this year.

Several of the pyramids which were formed by the boys in the tank were works of art, but very unstable on their bases.

The boys have only one chance at the bath-house in school time now, for the period, Wednesday, is devoted to the instruction of non-swimming girls.

The last number of THE SAGAMORE will not appear till two or three days after graduation day. Those who go away before that time will kindly leave their names with the business manager and have their last SAGAMORE forwarded to them.

R. Wilbor, '99, broke the track record for the half-mile at the Freshman-Sophomore games by four seconds, and should pare it down still further if he is not made to lose by poor handicapping.

We hope that the Soph.-Fresh. games which were called annual on the official's badges, will became so in reality. That is the right way to arouse enthusiasm and to train material for harder contests when they are in the upper classes.

Owing to the date of the prize speaking being changed to June 4th, the date of the dance of '97 has been set for June 11th. Everyone in '97 should subscribe for the dance and make it the best in the history of the school. There will be a fine orchestra and plenty of refreshments.

The ground back of the school has been laid out with lines as a basket ball field, and goals erected at each end. The girls hold some of their games there at recess. The fence, however, should not have been erected. It is not needed and does not improve the looks of the grounds.

Here is an illustration to show how the manners and customs have changed. In olden times, the commander of the castle was the last man to block up the breach in the outer wall before he betook himself to the dungeon keep; and the captain of a sinking or burning ship saw every man safely in the boats before he would leave the deck of his ship. But the other day when we had the fire drill, everyone noticed that those in authority were the first out of the building. O mores!

Those who made a disturbance in room 10 owned up in a "manly" way.

Some in room 10 seem to be fitting themselves as cartoonists for Judge, if those drawings on the board are any criterion.

After the talk by Admiral Belknap on bathing, Mr. Lincoln journeyed across the playground with the boys and tested the practical side of the question.

In their return game with Sargents, our team was beaten in a very close and exciting struggle. So far each team has won a game and now the rubber should be played off.

After much discussion Partridge of Brookline and Boston has been selected as official photographer for the class of '97. It is hoped that many will take advantage of this.

Three of the baseball men have been put on probation. If it had not gone before, this would effectually cause Brookline's chances in baseball to seize wings and betake themselves elsewhere.

The mention of the Hampton singers was forgotten in our last issue. Pres. Frissell made a fine address, and Mr. Walker, a lawyer, gave us a speech full of fire, wit and enthusiasm. The singers called forth thunders of applause, when they sang their songs in the rich, mellow voices which are peculiar to their race, and which we all like to hear so well. The bass especially distinguished himself, by rich, deep, organlike notes.

At a mass meeting of the boys it was voted by a large majority to reconsider the question of marching on Memorial Day, and a decision was reached not to march on that day. Reasons for this are many. Few of the fellows have either uniforms or caps; the boys could not be drilled into any state of efficiency without a regular officer; many do not know how to handle guns. We should do nothing which affects the school as this does, that we are not able to do well. Therefore the boys will have a holiday on May 31st.

Our base ball team seems to have had hard luck, having lost the first three league games, although we played well in all but one. We had good prospects at the beginning of the season of keeping the championship, and we do not see any special reason for falling down so, except the ability to bat, and perhaps weakness in the box. Manning strained his arm in the first game and has not pitched since, while Kernan, although good, is not equal to Manning. Try hard, fellows, to win enough games to keep us from gracing the foot of the column. That would be too bad for last year's winners.

JOB LOTS

"He squandered $10 for roses, you see —
Her joy in the gift was immense,
But little she dreamed that his dinner would be
Three buckwheats that cost him ten cents."

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?"
"No sah, but I'se seen them kill mice."

CIVILIZATION.

The Indian smoking his pipe of peace
Is rapidly passing away;
But the Irishman smoking his piece of pipe
Has surely come to stay.

Angry Professor — "How dare you swear before me?"
Student — "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great.
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight.

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew;
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 9

JULY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 3 JULY, 1897 NUMBER 9

OUR FOREIGN LETTER

FLORENCE, ITALY, 3d May, 1897.

Dear friends of the B. H. S.,—

You see by the heading of this letter that I have left Lateum and entered into Etruria—historically speaking, have left ancient history and begun mediæval and modern. But I am going back to Rome with you, because I want to tell you about my last visit to the Vatican. I suppose you all know that the Vatican is the palace of the popes; most of the rooms are, however, filled with works of art and are open to the public. Here you may see the originals of many of the casts in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, old friends they seemed to me, although I looked upon them for the first time. You would have recognized with delight the sarcophagus of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, great grandfather of Africanus. I knew it at once from the picture in "Allen's Rome;" and as I looked at it, you were all very near me in spirit.

Now I am not going to write a discourse on works of art; and, although I mean to take you into the Sistine Chapel, I shall not ask you to gaze up at the ceiling and study the wonderful frescoes of Michael Angelo. Perhaps you will insist on looking at them, for you will have an hour to wait, and you can't spend the time more profitably than in studying your surroundings. Now I will tell you that the hour of waiting is from seven to eight in the morning, and the purpose of the visit is to see Pope Leo XIII. It is not often now-a-days that the ordinary Protestant visitor to Rome has an opportunity to see the Pope. He is a man of eighty-seven; he never leaves the Vatican, and only those Protestants who have strong Roman Catholic friends are admitted to the services in the Sistine Chapel.

I had a letter to an American priest in Rome, a man of influence, holding a position of trust. Owing to his regard for the friend in Boston, who had given me the note of introduction, I had a ticket of admission sent me for the mass at which the Pope was to officiate. The rule is that all ladies attending this ceremony must dress in black and wear veils on their heads. I had the proper sort of dress, and a friend lent me a beautiful Spanish lace veil. I knew that in order to get a seat near the middle aisle, up which his Holiness would pass, I must go early; so that is why I asked you to wait an hour. Seven o'clock saw me at the entrance to the Vatican. I passed all the guards and door-keepers with my little green ticket as open sesame, and at last reached the door of the chapel. Here I was met by a group of Swiss guards, who looked at me and my ticket most searchingly; then I was allowed to take a seat just in the place I had chosen, but I was conducted by a courtly knight of malta, who looked like a picture in his black tunic, short velvet cape worn over one shoulder and fastened with a broad gold chain, black silk stockings and knee breeches.

The Swiss guards are the most georgeous creatures I have seen. They wear a sort of tight-fitting basque made of cloth in alternate yellow and black stripes, with here and there a band of bright scarlet, covering a seam. Their breeches are also bright scarlet, but from the hip to the knee loose bands of yellow and of black partly conceal the red, and give a most varied color effect as the men move from place to place. Their stockings are yellow and black in vertical stripes, and do not fit like ordinary stockings, being quite loose, especially at the ankle. On their heads they wear metal helmets, with long horse-hair tassels hanging down behind. There are edgings of gold lace, epaulets and other finishing touches which I could n't take in properly, not having an eye for detail; but I hope that I've given you the general effect of this unique uniform of the Swiss guards.

The hour of waiting passed quickly; just after eight o'clock I noticed a stir in the ranks of soldiers, knights, and gentlemen-in-waiting. The soldiers lined up on each side of the aisle; more

guards came in; priests stood in readiness at the altar, placed directly under Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Then the Pope entered, borne in a red velvet chair on the shoulders of twelve chamberlains, dressed in cardinal silk. The Pope wore a magnificent white silk robe, trimmed with broad lace; over this he wore a red cloak, and on his head was a small white silk cap.

As the chamberlains advanced slowly toward the altar, his Holiness blessed the kneeling people, first on one side, then on the other, repeating the act again and again until the chair was lowered, and the Pope knelt in prayer before the shrine. He has the most beautifully expressive hands that I have ever seen. The grace of his movements comes partly from practice, no doubt; but the power lies within the man. Good manner, beauty of motion, absolute adaptation of the individual to environment and circumstance, these are reflections of the inner, best self.

The Pope officiated at the mass, assisted by four deacons. He read both the Gospel and the Epistle, and repeated all the prayers. His voice is wonderfully strong; he spoke slowly, but very clearly and with much fervor. He seemed feeble as he moved from place to place, but the priests were most tender in their manner toward him, and, without seeming officious, they spared him all exertion not absolutely necessary.

The singing was wholly without accompaniment; the Pope's choir is noted for its excellence; and, being in good form because of the practice for the Easter music at St. Peter's, sang delightfully.

After the mass was finished, the Pope held a short audience; ten or a dozen people were introduced, made their reverence, said a few words, kissed the hand of his Holiness and stepped aside. The rest of us looked on and waited with more or less patience for this rather uninteresting ceremony to be over. Then the bearers stood by the great red velvet chair, the Pope sat down, and was lifted to the shoulders of his chamberlains. The procession was formed and moved slowly down the aisle toward the door. The Pope repeated the blessing, smiled benignantly on the kneeling crowd, and vanished. After his wonderful dignity and grace I think that I was struck by the intellectual power of the man. He must be a

keen reasoner; his face shows his ability to argue with force and precision. I should say too, that he has a sense of humor, for his eyes twinkle as he smiles.

And now it is all over; I have seen the head of the Roman Catholic Church; a man whose force is felt in the council chamber of European sovereigns. Still the greatest impression made upon me was that of continuity and inheritance of power. "Pontifex maximus;" we must think back through many centuries to find the origin of that title.

I hope that I have been able to give you a share of my pleasure; that you have been able to think and feel with me during the impressive service. I can only say now, that you are with me as I move from one place to another; that I often wonder how you'd like this or that object of interest, and that I wish you could see all that I am seeing.

Let me make a statement, concerning what I said at the beginning of this letter, lest you tell me that Etruscan civilization is older than that of Rome, and that Catiline was killed in a battle at Fæsulæ, modern Fiesole, a little city very near Florence. I'm only too glad to find that you remember so much history, and I'm willing to admit that the opportunity to study ancient history is not wanting here. But when one leaves Rome one loses the magic of a great name; when one reaches Florence one gains the inspiration of the names which made the city great. Donatello, Michael Angelo, Boccaccio, Dante, Savonarola, Galilco; what a list! And I've not mentioned a tenth of the stars in the Florentine firmament. These names, as you know, do not belong to what we call ancient history. The men bearing these names, as I have said, gave Florence the proud position of leader in art and intellectual culture at a time when the new birth was quickening the pulse and rousing the heart and soul of all Italy, the center from which the rays were to penetrate to the dark regions of a then unknown world.

With all good wishes, I am, Yours faithfully,

Mary P. Frye.

THE END OF SCHOOL

Now for a season of pleasure —
  Now for a summer of fun!
Let dust gather over the text books—
  For this year's school is done!

No more with a guilty conscience
  To classes we shall come,
No more shall we stumble through them,
  For this year's school is done.

Not again — O ye cards to the parents!
  Shall you suddenly check our fun!
For your last tale,— you have told it,
  And this year's school is done.

But ah, not again shall we gather
  As to morning prayers we come;
Not again shall we sing "The Vikings,"
  For this year's school is done.

No more shall we see one another,
  Friends voices now are dumb,
For miles separate us from them
  Since this school year is done.

I see my desk — quite empty —
  Save a blot of ink and a crumb,—
I see friendly desks around me
  Deserted — for school is done.

Exams. and cards are forgotten,
  So too, is Vacation's fun,
As we realize school's real meaning,
  And realize school is done.

Farewell to ye days so thoughtless —
  For Time has seized every one,—
A few weeks more will bring us
  To the year that is to come.

H. J., '98.

NINETY-SEVEN

If your lot is cast on the land,
  Or you sail the sea as a tar,
Never lose sight of this axiom,
  "Each one of the class is a star."

You may search in every country,
  And in all lands under heaven;
You ne'er will find a class as fine,
  As the Class of Ninety-Seven. —'97.

SKETCHES

I

MY FIRST BLUEFISH

WITH a fresh breeze abeam, the cape catboat Fleetwing bowled through the little waves of the narrows, and then rose and fell on the long rollers of the open sea. All hands looked long and anxiously for seagulls — those camp followers of bluefish — but not one appeared. Nevertheless, we put out the lines, and this being my first trip I watched mine strictly for the first ten minutes. The skipper, with the tiller tucked lovingly under his arm, began to tell stories to my father of his adventures on the sea and his —— when suddenly a tremendous jerk lifted my line clear of the sea, sending drops of water in all directions. The captain yelled orders to me, and father became excited and wanted to know what on earth I was doing there looking at the line like a great calf, while the fish would escape. "Let me take the line," he cried. Then I woke up and began hauling in the line as fast as I could, which was no easy matter, for the bluefish is as gamey a fish as wags a tail. He rushed sideways and I could feel his struggles on the vibrating line. He came like a streak toward the boat, and I, feeling the line grow limp, thought he was lost, but 't was only a ruse, for he jumped clean out of the water, trying to shake the hook from his mouth.

No use! Father, seeing the fish was still hooked, danced around with his hat off, and kept telling me to keep perfectly cool and collected and I would land him. It looked so, for he was now rapidly tiring. Hand over hand I brought him to the boat. Only a few yards away now. And then with great anxiety lest I should lose him at this last moment, I lifted him into the boat, a great blue, struggling thing of beauty. Father had the scales ready. "Ten and three quarter pounds," he cried, and then turning to me, "My son, I am proud of you." —'97.

II

UNCLE BEN

The appearance of Uncle Ben was rather peculiar. Imagine a rather short figure, bow-legged and strong. A grey slouch hat framed the white hair which clustered in long fluffy locks on his forehead and neck. Down the flowered vest of a century ago waved a long beard, which, by the way, every child in the village loved to pull. Merry, twinkling, grey eyes smiled forth from under bushy eyebrows. Clothe him in a worn suit of once brown corduroy, and place in his brown hand the gnarled and twisted ash which served him as a cane, and you have the picture of Uncle Ben.

— '97.

THE CAPRICE OF MADAME LA DUCHESSE

SPLASH! splash. It was beginning to rain hard again. Down the street ahead of me, the dim lamp twinkled through the drizzle, and the shadow of some straggler, walking home from his late cup, slid along the narrow, slippery pavement.

A strange night truly, to be out, and one in which a sneaking figure with a sharp knife might easily steal around some dark corner of the tall houses. Still I was not afraid. It has never been my nature to fear, or how could I ever have found courage to wander at night through the unfrequented streets of Paris. I was musing upon the stillness when my thoughts were turned abruptly at the

sight of a man's head thrust out of a window just over me. He seemed to be looking guardedly and suspiciously up and down the street. There is nothing strange in the sight of a man looking out of a window, even at midnight, in Paris; but it came over me that something was wrong and the creeping feeling grew to dread and strange forboding when I saw a mark upon the man's cap that I well knew — a small clasp such as I had never seen except on the person of the King himself. I had scarcely time to form my thoughts when he espied me beneath him. Instantly he drew back his head, and I was going on, wondering much, when I heard some one calling to me from the window and in a low tone asking me to unlatch the door and come up, if I were willing to do a service for a sick man.

I have often wondered since, why the thought of a trap never occurred to me, and why, without thinking, I did as I was asked. Stepping noiselessly in, I closed the ponderous door behind me and turning in the gloom hastened up the dark stairway. The door of the front room stood open, lighting the hall with its flickering firelight, and I saw at a glance that neither of the two men within wore the clasp upon his cap. The elder of them came forward and looked keenly at me—I had never seen him before.

"I will not ask you who you are," he said presently, and to the point, "or why on a night like this you gallivant the streets like a moon-struck boy; but I desire to know if you are willing to do an errand in the service of the King — of the King," he repeated, "and mind, sir, it is no child's play! You have wit enough to know that the task must be hurried indeed, to employ a stranger."

His authoritative manner compelled me to listen, but I could not help glancing at the other man, who sat in the broad glare of the firelight. Instantly I knew him and something of the truth flashed across me. He was a gentleman of the court, a man in whom the King placed much confidence, and that it was well placed I had cause to know. I shuddered lest he, suddenly glancing up, might recognize me; but my fears were wasted, for he sat glaring moodily into the dying flames, not even looking up at the sound of my voice.

"I would not have come up, sir," I replied to the man's question, "if I had feared to do a service for any man, and if I feared danger — why, sir! I should scarcely be out tonight."

The man seemed relieved by this speech and some of the anxious furrows on his brow smoothed away.

Then a bold resolve took possession of me. "Where is the gentleman that I saw at the window?" I asked. The next moment I bit my lips in anger at myself, for both men fixed their eyes on me as if to read my thoughts; and a small prayer went up from my heart that the plume on my hat shaded my face from the man at the fire.

The other hastily and somewhat sternly demanded why I asked.

"Because if I am doing an errand for the King I wish his word, else I may fall into a deeper trap than" — I stopped.

A door from the hall opened and a man entered. In spite of his sombre clothes and worn look I should have known the King, as he stepped out into the firelight and looked at me. I shall always believe that he had heard all our previous conversation, and felt from my words he could trust me, for he never took the trouble to study my face.

"My good friend here has done my business for me," he said. "I only need add that I trust you with — much. Here is a letter which, before morning, must be in the hands of Richelieu! You follow me?" I nodded. "That is all, then. Be swift and fearless and above all suspect every soul you meet, for there are fiends abroad tonight who are thirsty for your blood. Adieu!" I bowed and my hand was already on the latch, when he touched me gently on the shoulder. There was a softer expression in his eyes and the commanding tone of his voice was gone. "Here, my friend," he said, speaking very low, "is another note which concerns neither Richelieu nor any man save myself. When that other has been safely delivered bear this to the Duchess d'Hautefort and she will reward thee. Once more, farewell!"

Bewildered and dazed by the strange scene I had witnessed, with the king's words still ringing in my ears, I scarcely knew that I was descending the bare, creaking staircase until the door had closed

behind me and I was in the street once more. Then the fresh vigor of the night air sweeping up from the Seine brought back my senses to me and I knew that I was the messenger of the King. The clock on St. Germaine was chiming the hour of two and before dawn I must be standing at Richelieu's gate with my precious missive. How cold and silent the street seemed, as I stood a moment before beginning my journey, realizing with a shudder that I was alone, without a friend near me in the dark silence of Paris. Then I knew, with a greater fear than my loneliness had before inspired, that others beside myself were abroad that night.

Suddenly the King's warning returned to me with all its terrible significance as I chanced to see across the street a man's figure but half concealed in the shadow of a doorway. I knew he saw me; standing out boldly in the street lamp he could scarcely have helped it. Somehow I felt that it pleased him. I was in now for a race of life and death, and the danger gave me courage. It was some distance to the nearest corner, but I managed to walk quietly along, without any appearance of haste, not even glancing behind. I felt instinctively that the man would follow me, for with what other purpose could he have been standing opposite the house from which I came; and I knew now that I was entangled in the meshes of some desperate plot.

When I reached the corner safely I turned and fled. A long wind and fast heels only could save me now, and these, thank God, I had. On, on I ran, round dark corners, past glaring lamps, which I heartily wished at the bottom of the Seine, and slackened at last for want of breath. The rain, which was falling heavily an hour before, had ceased and the wet pavements were drying in the wind. I believed the danger past and my pursuer thrown off the scent, or it might have been only a foolish fear caused by the King's words that terrified me. Then glancing back I saw the man again stealing along under the light of a street lamp.

I wondered vaguely what I should do if he came upon me, and whether I could draw my rapier in defense before his deadly knife drank the blood between my ribs. I was in the shadow, and he could not see me, and before he could come nearer I had turned the

corner and had vanished down another street, possessed by a new fear, for in a second glance I had recognized, even in the dim light, the livery of Cinq-Mars!

Many a time in that desperate race, while I dodged the beast who followed me up street and down alleyway, ever clinging to the shadow, I had reason to thank Heaven that I knew the windings of Paris. And as I halted and ran and halted again, my mind was ever busy upon the strange events which had brought me hither.

Three years ago that night who could have believed that the elegant Cinq-Mars, the spoilt pet of the King, would be plotting his life, while the King was hiding in danger from the man he loved. But strangest of all — I, an exile, banished through the contrivance of Richelieu, the very man to whom I was fleeing, had this night been made the messenger of the King.

Was it for this that the fates had turned my steps back to Paris? Did my heart fear evil when it bade me go to the aid of the King? Then that note to Madame La Duchess D'Hautefort! I could feel its dangling seal in my pocket and guess its contents. He loved her still, or why would he write her now — now, at the time when the man she had once warned him against had turned upon him.

Surely the world is full of wonders yet!

I will dwell no more upon that journey, for you know that I reached there safely and knocked breathless upon the massive gates. The porter opened cautiously and let me in at last, when I showed him my letter from the King. "Sir," he said, "the cardinal, I doubt not, will see ye, for he hath been up all night, sore distressed though he be." And this was joyful news, for I feared he might refuse and turn me away, as I knew the King and the cardinal had quarrelled.

When I had ascended the wide stairs and stood at the chamber door, the courage which had stood me so well eked out, and failed me at the last moment.

Wrapped in his scarlet robe, the great man sat writing by a small lamp, his brows bent with pain. His left arm bound in silk lay uselessly beside him upon a cushion. A great change had come

over him in these last three years. The eyes, which could read a traitor's soul, had grown deeper with care, and the high temples were very prominent. He took eagerly the letter that I held out to him, without a word. I watched the furrows deepen as he read and his free hand twitch with agitation. Suddenly he arose and walked to the window and stood there, looking out on the city and the eastern sky, pale with the coming dawn.

Utterly forgetful of my presence, he stood muttering aloud to himself. "I have him now, my vengeance is assured before I die. He scorned my advice, he forgot me in his new favorite, and his dog has turned upon him. No one can blame me; he has sprung his own trap, and shall learn that Richelieu will never be put aside . . . or —— or, on the other hand, shall I forget the insult? It rests in my power alone to arrest the traitor. Shall I save the King his honor, and die in the light of his smile? I have never faltered before, shall I falter now, because I am ill? I am not myself. Where is that other Richelieu, the king of France!" "He is here, Monsieur," I said in a low voice, "ever on the alert in the honor of the King!"

Instantly he turned and looked at me with his piercing eyes; but there was no anger in his voice. "You are right," he replied, "Richelieu has never stooped for vengeance — but congratulate yourself, that you have saved the honor of the King. In one wild freak at least, Mlle. d'Hautefort, you have proved yourself a heroine!"

"Monsieur?" I cried, and the hot red blood spread over my forehead, and burned my cheeks.

"You can never deceive Richelieu," he said, smiling for the first time.

V. R. G., '98.

First reporter — "That reporter Jones is always critisizing or blowing up some one."

Second ditto — "Yes, he must write for the Powder Magazine."

JUPITER'S DRESS SUIT, OR WHY HEBE WAS DISCHARGED

ALL Olympus was astir with preparations for the coming banquet. Juno had secured permission from her husband to give a reception and tea in honor of Athene's coming out into society, and all the gods were invited. Juno moved here and there, superintending the opening of the bottles of nectar and the freezing of the ambrosial ice cream. Mercury had been sent off to the caterer's to order cakes and fruits, with the bidding not to eat them all on the way back. Hebe was to wait on table, and for the twentieth time Juno was engaged in teaching her how to pour the nectar without spilling it. But the hour for the reception was near at hand, and all ran upstairs to dress.

To describe their toilets in detail is a task that is quite beyond me, and I will refer you to next day's edition of the Olympian World which gave all particulars, even to the hairpins of Juno. It must not be neglected, however, to state that Jupiter had purchased a new dress suit, of which he felt very proud, and which he intended to wear for the first time at this reception.

Presently the bell began to ring and Mercury, clad in his best black suit with silk stockings and pumps, was busily engaged in ushering the gods and goddesses. Old Neptune was the first to arrive, followed by Apollo with Diana and Pluto and Proserpina. Soon all the guests had arrived and the brilliantly lighted rooms were filled by the élite of Olympian society. Jupiter and Pluto might be heard talking politics, while Neptune with his hand behind his ear, for he was slightly deaf, was engaged in an animated discussion with Vulcan, as to what it would cost to make a new trident. Venus and Athene flitted around arm in arm, followed by the eyes of younger gods who were holding an argument as to which college, Parnassus or Dodona, would beat at the coming football game. Then the banquet was announced, and Jupiter with Proserpina on his arm led the way to the table. All were in high spirits, Appollo sang, Pluto cracked jokes, and even little Mercury managed to secrete numerous dainties in his trouser pockets, without being reproved by his mamma.

But in the midst of all this hilarity, a terrible catastrophe occurred. Hebe, who had mostly been doing very well up to this point, stumbled, and in falling, spilled a whole goblet of nectar all over Jupiter's brand new dress suit. There was a moment of horrified silence and then Juno's shrill voice broke the stillness : "You wretched creature, spoiled Juby's new dress suit and my new carpet ; I will stop half your wages and you shall leave tomorrow!!" At this outbreak a general laugh went round the table, and the conversation went merrily on, while no further mishap marred the pleasure of the evening.

Only three persons were unhappy, Jupiter for his dress suit, Juno for her carpet, and poor Hebe, who crept out to pack her trunk and get ready for her departure on the morrow. J. F., '98.

THE PRIZE SPEAKING

THE prize speaking for the J. Murray Kay medal was held in Shailer Hall on June 4th. The event was very succesful and the programme was the best that has been given at these contests for several years, on account of its variety and balance. The speaking was all fine, especially that of the two winners. Miss May Boody, who won the girls prize, delivered her selection in a strong, dramatic manner, well befitting its character, and her gestures were easy and natural. Harold Bynner, winner of the boys prize, entered into the spirit of his piece, "Wyatt's Speech," by Tennyson, and held the audience by his good elocution.

Mr. William Smith sang "The New Kingdom" and "Jack's the Boy," in fine voice, to the applause of the audience, and the duet between Miss Marian Richards and Miss May Strickland was received with enthusiasm. But the best number, outside the regular programme of speaking, was the performance of the Mandolin Club, which received tumultuous encores. The medley especially captured the house.

The judges were Mr. Archibald Howe, Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, and Mr. Joseph Walker. Mr. Howe announced the winners, after some witty remarks.

PROGRAMME.

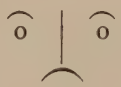
Overture, "The Amazon," . . . . . *Keisler*
School Orchestra.
"The Armenian Question," . . . . . *R. H. Davis*
George L. Fogerty.
Selection, from "Tale of Two Cities," . . . . . *Dickens*
Marjorie Bouvé.
Song, "New Kingdom," . . . . . *B. Tours*
William H. Smith.
"Battle of Tlascala," . . . . . *Prescott*
Robert S. Wayland.
"Briar Rose," . . . . . *Boyesen*
Marian Holden.
"Aubade Neapolitaine."
"Espanita Waltzes."
Medley.
Mandolin Club.
"Address at Grant's Tomb," . . . . . *President McKinley*
Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.
Selection, "Sohrab and Rustum," . . . . . *Mathew Arnold*
May W. Boody.
March, "El Capitan," . . . . . *Sousa*
High School Orchestra.
"Wyatt's Speech," . . . . . *Tennyson*
Harold W. Bynner.
"Mother and Poet," . . . . . *Mrs. Browning*
Florence B. Adams.
Duet, "Over the fields of clover," . . . . . *Giebel*
Marian D. Richards and May W. Strickland.
"Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," . . . . . *Thompson*
William H. Smith.
"A Modern Sermon," . . . . . *Anon*
Richard Bishop.
March, "Up the Street," . . . . . *Morse*
School Orchestra.
Judges' decision.

TWO SMILES

Now doth the wily soph. appear
At lessons, with a knowing leer,
And grins when now he takes his seat,
As if to say, "They're easy meat."

For right against his floating rib,
He feels the gay and festive crib.
"How can I ever make a miss,"
He thinks — and then he smiles like this.

But hold! he wildly beats his breast.
He finds the wrong crib in his vest.
"I'm in the soup — this ends my bliss,"
And then he smiles, but smiles like this.



—'97.

AN AMERICAN TRANSFERRED

NIGHT was falling in Hades. Cataline, Julius Cæsar, Old King Cole, and several others had been big game hunting in the forest on the left bank of the Styx, and now they stopped and camped for the night. They built a roaring fire and sat around and swapped stories. Old King Cole had just begun telling a lot of his bad puns, when he was interrupted by a noise on the other shore. Presently a subdued swearing was heard, and in a moment Charon shot his boat into the firelight, making a fine landing near the hunting party. One lone shade stepped ashore. Cataline surveyed him narrowly and then turned to Charon.

"Charon, why do you bring this plebian here? You know well enough that no one is allowed in this part of Hades unless he lived ten centuries ago."

Charon opened his mouth to reply, but the shade, breaking in, told the following story, while Cæsar listened intently, and took shorthand notes on the sly, so that he might insert the incident in the revised edition of his works, of course making himself the hero. This is the story which was taken down by Cæsar :—

I was an American boy, and I lived in the twentieth century. Like all American boys I was wide awake, and sometimes presumptuous, thinking that I was the only ball on the tennis court. My one great talent was invention. In my day the telegraph, telephone and telescope had been perfected, until we could talk to the inhabitants of the other planets, and see our cousins of Mars. Well, I thought I would make something more wonderful than these, so I conceived the idea of inventing a machine through which I could project my soul and mind into the past.

I will not tell of the years I labored before my invention was complete. The day I finished it was a red letter day for me, and in my joy I started to take it to a learned scientific society. But I regained my senses, and resolved to test the invention thoroughly, before I ran the risk of failure.

Accordingly I rose at midnight of the same day, took hold of the polished bronze handles of the machine, and wished that I could be in Athens about 488 B. C. Immediately a pleasant stupor overcame me. There was a short struggle, and then my soul was free. Just before I shot off to Greece I remember that I turned and saw my body lying limp in the arm-chair close to my wonderful invention.

In the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the square at Athens. There on the hill sat the wonderful Acropolis with its beautiful white temples, gleaming bright in the sun's rays. Afar off I could catch a glimpse of the sea plowed by the Athenian victors, and inland, blue mountains cut the pure air, shutting off Attica from her sister states.

Suddenly, as I took a stride, I tripped, and on looking down, what was my astonishment to see that I had stepped on a long white mantle which covered me from head to foot. My arms were bare, and then it flashed over me that I was dressed in the costume of the Athenians. "What would the fellows say if they could see me in this rig," I thought, and laughed until a most terrible discovery sobered me instantly. I had wished myself in Athens, and here I was. But in my hurry I had forgotten to provide any way to get back again. What should I do.

The thought terrified me. I tried to keep cool. I looked at the strangely garbed people in the square, and attempted to direct my thoughts at the various shops. But the horror of the thing was too much, and with a yell that startled all the people about me, I dashed into a cool grove, and threw myself on the grass behind some bushes.

Soon my hard American sense came to my aid. I reflected that I could make a machine in Athens, which would send my soul back to Brookline, and this comforted me much. All my knowledge was stored in my brain as before, and all I had to do was to use it and make another machine in Athens. To be sure there was no electricity, but I could provide that easily.

At these thoughts my spirits regained their usual buoyancy and freedom, and I entered the square once more. Passing along through the crowd was a young man of about my own age and I thought I would like to speak to him. I was puzzled as to how I should address him, for the only Greek that still clung to the receiving end of my brain was the two phrases, "He spoke as follows," and "He marched three stages, five parasangs, to a great and populous city."

But as I spoke, the words seemed to flow readily enough, and I cried:

"Hello, John."

The fellow stared at me in the most surprised manner.

"I say, what has the crowd collected for?" I continued.

He still looked at me wonderingly, but at last he spoke.

"What barbarian art thou?" The words rolled slowly from his

lips in purest Greek. "The people ascend the Acropolis to do honor to Athene, for this is the festival of Pallas Athene. Wilt come with me? 'Tis a rare sight."

"Yes, I may go, but not to see your goddess. I am an American, living in the twentieth century A. D. America is the greatest country in the world; she has the best statesmen, the best cowboys, the best rulers, and the best baseball nine on earth has its home just about three miles from me. We are great inventors. I made a machine which projected me from the America of the twentieth century A. D., to the Athens of 488 B. C.

Wrath had been gradually overcoming his surprise during my speech, and now he broke out:

"O, rash youth! Hast thou not heard the doctrine of Nemesis, that the gods will not allow one man or nation to become too prosperous, but they are envious and bring misfortune? And thou hast pierced the veil of the past too. There is no hope for thee. The gods will surely punish thee."

And now the punishment predicted came to pass. At the end of the second day, as I was gazing off the Acropolis, the ancient times into which I had projected myself seemed to close around me like a mist. Objects were no longer strange. In a moment I had been changed from a twentieth century American to an ancient Greek, with all the emotions and sympathies of a Greek, and in Greece I lived the rest of my mortal years. But the life of an American was mercifully hidden from me, and not until I died did my past life came back to me.

Now, Cataline, you see why I am allowed to come to this part of Hades, for as a Greek I am over ten centuries old. When I died, as a true son of Hellas, I engaged Charon to ferry me over the Styx, and gentlemen, here I am.

Old King Cole looked at the shade a moment after he had finished and then ambled to the place where the baggage of the hunting party was stacked, and rumaged about for a bit. He came back in a few moments with a bottle of Hadean ginger pop, and, without a word, handed it to the transferred American.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE POET AND THE PRINCESS

[From the German of Hermann Hölty.]

There is a story of olden time:—
A humble poet — so runs the rhyme —
Loved a king's daughter.
Alas for him!
He could not repress his love.

Her voice rang silver tones to him,
It charmed his heart. A vision dim,
She stood before him.
Alas for him!
He could not restrain his love.

Charmed by her beauty, the lover bold
Robbed her dear head of a curl of gold.
She smiled at the theft—
But woe to him!
He should have repressed his love.

Her warm, red mouth seemed made to kiss,
He tasted its sweetness in reckless bliss.
One hour of joy
For a lifetime's rue,—
He should have restrained his love.

And now there are rumors about the town;
The king has heard them with wrathful frown.
Let the lover flee!
Oh woe to him!
He ne'er should have told his love.

The moon shines pale, and a sad-toned bell
Is tolling a mournful funeral knell,
The wind has a doleful
Sound — Oh woe!
His love has his ruin proved.

M. S., '97.

CAPTAIN JACK

"HERE come the lobster boats," cries a ragged fisher lad, and turning toward the beach I see three long dories urged through the rollers by the brawney arms of the fishermen. In a moment the boats grate on the sand; the men jump into the water and run them out of the breaker's reach.

'Tis then that I notice Captain Jack, as he stoops to lift the lobsters from a basket; and I marvel at his breadth of shoulder, his magnificent chest and his long, strong legs, and wonder at the brightness of his dark eyes. The sun glints on his black hair, slightly touched with white, and throws into bold relief the strong chin and firm mouth. Yet his face is not stern, but rather sorrowful. It gives you the impression that Captain Jack has passed through some great misfortune.

I, wishing to know what that misfortune was, lounged over to the cottage of my old friend "Bo'sun" Brown, and asked him for the story.

It seems that Captain Jack and his little girl lived all alone on the Point. She was a winsome lass, a great favorite with the men, and sometimes they used to take her on short trips in their boats. One day the big jolly skipper of the lobster schooner sailed with her for Boston. Scarcely were they free from the harbor when the sky took on that yellow-greenish hue which heralds a storm, and the skipper turned back. But it was too late. The fiercest squall that region had ever known burst on the boat just as she entered the harbor. The sail was torn into ribbons. The boat was the plaything of the waves. A sharp rock stood in her path, and in three minutes, those watching on the shore saw only a gray expanse of wild raging waters.

And that is the reason why Captain Jack has lines on his forehead, and gray hairs among the black. That is why he stands on the sandstone cliff at night, when the clouds fly darkly, swiftly, while the wind drives the waves against the coast with a crushing sound, and why he stares at the jagged rocks in the bay, when the lightning reveals them. —'97.

A YOUTH OF ATHENS

HE was only a little fellow some ten or twelve years old, and yet he was domineering over his playmates like a young sovereign, while they strove with each other to please him.

"Ho there, Cephanias!" he cried to one of the group, "haste thou to my chamber and bring to me my bag of marbles—I know not just where it is—"

"Nay! wait. I do;" and a twinkle came into his eye as he called after the boy; "it hangs—ye gods—upon the statue Hera within the outer court."

A shout of merriment arose at these words, but the lad, suddenly turning, smote about him with all his youthful might, and gave stinging buffets to several of the group.

"My son," said a voice, "thou shouldst be more chary with those small fists of thine." A priest of Zeus reproved the lad, although with kindly eyes.

"Oh, Father!" replied the tiny rascal, "'twas by some strange mistake, this morn, that I did have my marbles suspended round the neck of Mother Hera, and these ungodly dogs did ridicule when I confessed with contrite heart of my profanity."

"Thou art most ardent in the defence of thy gods, O son of Cleinias. Let us pray it may be ever thus." And the priest moved off, with bowed head.

Scarcely had he gone when the impious rogue did strut about with soberest countenance in comical imitation of the holy man. Boyish cries of delight went up as the lad explained to his listeners, "In the name of Aphrodite, I would not that I hurt you; but you know the Father happened round the corner just in time to hear my words, and, lest he should inflict on me a discourse for my irreverence, I struck about and played the righteous; and by Ares, he was most mightily deceived."

At this point the attendant slave, who always escorted the Athenian youths to school, interposed and begged that his master might hasten home with him to dine.

They were in front of that beautiful temple called the Theseum in Athens, and had been lingering on their way from Lysis to play

at a game resembling our marbles. The youthful tyrant, too, had wished to join the game, and now must he depart to please a slave!

"Thou impudent dog!" he cried, "hush thy snarling! I go not from this place until I will it; and thou awaitest me. Dost hear?"

The slave bowed mute acquiescence to his young lord's flashing eyes and stood apart, leaving his imperious charge with his playmates.

Soon Cephanias arrived and, for his task, was granted that favor coveted by all the group, he was to be their young despot's partner.

The game commenced, the glittering marbles flashed o'er the ground, and the slave waited in hungry patience, whispering now and then with the attendants of the other youthful lords and bemoaning his hard lot — but, mark you, in low tones. Suddenly the boy cried out, —

"By Dionysus, let us have some more exciting play. I will wager ten drachmæ that I with Diomed yonder win the next round of game. And if I win not — but oh, Athens! 'twill not be thus — he who doth defeat me shall have the sum of money, and to him also will I give this marble of pure graven bronze, that I did pay most dear for. But, gods! there is no danger of its loss; these clumsy blunderers could not pitch a ball that would come near to hit the mark. And when we win ye each shall give to Diomed and me two silver drachmæ; and I will be the victor of ye all. Oh, pretty marble mine! tremble not for thy safety; but, rather, do rejoice; for I will purchase with my gain a fitting mate for thee."

One of the older boys, who had joined the group, answered scornfully, and pledged a golden coin on his own good luck at play.

. . . . . .

Once more the whizzing marbles flew in quick succession; and now the slaves gathered about, and each eagerly applauded his master's every skillful shot. Promises of offerings to the gods in case of victory were many; and excitement was rife in the hearts of both the players and the onlookers. Fortune lent her skillful aid first to one and then to another; but finally she remained with Miccus, the better of the

golden coin. His anxious countenance brightened as one by one his score increased, and soon, alas! the time was called and Miccus had won by several points.

The face of the young boaster grew pale with anger and shame at his disgrace, and then — oh strange passions that control the hearts of men — he ran and threw himself upon his back across the narrow street in a posture must humbling even to his fallen pride. Neither the calls of his comrades nor the tearful entreaties of his pedagogue served to budge him from his strange resolve.

Passers-by stopped and gazed at the unusual sight, while soon a crowd of young plebeians gathered to ridicule and scoff. But, nevertheless, the boy lay motionless, seemingly unconscious of all that went on about him, his light tunic soiled by the mud in the street, and his fair locks all dishevelled.

Suddenly a heavy cart rumbled up the street driven by a young freedman, and, as they neared the prostrate form of the lad, the mules reared up on their haunches, startled out of their usual stolidity by the strange sight before them. With an angry oath the driver sprang to his feet and cried:

"Ho! by the Furies! what have we here?" — his expression changed as he viewed the face of the lad, and he continued,—"a young aristocrat — 't is true, ye gods — the ward of Pericles. Citizens of Athens," he sneered, "behold this godly youth! Our merry Dionysus hath lain hands on him, it seemeth."

The crowd of gamins, who were listening eagerly, hooted and jeered; but the boy disdainfully turned his handsome head toward the man and spoke with scornful voice:

"Hold thy peace, knave! Get you gone — and think not that because thou hast bowed the knee to wine, so must the son of Cleinias."

The man turned scarlet with rage and snatching up his lash he roared:

"And does the aristocrat believe that Demophon shall hark unto the prating of a suckling? No! but he will drive in the public street whether ye wish it or no; and if there be a boy — a wealthy boy forsooth — crushed beneath the heavy wheel this day, then

Demophon shall surely be unblamed, for he did warn the little fool in time. Now, on! oh Heracles, and forward pretty Ioni!"

The mules started with a bound, but stopped short, snorting with fear as the lad before them raised his hand unflinching, and then they stirred neither for the shouts nor the lashes of their infuriated master. The daring youth spoke once more:

"Plebeian! thou art mad!—aye, raving mad—that thou dost threaten thus the ward of Pericles; yet I will not tell to him one word that has escaped your carnal lips. This do I swear—that thou canst not swear 't was Pericles did stop you; and now I —and only I—do bid you back. You dare not forward—you cringe—you cower! Be gone!"

The man half jokingly, half sullenly, turned his cart about, amid cries of ridicule and went his way.

Not until the creak of the wheel was heard no more did the young Athenian stir; then he rose laughingly to his feet, paid his bet to the winner, and surrounded by his admiring comrades followed the slave homeward.

Who was this fiery lad, the owner of that haughty, fearless spirit? Who was he?

'T was one whom Athens, Sparta, Persia loved and feared. 'T was Alcibiades the Ambitious, the idol of the youth of Athens—the desecrator of the gods—the general and—the traitor.

H. W. B., '98.

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

ON June 21st, the Town Hall witnessed the graduation exercises of the class of '97. As usual, the school and school orchestra were seated on the stage. The audience was one of the largest ever seen at a graduation night, and many who arrived late, were compelled to stand at the back of the hall.

Mr. Prentiss Cummings delivered the address, which was headed "Being and Doing," in a masterly manner, and gave many useful hints in his discourse. His address was followed by the duet, "By Thee with Bliss," rendered by the school soloists, Miss Marian Richards and William H. Smith. They won deserved applause by their fine singing. Then the school sang en masse the stirring song called "Freedom, God and Right."

Mr. William H. Lincoln then presented the diplomas to the graduates, with his usual feeling talk. This is Mr. Lincoln's last year as chairman of the school board, he having resigned on account of pressing duties. But we all hope that he will not desert the high school and will still give the high school scholars a chance to greet him with their wonted enthusiasm, when they catch sight of him in the school building.

The orchestra played the Sorosis Waltzes, after which Mr. Walter H. Page presented the J. Murray Kay Prizes, consisting of fifty dollars worth of books; for excellence in elocution, the girls prize to Miss Mary Boody; the boys prize to Harold Bynner. After some witty remarks, Mr. Page announced the winner of the prize for the best historical essay on "Three Glimpses of Brookline," who proved to be Miss Marion L. Sharp; the prize for the other historical essay on "The Brookline Town Meeting," was won by Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.

The school sang Nazareth, and Mr. Lincoln himself awarded the Lincoln Prizes as follows: For excellence in English, a gold medal to Walter Adams Parker; for excellence in German, a silver medal to Miss Molly J. Seely; for excellence in Greek, a silver medal to Sumner Crosby; for excellence in Physics, a silver medal to Francis Bradley; for excellence in Mathematics, a silver medal to Miss

Maude B. Dutton. At the conclusion of the awards, Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words to the winners that they will not soon forget.

The "Song of the Vikings" concluded the graduation exercises.

PROGRAMME.

March Celebrè, ... *Lachner*

Address,

Mr. Prentiss Cummings.

By Thee with Bliss, Duet and chorus from "The Creation," . . *Haydn*
Marian D. Richards, soprano; William H. Smith, baritone.

Freedom, God and Right, ... *Barnby*

Presentation of Diplomas.

Mr. William H. Lincoln, Chairman of the School Board.

Waltz — "The Sorosis" . . . . . *Keiser*

March — "El Capitan" . . . . . *Sousa*

Award of J. Murray Kay Prizes.

Mr. Walter H. Page.

Nazareth, ... *Gounod*

Award of Lincoln Medals.

Mr. William H. Lincoln.

Song of the Vikings, ... *Faning*

GRADUATING CLASS.

Classical Course.

Richard Rishop,
Fisher T. Bullard,
Henry M. Channing,
Sumner Crosby,
Albert Morse,
Russell Stearns,
May W. Boody,
May B. Lewis,
Frederica Sawyer,
Marion L. Sharp,
J. Gilbert Peirce,
Olin Talbot.

Sub-Classical Course.

Endicott C. Allen,
Arthur B. Hitchcock, Jr.,
Walter A. Parker,
William H. Smith,
Marjorie Bouvé,
Marian Holden,
Edith D. Richards.
Madelaine G. Rogers,
Molly J. Seely.

Technical Course.

Arthur M. Osborn.

General Course.

George L. Fogerty,
Frank R. Hutchins,
Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.,
Henderson Kellogg,
Philip W. Moore,
A. Eliot Ritchie,
William W. Roney,
Walter S. Smith,
Robert S. Wayland,
Harold K. Wead,
Eva Cook,
Cora Fowle,
Ethel M. Humphrey,
Annie Maguire,
Alice G. McCarthy,
Grace M. McGregor,
Sadie A. Meaney,
Katharine R. Muldowney,
Margaret F. Nagle,
Eunice M. Woods,
May E. Young.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

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HENDERSON KELLOGG, '97

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CARROLL L. PERKINS, '99 EDWARD MORSE, 1900

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Walter A. Parker, Waverly Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 15 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., St. Paul St., Brookline.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Business Manager.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

BROOKLINE High School has a fine hall in Shailer Hall, but it contains a defect so important as to almost destroy its usefulness. We refer to its bad acoustic properties. This defect has never been remedied since the hall was built, and indeed the only feeble attempts to fix the matter culminated in hanging an old weatherbeaten sail at the back of the stage arch, which helped very little, if at all, and was an offense to the eye. To have such a ragged background for such a finished performance as the prize speaking, is a disgrace, and many in the audience remarked upon it. There are various ways for improving the acoustics of a room, and these should be tried in Shailer Hall. By all means let it be done during the summer, so that it will be all right when school commences again. We recommend those in charge of the matter to do something immediately.

This issue ends the third volume of The Sagamore. The paper has had a prosperous year; the finances are all right, and, best of all, we have had no trouble in getting good contributions from the different classes, a great improvement over the two preceding years. We hope the school will continue to improve in this way, and stand by next year's editors.

This year The Sagamore has not run blindly, but pursued a settled course. Every issue has contained a serious article, fiction, sketches and poetry. We have tried to improve the paper all we could, and think that we have succeeded in some respects; for instance, the amount of fiction presented in this year's Sagamore, is more than twice the amount which appeared last year. But there is still plenty of room for improvement, which no doubt will be looked after by the coming editors.

Some improvements suggested by other school papers are a two column page, cut leaves and an exchange column. We do not think any of these changes advisable. With a two column page, the eye has to go back to the beginning of the line too often, and beside, two columns spoil the look of the page. In regard to cut leaves, everyone knows that the best and most stylish magazines have uncut leaves, and if anyone is so lazy that he can't cut the leaves,—why! we are sorry for him. Many papers make much of the exchange column, and undoubtedly it is a good thing, for here the editor looks for helpful criticisms and suggested improvements. But The Sagamore is published for the benefit of Brookline High scholars, and we do not think that they would be interested in reading that "The Buckthorne has appeared in a new cover," or "The Penwiper has an excellent exchange column." However, this can be considered later.

The old board held an extra meeting to elect editors to the vacant places of the graduating class. The full board for next year is as follows: Editor-in-chief, Harold Bynner, '98; associate editors, Miss Maude B. Dutton, '98; Miss Elise A. Coffin, '98; John T. Floyd, '98; class editors, Miss Victoria Goodspeed, '98, M. Harsell Smith, '99,

Edward Morse, 1900; subscription business manager, Carroll Perkins, '99; advertising business manager, J. Nelson Manning, '98.

And now we pass over the shears, our stock of persuasion, and the glue-pot to the next editors. THE SAGAMORE has given us a good time, and benefited us immensely. We herewith wish all success to the new board.

THE SENIOR CLASS DANCE

SHAILER Hall was gay on the evening of June eleventh with the chief social event of the school year, the '97 dance Mrs. D. M. Belches, Mrs. G. N. Talbot and Mrs. Chas. W. Lewis kindly acted as matrons, while the senior class furnished a most excellent staff of ushers who were untiring in their efforts to make the whole affair a success. The music, composed of four pieces, was furnished by Gott, and everyone had only praise for it. It was fine.

The hall was tastefully decorated and the building made pretty throughout by an artistic arrangement of lamps and hangings, while comfortable seats with plenty of cushions made things pleasant for the dancers during the intermissions. Great credit must be given the committee for the admirable way in which everything was planned and carried out.

At ten the supper dance was announced, after which refreshments were served at the lunch counter in the lower corridor. At the conclusion of supper, dancing was resumed till half-past one, when the orchestra stopped playing and made preparations to leave. As the dancers had not had enough dancing Miss Molly Seely was called for. Miss Seely responded by going to the piano, so that two additional dances were enjoyed.

Of course everyone expected that the dance would be a success, but no one anticipated quite so delightful an affair. All enjoyed themselves to such an extent that it is safe to say no other dance in the history of the school was a greater success in every way.

H. K., '97.

TWO TRANSLATIONS

From the German of Heine.

THE FIR-TREE

Alone, on a bleak northern height,
A stately fir-tree stands;
In robes of snowy ermine decked
By the deft Frost King's hands.

In dreams it sees a palm tree
That 'neath a sultry sky
Stands lonely, grieving ever,
Where burning cliffs tower high.

SPRING SONG.

Softly to my spirit now,
Like sweet chime-bells ringing,
Little Spring Song comest thou,
Thy glad message bringing.

Ring it out then, far and wide,
Flowers shall spring to meet thee;
When thou see'st a blushing rose,
Whisper, "Sweet, I greet thee!"

MAY LOUISE PIERCE.

THE OUTDOOR MEET

THE Eleventh Annual Spring Meet of the B. H. S. A. A. was held on the playground on May 28th. The events were run off in handicaps. Considering the fact that many records were uncertain, the handicapping was very fair. Boyce and Stillman carried off the honors in the weights, and Wilbur and Lancy in the runs. New records were made in 220 yard hurdle and hammer by Boyce, in the 440 and 880 by Wilbur and a good record established by Stillman in the discus throw. Following is the summary:—

100-YDS. DASH. (Handicaps in yds.) 1st trial heat won by B. C. Lancy, '99, (1 1-2); 2d, Wm. Waldron, '00, (2); time, 10, 3-5 sec. 2d trial heat won by E. N. Dorr, '99, (1 1-2); 2d, W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; time 10 4-5 sec. Final won by B. C. Lancy, '99, (1 1-2); 2d, W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; 3d, Wm. Waldron, (2); time 10 2-5 sec.

200-YD. HURDLE RACE: 1st trial heat won by A. E. Ritchie, '97, (10); 2d, G. R. Ainsworth, '99, (15); time 29 2-5 sec. 2d trial heat won by E. N. Dorr, '99, (5); 2d, W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; time 29 2-5 sec. Final won by W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; 2d, A. E. Ritchie, '97, (10); 3d, E. N. Dorr, '99, (5); time 27 sec. Record broken by 2 2-5 sec.

440-YDS. RUN won by R. L. Wilbur, '99, scratch; 2d, H. Osborn; 3d, M. H. Smith, '99, time 56 1-5. Record broken by 1 1-5 sec.

220-YDS. DASH won by B. C. Lancy, '99, (3); 2d, W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; 3d, Wm. Waldron, '00, (5); time 24 sec.

880-YDS. RUN won by R. L. Wilbur, '99, scratch; 2d, C. L. Perkins, '99, (10); 3d, P. Fox, '99, (50); time 2, 11 4-5. Record broken by 9 sec.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP won by C. W. Lewis, '00, (8 in.); 2d, A. E. Ritchie, '97, (3); 3d, S. H. Skilton, '98, (3 in.); height with handicap 5, 3 1-4.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP won by W. A. Parker, '97, (2 ft.); 2d, L. C. Richardson, '98, (2 ft. 3 in.); 3d, T. A. I. Quinlan, '00, (2 ft. 6 in.); distance including handicap, 21 ft. 7 in.

POLE VAULT won by A. E. Ritchie, '97, 1 ft. 4 in.; 2d, J. N. Manning, '98, 1 ft. 4 in.; 3d, A. E. Vogel, '00, 1 ft.; height with handicap, 9 ft. 9 1-2 in.

12-LB. HAMMER won by G. S. Stillman, '97, (10 ft.); distance with handicap, 127 ft. 5 3-4 in; 2d, W. B. Boyce, '97, scratch; distance 127 ft. 2 1-2 in., breaking school record by 9 ft. 6 1-8 in.; 3d, J. N. Manning, (40 ft.).

DISCUS THROW won by G. S. Stillman, '97, scratch; 2d, J. N. Manning, '98, (18); 3d, R. L. Shewell, '00, (20 ft.); distance 101 ft. 8 1-2 in.

TEAM RACE between '99 and 1900 won by '99.

The points are as follows:—

	'97.	'99.	'98.	1900.
100-yards dash,	3	5	0	1
220-yards hurdle,	8	1	0	0
440-yards run,	0	9	0	0
220-yards dash,	3	5	0	1
880-yards run,	0	9	0	0
Running high jump,	3	0	1	5
Running broad jump,	5	0	3	1
Pole vault,	5	0	3	1
12-lb hammer,	8	0	1	0
Discus,	5	0	3	1
	40	29	11	10

P. W. M.

NEWS NOTES

Ninety-seven's dance was the best that the school ever had. The music was fine and the surface smooth.

J. Ambrose Hall, B. H. S., '96, was nominated for vice-president of the Williams Track Athletic Association.

A senior, stuck by the frequent appearance of the sail in the hall, announced that instead of Shailer Hall it should be called Sailor Hall.

The work of the B. H. S. Camera Club ended with an exhibition of pictures, which were displayed in the corridor. Many of the pictures were good, especially those finished in platinum.

Ninety-seven won the handicap spring meet by a margin of 11 points from '99, the class of '98 coming in a poor third. If this had been a scratch meet, '97's score would have been much larger.

This is the last number of Volume III of THE SAGAMORE and all subscriptions end with this issue. All wishing to discontinue their subscription next year should notify the subscription business manager for 1897-98.

Since the fence was built to enclose the basket-ball grounds, the senior boys have been admitted to the games and enjoyed the privilege very much. The lower classes will have to furnish some very fine material for the team, if they expect to fill acceptably the places left vacant by the departure of the players of '97.

Some weeks ago the Plantation Melody Quintette of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. Carolina, sang to the school in Shailer Hall. They sung fully as well as their predecessors of Tuskegee and Hampton, except perhaps their variety of chords was not as great. The best selections were the trio, and "Peter on the Sea." Come again, Claflin.

We would like to say a word right here in regard to the spring games. This year they were held handicap and some serious mistakes were made in the handicapping. As we have said before, such games are not class games and no records can be made except by those on scratch. The handicappers can have no means of judging the abilities of a fellow who does not enter into regular athletic training, and thus mistakes are made, and events won by "sleepers." By all means let next year's game be scratch, as they have in the past. We put our unqualified veto against the handicap meet, and we are not alone in this opposition.

Fred Christensen, a former comrade of '97, has been visiting his old friends at the school lately.

Boyce, '97, did great work in both Interscholastics, his record being the best individual record of the two meets.

The basket-ball team for '97 furnished the season with a good record, being beaten in only one outside game. Let next year's team do as well.

The dancing committee did not calculate the pleasant weather thirst of the seniors, for the frappé gave out before the supper dance. Too bad.

Friday, the 18th, an entertainment was presented in Union Hall for charity by members of the High School. The orchestra played, a play was given and there was dancing afterwards.

On Wednesday, June 16th, there was an exhibition of swimming and life-saving at the Public Bath House, many High School scholars taking part. A large audience enjoyed the various events.

Helen Adams, '98, has been elected captain of next year's basket-ball team, and we expect that she will keep the team up to the fine standard that Captain May Lewis set this year. Here's success to her.

The orchestra has done fine work this year under the untiring leadership of Mr. Cole, and has made a fine success every time that it has appeared in public. The thanks of the school are due Mr. Cole.

During the last month of school, Swimming Professor Street has given tests in swimming to all those who desired to take them, and quite a few availed themselves of the chance. To those who accomplished the required feats, certificates were given.

On May 21st the girls' society of the Tau Beta Beta gave a reception to the seniors in room 8. The occasion was a very enjoyable one, and refreshments were served. Afterwards all adjourned to Shailer Hall, where dancing was in order. The matron was Mrs. Coffin.

All the members of the Mandolin Club graduate this year except one. Let the fellows learn the guitar and mandolin during the summer, so as to continue the club next year. To anyone who joins we can promise plenty of fun, and you all have seen how the club is received in the hall and by outside audiences. Think it over, '98 and '99.

During the last month of school there was a display of drawing in the upper corridor. Many of the pictures were good.

At the first public exhibition of the Brookline Swimming Club, Olin Talbot won the event of walking the length of the tank.

In the Tri-Collegiate meet held June 5, R. C. Seaver, B. H. S., '96, Williams, 1900, were tied for second place in the high jump.

One of the things missed at the graduation exercises was the presenting of diplomas to the officers of the battallion, which has always been a feature of former graduations.

By the number of records broken in the Outdoor Meet, it would seem that the athletes of '97 were an improvement over those of other years. This is probably due to their regular training.

It is a sure sign, when the fellows cheer a losing team, that athletics have taken a firm hold in the school. In every one of the league games, there has been good support in the cheering line, especially in the last two games which were won. That is the way to win games, and several schools said in their school papers, that the team of '96 was greatly helped when it won the league, with six straight victories, by the great cheering. One school even went so far as to say that the support gave us the championship. However that may be, never let the enthusiasm, which now prevails in the school, die out or relapse into the former cold-bloodedness of five or six years ago. Brookline has been getting a reputation among the other schools which is not equaled by any school of its size around Boston. We are to be reckoned with, when championships in football, baseball or track athletics are being considered. Taking into account the number of fellows from which our athletic teams are chosen, we make a fine showing. A few star athletes are turned out each year, who are equal, if not superior, to those of the larger schools. Boyce, '97, one of the best all-around athletes of Brookline High, won twelve points in the recent N. E. Interscholastic Meet, making a new record in one event. This was the best individual score of the meet. Later, at the National Interscholastic, he took a first, a second, and two thirds, beating out Converse of English High for first place in the 220 hurdles. But it is not stars nor unaided efforts like these which make a school famous for its athletics. It is the enthusiasm of the whole school which so inspires and works upon a team of average fellows as to make them grind out a victory by their "sand." It is the cheering which steadies your team at the critical point and pulls the game out of the fire.

At the Newton Handicap Meet, Boyce won the hundred yard dash.

Miss Olive Belches, of the class of '97, was the recipient of much attention at the class dance.

Unusual interest has been manifested this year in the class championship baseball games.

The class ivy of '97 has been planted. It is on the boys' side, on the corner that fronts the street.

All those who for any reason fail to get this last number of THE SAGAMORE, can obtain it by applying at 57 Waverly street.

Brookline made four points in the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament. Bradley won one, and Ware three of his matches. Ware reached the semi-finals. He should do something next year.

On June tenth, Mr. Lincoln made a few remarks in response to the usual vigorous applause. In the course of his talk he presented the school with some fine pictures of the Congressional Library in Washington.

In the all-round championship of New England competition held at Irvington Oval by the B. A. A., Boyce made a very good third, against such men as Clark and Hollander. Boyce is probably the best all-round school athlete in New England.

R. Chauncy Seaver has played in all 'varsity games with the Williams nine, including four championship games with Dartmouth and Amherst. His batting has improved markedly, and he made the winning run in one of the championship games.

After much delay, the class of '97 assembled in the Art Room, and was photographed by Partridge. Mr. Sanford and Mr. Packard honored the class by their presence, while Miss Olive Belches and Pres. Charles Kellogg, Jr., formed the central point of the group.

The basket-ball team has had its picture taken by Partridge, and everyone says that it is a fine group. Of course one will be hung in the lower corridor, along with the other athletic teams. It was hard luck that it could not be reproduced by THE SAGAMORE.

The boys of the class of '97 have formed a Class Association. A meeting was held June 21st, and the following officers elected: President, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.; vice-president, Olin Talbot; secretary and treasurer, Walter A. Parker. It is proposed to have a great dinner some time during the winter.

ATHLETICS

BROOKLINE High was defeated by Boston Latin in its fourth league, on April 25th. The game was practically lost in the second inning when three errors by Brookline, two bases on balls and three hits netted eight runs for Boston Latin. After the second inning, Brookline players braced up and almost caught the Latin School. Brookline easily led in batting, Parker, Ware and Lancy making good hits, and Skilton making a home run. Ware and Skilton played a brilliant game in the field. Kernan pitched a steady game, and fewer bases were stolen than in any other game this season. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston Latin	0	8	1	0	2	0	0	1		—12
Brookline High	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	3	0	—10

Earned runs, Brookline 2. Two-base hits, Parker, Ware, Kelly, Murphy. Three base-hit, Robinson. Home run, Skilton. Stolen bases, Fotch, 2, Clark 2, Kelly, Murphy, E. Regan 2, Hutchins, Morse, Parker 3. First base on balls, by Kernan, Fotch, Robinson, Kelly 2, E. Regan; by Ceconi, Hutchins; by F. Regan, Morse 2, Kernan, Parker. Struck out, by Kernan, Fotch, Robinson, F. Regan, E. Regan; by Ceconi, Hutchins, Lancy, Ware, Ritchie; by F. Regan, Ritchie 2, Ware. Hit by pitched ball, by Kernan, Daly. Umpires, A. Massey and M. E. Webb, Jr.

At last Brookline High "broke the ice" in the interscholastic series. Cambridge High and Latin was defeated by a score of twenty to five. The game was won by Brookline's good hitting and by Kernan's fine pitching. Cambridge tried several pitchers but they were poorly supported. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	1	3	1	6	3	6	0	0	—20
Camb. H. and L.	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	— 5

Earned runs, Brookline. Two-base hits, Lancy, Ware 2, Parker 2, Hall, Crowley, Morse. Three-base hit, W. Clarkson. Stolen bases, Lancy 2, Morse, Parker, 3, James 3, Kernan, Saul, Howe, Crowley, Hill 2, Brown. First base on balls, by Kernan, Howe, Cox, Brown, F. Clarkson, Sullivan, by W. Clarkson, Hall, James 2. Struck out, by Kernan, Crowley, Cox 3, Brown, Sullivan 2, by F. Clarkson, Hall 2, Stillman, James 2, Kernan, Hutchins. Passed balls, Hutchins, Hill 2. Wild pitch, F. Clarkson. Hit by pitched ball, Hutchins 2, Crowley 2. Umpire, Massey. Time 2 h.

The last game of the league almost made up for the others lost, for we beat English High. If there is any school that Brookline likes to win from, it is English High.

Brookline finished its series by defeating English High on June eighth. Brookline's batting has improved greatly, and it was to this feature that the school owes its victory. Two home runs were made, one by Lancy, the other by Morse. Ware also batted well, making two two-base hits. Kernan gave more bases than Nettleton, but was not hit nearly so hard. In the field the team played well in certain places. Lancy on third and Ware on second both played excellent games. Morse at center made four put-outs, and his long throw from deep center assisting a man out at home was one of the best throws ever made on the field. James at short was very wild in his throwing, all his throws to first being about three feet too high. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	2	2	3	3	0	1	2	0		—13
English High	1	0	2	0	1	2	6	0	0	—12

Earned runs, Brookline High 6. Two-base hits, Ware 2, Kernan, O'Reilley. Home runs, Lancy, Morse. Stolen bases, James, Ritchie, Murphy 3, O'Reilley, Carroll 7, Sherlock 2, Mooney 4, Nettleton, Barrington. First base on balls by Nettleton, Hall, by Kernan, Murphy 3, O'Reilley 2, Sherlock, Bogan, Mooney 2. Struck out, by Nettleton, Ware, Kernan, Ritchie, by Kernan, Sherlock, Bogan, Mooney. Double play, Mooney, O'Reilley and Carroll. Hit by pitched ball, by Kernan, Murphy. Umpire, Stillman. Time 1h. 45m.

THE NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC.

Although Boyce was the only Brookline man competing in the out-door interscholastic meet, the school got 12 points and finished fourth. If it had not been for Boyce's unfortunate fall in the hurdles, Brookline would have been third with seventeen points. Boyce won the running broad jump, throwing the twelve pound hammer, and second in the high hurdles. He broke the hammer record and equalled that in the running broad.

Later, at the National Interscholastic, Boyce took first in the 220 hurdles, second in the 120 hurdles, third in the broad jump and third in the hammer throw.

Brookline High and English High are tied for fourth place in the interscholastic base-ball series, as will be seen from the following schedule :—

Teams.	S. H.	Hop.	B. L.	E. H.	B. H.	C. H.	R. S.	Won.
S. H. S. . .	–	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
Hop.	0	–	1	1	1	1	1	5
B. L. S. . .	0	0	–	1	1	*	1	3
E. H. S. . .	0	0	0	–	0	1	1	2
B. H. S. . .	0	0	0	1	–	1	0	2
C. H. & L. .	0	0	*	0	0	–	1	1
R. L. S. . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	–	1
Lost	0	1	2	4	4	4	5	20

* = protest.

Class games have been played this year. The Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by a score of twenty to twelve. Both pitchers were hit hard, but good fielding won the game for 1900. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
1900	5	3	0	2	6	0	0	4		—20
'99	0	0	3	2	0	2	2	0	3	—12

The class of '97 also defeated '99 by a score of sixteen to twelve. Stillman's pitching made '97 a winner, only two hits going to the out-field in the whole game. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
'97	2	3	1	0	5	1	1	1	2	—16
'99	2	1	1	3	0	0	2	2	1	—12

In the fourth game of the class series, '98 beat '99 by a score of eleven to four. The batteries were Lancy and Wilbur for '99, and Manning and Kernan for '98. The score :—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
'98	4	0	2	0	4	1	0	0		—11
'99	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	— 4

P. W. Moore,
Sporting Editor.

A PATHETIC FIGURE

In a rickety little rocking chair, pushed close to the attic window, sits old white-haired Mrs. Thompson, her slight form wrapped in a worn gray shawl. She is knitting; knitting as fast as her trembling fingers will permit. On the floor at her feet lies a ball of black yarn, jerking incessantly as its owner winds more and more of the soft wool around her needles.

Occasionally a sigh drowns even the perpetual clicking of the needles, but then, looking over her spectacles, the sad little woman will catch sight of a slip of paper lying on the sill, and a ghost of a smile will light up her wrinkled face and her forlorn gray eyes will hasten back to their work. On this bit of paper is written an order long looked for, but just received, for half-a-dozen pairs of yarn mittens.

For some years past Mrs. Thompson has earned her bread, and what few rags it took to clothe herself and her little grand-daughter, by knitting mittens and other yarn articles for the Woman's Exchange. But recently, many misfortunes have befallen her. Early in the summer her little charge died, and for days the poor woman could not be induced to leave her barren little room. Then, for a time, she was sick, and though a few kind neighbors remembered her, she realized she could not long remain idle. But how to get work? No more mittens were needed, so no orders came. Her little store of dimes and coppers was nearly gone.

Then one day that precious order came, and Mrs. Thompson, has been working steadily ever since. —'99.

The '97 tennis tournament was called off, because it came so near the end of school. The class of '97 has had three tournaments in its school course, which is only an example of the "push" of the class.

Owing to the laziness of those in charge of the base-ball pictures, the picture cannot be reproduced in this issue of THE SAGAMORE. Instead of being hustled down to the photographers, the men were allowed to delay, and the picture was taken very late.

HUMOR

A great racket — the Pim.
Safety deposit — bicycle stand.
A stern necessity — the rudder.
Crushed in defeat — Chinese women.
Strikes to spare — on the bowling alley.
Where does a tippler swim? — in a tank-ard.
There are many drawbacks in life — coasting, for instance.
Barber: "Have a hair cut?" — Tough: "Naw, have 'em all cut."
Time flies fast — but not so fast but that Mr. Cole always *beats* it.

Henry — "Talking about your strong men, and Sandows, what do you think I saw yesterday?"
Ted — "I don't know! what?
Henry — "A man in a boat was PULLING UP THE RIVER.

"But Helen certainly was a great girl," persisted Hector.
Agamemnon sneered.
"By Troy weight, possibly," he replied, not without a suggestion of sarcasm.

Count de Cognac (travelling in America, and incidently wrestling with our language)— Ze English tongue. It was simplee incomprehensible! I go to ze brokaire's office, and ask for my friend Mistaire Smeeth — and one man tell me Mistaire Smeeth was "fired," and when I ask what zat mean, another man say that he was "frozen out!"

REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST BASEBALL SEASON.

One of the pitchers of a neighboring school has a grievance against Brookline. He says that when he was out walking alone one night, three members of the B. H. S. Baseball Team came out from the darkness and attempted to "rush" him. When asked why he thought that they were the High School players, he replied, "Why, they struck at me three times and never hit me once."

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Mrs. Brayton-Valice, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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